THE

CONFESSIONS

OF

559

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

PART THE FIRST.

To which are added,

THE REVERIES

OF

A SOLITARY WALKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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129

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BOOK I.

I HAVE entered on a performance which is without example, whoſe accompliſhment will have no imitator. I mean to preſent my fellow-mortals with a man in all the integrity of nature; and this man, ſhall be myſelf!

I know my heart, and have ſtudied mankind: I am not made like any one I have been acquainted with, perhaps like no one in exiſtence; if not better, I at leaſt claim originality, and whether Nature did wiſely in breaking the mould with which ſhe formed me, can only be determined after having read this work.

Whenever the laſt trumpet ſhall ſound, I will preſent myſelf before the ſovereign Judge with this book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, thus have I acted; theſe were my thoughts; ſuch was I. With equal freedom and veracity have I related what was laudable or wicked, I have concealed no crimes, added no virtues; and if I have ſometimes introduced ſuperfluous ornament, it was merely to occupy a void occaſioned by defect of memory: I may have ſuppoſed that certain which I only knew to be probable, but have never aſſerted, as truth, a conſcious falſhood. Such as I was I have declared myſelf; ſometimes vile and deſpicable, at others, virtuous, generous, and ſublime; even as thou haſt read my inmoſt ſoul: Power eternal! aſſemble round thy throne the innumerable throng of my fellow-mortals, let them liſten to my Confeſſions, let them bluſh at my depravity, let them tremble at my ſufferings; let each in his turn expoſe with equal ſincerity the failings, the wanderings of his heart, and, if he dare, aver, *I was better than that man.*

I was born at Geneva, in 1712, ſon of Iſaac Rouſſeau and Suſannah Bernard, citizens. My father's ſhare of a moderate competency, which

was

was divided among fifteen children, being very trivial, his buſineſs of a watch-maker (in which he had the reputation of great ingenuity) was his only dependance. My mother's circumſtances were more affluent; ſhe was daughter of Monſ. Bernard, miniſter, and poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of modeſty and beauty; indeed my father found ſome difficulty in obtaining her hand.

The affection they entertained for each other was almoſt as early as their exiſtence; at eight or nine years old they walked together every evening on the banks of the Treille, and before they were ten could not ſupport the idea of ſeparation. A natural ſympathy of ſoul confined thoſe ſentiments of predilection which habit had firſt produced; born with minds ſuſceptible of the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility and tenderneſs, it was only neceſſary to encounter ſimilar diſpoſitions, that moment fortunately preſented itſelf, and each ſurrendered a willing heart.

The obſtacles that oppoſed ſerved only to give a degree of vivacity to their affection, and the young lover, not being able to obtain his miſtreſs, was overwhelmed with ſorrow and deſpair. She ad-

vised him to travel—to forget her—He consented—he travelled, but returned more passionate than ever, and had the happiness to find her equally constant, equally tender. After this proof of mutual affection, what could they resolve?—to dedicate their future lives to love: the resolution was ratified with a vow, on which Heaven shed its benediction.

Fortunately, my mother's brother, Gabriel Bernard, fell in love with one of my father's sisters: she had no objection to the match, but made the marriage of his sister with her brother an indispensable preliminary. Love soon removed every obstacle, and the two weddings were celebrated the same day; thus my uncle became the husband of my aunt, and their children were doubly cousins german. Before a year was expired both had the happiness to become fathers, but were soon after obliged to submit to a separation.

My uncle Bernard, who was an engineer, went to serve in the empire and Hungary, under Prince Eugene, and distinguished himself both at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the

birth of my only brother, ſet off, on recommendation, for Conſtantinople, and was appointed watch-maker to the Seraglio. During his abſence, the beauty, wit, and accompliſhments * of my mother attracted a number of admirers, among whom Monſ. de la Cloſure, Reſident of France, was the moſt aſſiduous in his attentions. His paſſion muſt have been extremely violent, ſince after a period of thirty years I have ſeen him affected at the very mention of her name.

* They were too brilliant for her ſituation, the miniſter, her father, having beſtowed great pains on her education. She was taught drawing, ſinging, and to play on the theorbo; had learning, and wrote very agreeable verſes. The following is an extempore piece which ſhe compoſed in the abſence of her huſband and brother, in a converſation with ſome perſon relative to them, while walking with her ſiſter-in-law, and their two children.

Ces deux meſſieurs, qui ſont abſens,
Nous ſont chers de bien des manieres;
Ce ſont nos amis, nos amans,
Ce ſont nos maris et nos freres,
Et les peres de ces enfans.

Theſe abſent ones, who juſtly claim
Our hearts, by every tender name,
To whom each wiſh extends;
Our huſbands and our brothers are,
The fathers of this blooming pair,
Our lovers and our friends.

My mother had a defence more powerful even than her virtue she tenderly loved my father, and conjured him to return; his inclination seconding this request, he gave up every prospect of emolument, and hastened to Geneva.

I was the unfortunate fruit of this return, being born ten months after, in a very weakly and infirm state: my birth cost my mother her life, and was the first of my misfortunes. I am ignorant how my father supported her loss at that time, but I know he was ever after inconsolable. In me he still thought he saw her he so tenderly lamented, but could never forget I had been the innocent cause of his misfortune, nor did he ever embrace me, but his sighs, the convulsive pressure of his arms, witnessed that a bitter regret mingled itself with his caresses, though, as may be supposed, they were not on this account less ardent. When he said to me, "Jean Jacques, let us talk of your mother," my usual reply was, "Yes, father, but then you know we shall cry;" and immediately the tears started from his eyes. "Ah!" exclaimed he, with agitation, "give me back my wife; at least console me for her loss; fill up, dear boy, the void she has left in my soul. Could I love thee

thee thus wert thou only *my* ſon! Forty years after this loſs he expired in the arms of a ſecond wife, but the name of the firſt ſtill vibrated on his lips, ſtill was her image engraven on his heart.

Such were the authors of my being: of all the gifts it had pleaſed Heaven to beſtow on them, a feeling heart was the only one that deſcended to me; this had been the ſource of their felicity, it was the foundation of all my misfortunes.

I came into the world with ſo few ſigns of life, that they entertained but little hope of preſerving me, with the ſeeds of a diſorder that has gathered ſtrength with years, and from which I am now relieved at intervals, only to ſuffer a different, though more intolerable evil. I owed my preſervation to one of my father's ſiſters, an amiable and virtuous girl who took the moſt tender care of me; ſhe is yet living, nurſing at the age of fourſcore a huſband younger than herſelf, but worn out with exceſſive drinking. Dear aunt! I freely forgive your having preſerved my life, and only lament that it is not in my power to beſtow on the decline of your days, the tender ſolicitude and care you laviſhed on the firſt dawn of mine. My nurſe

Jaqueline is likewiſe living, and in good health---the hands that opened my eyes to the light of this world may cloſe them at my death. We ſuffer before we think; it is the common lot of humanity: I experienced more than my proportion of it. I have no knowledge of what paſſed prior to my fifth or ſixth year; I recollect nothing of learning to read, I only remember what effect the firſt conſiderable exerciſe of it produced on my mind; and from that moment I date an uninterrupted knowledge of myſelf.

Every night, after ſupper, we read ſome part of a ſmall collection of romances which had been my mother's. My father's deſign was only to improve me in reading, and he thought theſe entertaining works were calculated to give me a fondneſs for it; but we ſoon found ourſelves ſo intereſted in the adventures they contained, that we alternately read whole nights together, and could not bear to give over until at the concluſion of a volume. Sometimes, in a morning, on hearing the ſwallows at our window, my father, quite aſhamed of this weakneſs, would cry, "Come, "come, let us go to bed, I am more a child than "thou art."

I ſoon

I ſoon acquired by this dangerous cuſtom, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but, for my age, a too intimate acquaintance with the paſſions. An infinity of ſenſations were familiar to me, without poſſeſſing any preciſe idea of the objects to which they related---I had conceived nothing---I had felt the whole. This confuſed ſucceſſion of emotions did not retard the future efforts of my reaſon, though they added an extravagant, romantic notion of human life, which experience and reflection have never been able to eradicate.

My romance reading concluded with the Summer of 1719, the following winter was differently employed: my mother's library being quite exhauſted, we had recourſe to that part of her father's which had devolved to us; here we happily found ſome valuable books, which was by no means extraordinary, having been ſelected by a miniſter that truly deſerved that title; in whom learning (which was the rage of the times) was but a ſecondary commendation, his taſte and good ſenſe being moſt conſpicuous. The Hiſtory of the Church and Empire by Le Sueur, Boſſuet's Diſcourſes on Univerſal Hiſtory, Plutarch's Lives,

the Hiſtory of Venice by Nani, Ovid's Metamorphoſes, La Bruyere, Fontenelle's World, his Dialogues of the Dead, and a few volumes of Moliere, were ſoon ranged in my father's cloſet, where, during the hours he was employed in his buſineſs, I daily read them, with an avidity and taſte uncommon, perhaps unprecedented at my age.

Plutarch preſently became my greateſt favorite; the ſatisfaction I derived from the repeated readings I gave this author, extinguiſhed my paſſion for romances, and I ſhortly preferred Ageſilaus, Brutus, and Ariſtides, to Orondates, Artemenes, and Juba. Theſe intereſting ſtudies, ſeconded by the converſations they frequently occaſioned with my father, produced that republican ſpirit and love of liberty, that haughty and invincible turn of mind, which rendered me impatient of reſtraint or ſervitude, and became the torment of my life, as I continually found myſelf in ſituations incompatible with theſe ſentiments. Inceſſantly occupied with Rome and Athens, converſing, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, with their illuſtrious heroes; born the citizen of a republic, of a father whoſe ruling paſſion was the love of his country, I was fired with theſe examples could fancy myſelf

ſelf a Greek or Roman, and readily give into the character of the perſonage whoſe life I read; tranſported by the recital of any extraordinary inſtance of fortitude or intrepidity, animation flaſhed from my eyes, and gave my voice additional ſtrength and energy. One day, at table, while relating the fortitude of Scœvola, they were terrified at ſeeing me ſtart from my ſeat and hold my hand over a hot chafing-diſh, to repreſent more forcibly the action of that determined Roman.

My brother, who was ſeven years older than myſelf, was brought up to my father's profeſſion; the extraordinary affection they laviſhed on me might be the reaſon he was too much neglected: this certainly was a fault which cannot be juſtified. His education and morals ſuffered by this neglect, and he acquired the habits of a libertine before he arrived at an age to be really one. My father tried what effect placing him with a maſter would produce, but he ſtill perſiſted in the ſame ill conduct. Though I ſaw him ſo ſeldom that it could hardly be ſaid we were acquainted, I loved him tenderly, and believe he had as ſtrong an affection for me as a youth of his diſſipated turn of mind could be ſuppoſed capable of. One

day, I remember, when my father was correcting him ſeverely, I threw myſelf between them, embracing my brother, whom I covered with my body, receiving the ſtrokes deſigned for him: I perſiſted ſo obſtinately in my protection, that either ſoftened by my cries and tears, or fearing to hurt me moſt, his anger ſubſided and he pardoned his fault. In the end, my brother's conduct became ſo bad that he ſuddenly diſappeared, and we learned ſome time after that he was in Germany, but he never wrote to us, and from that day we heard no news of him: thus I became an only ſon.

If this poor lad was neglected, it was quite different with his brother, for the children of a King could not be treated with more attention and tenderneſs than were beſtowed on my infancy, being the darling of the family, and what is rather uncommon, though treated as a beloved, never as a ſpoiled child; was never permitted, while under paternal inſpection, to play in the ſtreet with other children; never had they occaſion to contradict or indulge thoſe fantaſtical humours which are uſually attributed to nature, but are in reality the effects of an injudicious education. I

had

had the faults common to my age, was talkative, a glutton, and ſometimes a liar ; made no ſcruple of ſtealing ſweetmeats, fruits, or indeed any kind of eatables, but never took delight in miſchievous waſte, in accuſing others, or tormenting harmleſs animals. I recollect, indeed, that one day while Madam Clot, a neighbour of ours, was gone to church, I made water in her kettle : the remembrance even now makes me ſmile, for Madam Clot (though, if you pleaſe, a good ſort of creature) was one of the moſt tedious grumbling old women I ever knew---Thus have I given a brief, but faithful hiſtory of my childiſh tranſgreſſions.

How could I become cruel or vicious, when I had before my eyes only examples of mildneſs, and was ſurrounded by ſome of the beſt people in the world ? My father, my aunt, my nurſe, my relations, our friends, our neighbours, all I had any connection with, did not obey me it is true, but loved me tenderly, and I returned their affection. I found ſo little to excite my deſires, and thoſe I had were ſo ſeldom contradicted, that I was hardly ſenſible of poſſeſſing any, and can ſolemnly aver I was an abſolute ſtranger to caprice

until after I had experienced the authority of a master.

Thofe hours that were not employed in reading or writing with my father, or walking with my governefs Jaqueline, I fpent with my aunt; and whether feeing her embroider, or hearing her fing, whether fitting or ftanding by her fide, I was ever happy. Her tendernefs and unaffected gaiety, the charms of her figure and countenance, have left fuch indelible impreffions on my mind, that her manner, look and attitude are ftill before my eyes; I recollect a thoufand little careffing queftions; could defcribe her cloaths, her head-drefs, nor have the two curls of fine black hair which hung on her temples, according to the mode of that time, efcaped my memory.

Though my tafte, or rather paffion for mufic, did not fhew itfelf until a confiderable time after, I am fully perfuaded it is to her I am indebted for it. She knew a great number of fongs, which fhe fung with great fweetnefs and melody: the ferenity and chearfulnefs which were confpicuous in this lovely girl, banifhed melancholy, and made all around her happy.

The

The charms of her voice had ſuch an effect on me, that not only ſeveral of her ſongs have ever ſince remained on my memory, but ſome I had not thought on from my infancy, as I grow old, return upon my mind with a charm altogether inexpreſſible. Would any one believe that an old dotard like me, worn out with care and infirmity, ſhould ſometimes ſurpriſe himſelf weeping like a child, and in a voice querulous, and broken by age, muttering out one of thoſe airs which were the favorites of my infancy? There is one ſong in particular, whoſe tune I perfectly recollect, but the words that compoſe the latter half of it conſtantly refuſe every effort to recall them, though I have a confuſed idea of the rhimes: the beginning, with what I have been able to recollect of the remainder, is as follows:

Tircis, je n'oſe
Ecouter ton Chalumeau
Sous l'Ormeau;
Car on en cauſe
Déjà dans notre hameau.
——— ——— ———
——— un Berger
s'engager
ſans danger;
Et toujours l'épine eſt ſous la roſe.

I have

I have endeavoured to account for the invincible charm my heart feels on the recollection of this fragment, but it is altogether inexplicable; I only know that before I get to the end of it I always find my voice interrupted by tenderneſs, and my eyes ſuffuſed with tears. I have a hundred times formed the reſolution of writing to Paris for the remainder of theſe words, if any one ſhould chance to know them; but I am almoſt certain the pleaſure I take in the recollection would be greatly diminiſhed was I aſſured any one but my poor aunt Suſan had ſung them.

Such were my affections on entering this life; thus began to form and demonſtrate itſelf, a heart, at once haughty and tender, a character, effeminate, yet invincible; which fluctuating between weakneſs and courage, luxury and virtue, has ever ſet me in contradiction to myſelf; cauſing abſtinence and enjoyment, pleaſure and prudence, equally to ſhun me.

This courſe of education was interrupted by an accident, whoſe conſequences influenced the reſt of my life. My father had a quarrel with M. G****, who had a Captain's commiſſion in France,

France, and was related to ſeveral of the Council. This G****, who was an inſolent ungenerous man, happening to bleed at the noſe, in order to be revenged, accuſed my father of having drawn his ſword on him in the city, and in conſequence of this charge they were about to conduct him to priſon. He inſiſted (according to the law of this republic) that the accuſer ſhould be confined at the ſame time, and not being able to obtain this, preferred a voluntary baniſhment for the remainder of his life, to giving up a point by which he muſt ſacrifice his honour and liberty.

I remained under the tuition of my uncle Bernard, who was at that time employed in the fortifications of Geneva. He had loſt his eldeſt daughter, but had a ſon about my own age, and we were ſent together to Boſſey, to board with the the Miniſter Lambercier; here we were to learn Latin, with all the inſignificant traſh that has obtained the name of education.

Two years ſpent in this village ſoftened in ſome degree my Roman fierceneſs, and again reduced me to a ſtate of childhood. At Geneva, where nothing was exacted, I loved reading, which was, indeed,

indeed, my principal amufement; but at Boffey, where application was expected, I was fond of play as a relaxation. The country was fo new, fo charming in my idea, that it feemed impoffible to find fatiety in its enjoyments; and I conceived a paffion for rural life, which time has not been able to extinguifh; nor have I ever ceafed to regret the pure and tranquil pleafures I enjoyed at this place in my childhood; the remembrance having followed me through every age, even to that in which I am haftening again towards it.

M. Lambercier was a worthy, fenfible man, who, without neglecting our inftruction, never made our acquifitions burthenfome, or tafks tedious. What convinces me of the rectitude of his method, is, that notwithftanding my extreme averfion to conftraint, the recollection of my ftudies is never attended with difguft; and if my improvement was trivial, it was obtained with eafe, and has never efcaped my memory.

The fimplicity of this rural life was of infinite advantage in opening my heart to the reception of true friendfhip. The fentiments I had hitherto formed on this fubject were extremely elevated,

but

but altogether imaginary: the habit of living in this peaceful manner, ſoon united me tenderly to my couſin Bernard; my affection was more ardent than that I had felt for my brother, nor has time ever been able to efface it. He was a tall, lank, weakly boy, with a mind as mild as his body was feeble, and who did not wrong the good opinion they were diſpoſed to entertain for the ſon of my guardian. Our ſtudies, amuſements and taſks were the ſame; we were alone; each wanted a playmate; to ſeparate would in ſome meaſure have been to annihilate us. Though we had not many opportunities of demonſtrating our attachment to each other, it was certainly extreme; and ſo far from enduring the thought of ſeparation, we could not even form an idea that we ſhould ever be able to ſubmit to it: each of a diſpoſition to be won by kindneſs, and complaiſant, when not ſoured by contradiction, we agreed in every particular. If, by the favour of thoſe who governed us, he had the aſcendant while in their preſence, I was ſure to acquire it when we were alone, and this preſerved the equilibrium ſo neceſſary in friendſhip. If he heſitated in repeating his taſk, I prompted him; when my exerciſe was finiſhed, I helped to write his; and in our amuſements,

my diſpoſition being moſt active, ever had the lead: in a word, our characters accorded ſo well, and the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between us was ſo cordial, that during the five years we were inſeparable at Boſſey and Geneva, we often fought it is true, but there was never any occaſion to ſeparate us; no one of our quarrels laſted more than a quarter of an hour, and never in our lives did we make any complaint of each other. It may be ſaid theſe remarks are frivolous, but perhaps a ſimilar example among children can hardly be produced.

The manner in which I paſſed my time at Boſſey was ſo agreeable to my diſpoſition, that it only required a longer duration abſolutely to have fixed my character; which would have had only peaceable, affectionate, benevolent ſentiments for its baſis. I believe no individual of our kind ever poſſeſſed leſs natural vanity than myſelf: at intervals, by an extraordinary effort, I arrived at ſublime ideas, but preſently ſunk again into my original languor. To be beloved by every one who knew me was my moſt ardent wiſh: I was naturally mild, my couſin was equally ſo, and thoſe who had the care of us were of ſimilar diſpo-

ſitions;

ſitions; every thing contributed to ſtrengthen thoſe propenſities which Nature had implanted in my breaſt, and during two years I was neither the victim or witneſs of any violent emotions.

I knew nothing ſo delightful as to ſee every one content; not only with me, but all that concerned them. When repeating our catechiſm at church, nothing could give me greater vexation, on being obliged to heſitate, than to ſee Miſs Lambercier's countenance expreſs diſapprobation and uneaſineſs: this alone was more afflicting to me than the ſhame of faultering before ſo many witneſſes, which, notwithſtanding, was ſufficiently painful; for though not over ſolicitous of praiſe, I was feelingly alive to ſhame; yet I can truly affirm, the dread of being reprimanded by Miſs Lambercier alarmed me leſs than the thought of making her uneaſy.

Neither ſhe nor her brother were deficient in a reaſonable ſeverity, but as this was ſcarce ever exerted without juſt cauſe, I was more afflicted at their diſapprobation than the puniſhment. Certainly the method of treating youth would be altered if the diſtant effects this indiſcriminate, and frequently

frequently indiſcreet method produces, were more conſpicuous. I would willingly excuſe myſelf from a further explanation, did not the leſſon this example conveys (which points out an evil as frequent as it is pernicious) forbid my ſilence.

As Miſs Lambercier felt a mother's affection, ſhe ſometimes exerted a mother's authority, even to inflicting on us, when we deſerved it, the puniſhment of infants. She had often threatened it, and this threat of a treatment entirely new, appeared to me extremely dreadful; but I found the reality much leſs terrible than the idea, and what is ſtill more unaccountable, this puniſhment increaſed my affection for the perſon who had inflicted it. All this affection, aided by my natural mildneſs, was ſcarcely ſufficient to prevent my ſeeking, by freſh offences, a return of the ſame chaſtiſement; for a degree of ſenſuality had mingled with the ſmart and ſhame, which left more deſire than fear of a repetition. I was well convinced the ſame diſcipline from her brother would have produced a quite contrary effect; but from a man of his diſpoſition this was not probable, and if I abſtained from meriting correction, it was merely from a fear of offending Miſs Lambercier; for

for benevolence, aided by the paſſions, has ever maintained an empire over me which has given law to my heart.

This event, which though deſirable I had not endeavoured to accelerate, arrived without my fault; I ſhould ſay, without my ſeeking, and I profited of it with a ſafe conſcience; but this ſecond, was alſo the laſt time, for Miſs Lambercier, who doubtleſs had ſome reaſon to imagine this chaſtiſement did not produce the deſired effect, declared it was too fatiguing, and that ſhe renounced it for the future. Till now we had ſlept in her chamber, and during the Winter, even in her bed; but two days after another room was prepared for us, and from that moment I had the honour, (which I could very well have diſpenſed with) of being treated by her as a great boy.

Who would believe this childiſh diſcipline, received at eight years old, from the hand of a woman of thirty, ſhould influence my propenſities, my deſires and paſſions for the reſt of my life, and that in a quite contrary ſenſe from what might naturally have been expected? The very incident that inflamed my ſenſes, gave my deſires ſuch an extraordinary

extraordinary turn, that, confined to what I had already experienced, I ſought no farther, and with blood boiling with ſenſuality almoſt from my birth, preſerved my purity beyond the age when the coldeſt conſtitutions loſe their inſenſibility; long tormented, without knowing by what, I gazed on every handſome woman with delight; imagination inceſſantly brought their charms to my remembrance, only to transform them into ſo many Miſs Lamberciers.

If ever education was perfectly chaſte, it was certainly that I received; my three aunts were not only of exemplary prudence, but maintained a degree of modeſt reſerve which women have long ſince thought unneceſſary. My father, it is true, loved pleaſure, but his gallantry was rather of the laſt than the preſent century, and he never expreſſed his affection for any woman he regarded in terms a virgin could have bluſhed at; indeed, it was impoſſible more attention ſhould be paid to that regard we owe the morals of children, than was uniformly obſerved by every one I had any concern with. An equal degree of reſerve in this particular was obſervable at Mr. Lambercier's, where a very good maid-ſervant was diſcharged for

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having once made uſe of an expreſſion before us which was thought to contain ſome degree of indelicacy. I had no preciſe idea of the ultimate effect of the paſſions, but the conception I had formed was extremely diſguſting; I entertained a particular averſion for courtezans, nor could I look on a rake without a degree of diſdain mingled with terror.

Theſe prejudices of education proper in themſelves to retard the firſt exploſions of a combuſtible conſtitution, were ſtrengthened, as I have already hinted, by the effect the firſt motions of ſenſuality produced in me, for notwithſtanding the troubleſome ebullition of my blood, I was ſatisfied with the ſpecies of voluptuouſneſs I had already been acquainted with, and ſought no farther.

Thus I paſſed the age of puberty, with a conſtitution extremely ardent, without knowing or even wiſhing for any gratification of the paſſions than what Miſs Lambercier had innocently given me an idea of; and when I became a man, that childiſh taſte, inſtead of vaniſhing, only aſſociated with the other. This folly, joined to a natural timidity, has always prevented my being very en-

terprizing with women; ſo that I have paſſed my days languiſhing in ſilence for thoſe I moſt admired, without daring to diſcloſe my wiſhes.

To fall at the feet of an imperious miſtreſs, obey her mandates, or implore pardon, were for me the moſt exquiſite enjoyments; and the more my blood was inflamed by the efforts of a lively imagination, the more I acquired the appearance of a whining lover.

It will be readily conceived that this mode of making love is not attended with a rapid progreſs or imminent danger to the virtue of its object; yet, though I have few favours to boaſt of, I have not been excluded from enjoyment, however imaginary: thus the ſenſes, in concurrence with a mind equally timid and romantic, have preſerved my morals chaſte, and feelings uncorrupted, with preciſely the ſame inclinations, which ſeconded with a moderate portion of effrontery, might have plunged me into the moſt unwarrantable exceſſes.

I have made the firſt, moſt difficult ſtep, in the obſcure and painful maze of my Confeſſions. We

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never feel ſo great a degree of repugnance in divulging what is really criminal, as what is merely ridiculous; I am now aſſured of my reſolution, for after what I have dared diſcloſe nothing can have power to deter me. The difficulty attending theſe acknowledgements will be readily conceived, when I declare, that during the whole of my life, though frequently labouring under the moſt violent agitation, being hurried away with the impetuoſity of a paſſion, which (when in company with thoſe I loved) deprived me of the faculty of ſight and hearing, I could never, in the courſe of the moſt unbounded familiarity, acquire ſufficient reſolution to declare my folly and implore the only favour that remained to beſtow.

In thus inveſtigating the firſt traces of my ſenſible exiſtence, I find elements, which though ſeemingly incompatible, have united to produce a ſimple and uniform effect; while others, apparently the ſame, have, by the concurrence of certain circumſtances, formed ſuch different combinations, that it would never be imagined they had any affinity: who would believe, for example, that one of the moſt vigorous ſprings of my ſoul was tempered in the identical ſource from whence

luxury and eaſe mingled with my conſtitution and circulated in my veins? Before I quit this ſubject I will add a ſtriking inſtance of the different effects they produced.

One day, while I was ſtudying in a chamber contiguous to the kitchen, the maid ſet ſome of Miſs Lambercier's combs to dry by the fire, and on coming to fetch them ſome time after, was ſurprized to find the teeth of one of them broken off, Who could be ſuſpected of this miſchief? No one but myſelf had entered the room: I was queſtioned, but denied having any knowledge of it. Mr and Miſs Lambercier conſult, exhort, threaten, but all to no purpoſe, I obſtinately perſiſt in the denial, and though this was the firſt time I had been detected in a confirmed falſhood, appearances were ſo ſtrong that they overthrew all my proteſtations. This affair was thought ſerious; the miſchief, the lie, the obſtinacy, were conſidered equally deſerving of puniſhment, which was not now to be adminiſtered by Miſs Lambercier. My uncle Bernard was wrote to; he arrived; and my poor couſin being charged with a crime not leſs ſerious, we were conducted to the ſame execution, which was inflicted with great ſeverity. If finding a remedy in

in the evil itſelf, they had ſought for ever to allay my depraved deſires, they could not have taken a ſhorter method to accompliſh their deſigns, and, I can aſſure my readers, I was a long time freed from the dominion of them.

All this ſeverity could not draw from me the expected acknowledgement, which obſtinacy brought on ſeveral repetitions, and reduced me to a deplorable ſituation; yet I was immovable, and reſolutely determined to ſuffer death rather than ſubmit. Force at length was obliged to yield to the diabolical infatuation of a child, for no better name was beſtowed on my conſtancy, and I came out of this dreadful trial, torn it is true, but triumphant, Fifty years have expired ſince this adventure, the fear of puniſhment is no more—well then, I aver in the face of heaven, I was abſolutely innocent, and, ſo far from breaking or even touching the comb, never came near the fire. It will be aſked how did this miſchief happen? I can form no conception of it, I only know my own innocence.

Let any one figure to himſelf a character whoſe leading traits were docility and timidity, but haughty, ardent and invincible in its paſſions; a

child, hitherto governed by the voice of reaſon, treated with mildneſs, equity and complaiſance, who could not even ſupport the idea of injuſtice, experiencing for the firſt time ſo violent an inſtance of it, inflicted by thoſe he moſt loved and reſpected: What perverſion of ideas! what confuſion in the heart, the brain, in all my little being intelligent and moral!—let any one, I ſay, if poſſible, imagine all this, for I am incapable of giving the leaſt idea of what paſſed in my mind at that period.

My reaſon was not ſufficiently eſtabliſhed to enable me to put myſelf in the place of others, and judge how much appearances condemned me, I only beheld the rigour of a dreadful chaſtiſement, inflicted for a crime I had not committed; yet I can truly affirm, the ſmart I ſuffered, though violent, was inconſiderable compared to what I felt from indignation, rage and deſpair. My couſin, who was almoſt in ſimilar circumſtances, having been puniſhed for an involuntary fault as guilty of a premeditated crime, became furious by my example; both in the ſame bed, we embraced each other with convulſive tranſports, we were almoſt ſuffocated, and when our young hearts found ſufficient

relief to breath out our indignation, we ſat up in the bed, and with all our force, repeated a hundred times, Carnifex! Carnifex! Carnifex! Executioner, tormentor.

Even while I write this I feel my pulſe quicken, and ſhould I live a hundred thouſand years, the agitation of that moment would ſtill be freſh in my memory. This firſt inſtance of violence and oppreſſion is ſo deeply engraven on my ſoul, that every relative idea renews my emotion; the ſentiment of indignation, which in its origin had reference only to myſelf, has acquired ſuch ſtrength and is at preſent ſo compleatly detached from perſonal motives, that my heart is as much inflamed at the ſight or relation of any act of injuſtice (whatever may be the object, or whereſoever it may be perpetrated) as if I was the immediate ſufferer. When I read the hiſtory of a mercileſs tyrant, or the dark and ſubtil machinations of a knaviſh deſigning prieſt, I could on the inſtant ſet off to ſtab the miſcreants, though I was certain to periſh in the attempt.

I have frequently fatigued myſelf by running after and ſtoning a cock, a cow, a dog, or any

animal I ſaw tormenting another, only becauſe it was conſcious of poſſeſſing ſuperior ſtrength. This may be natural to me, and I am inclined to believe it is, though the lively impreſſion of the firſt injuſtice I became the victim of, was too long, and too powerfully remembered, not to have added conſiderable force to it.

This occurrence terminated my infantine ſerenity; from that moment I ceaſed to enjoy a pure unadulterated happineſs, and on a retroſpection of the pleaſures of my childhood, I yet feel they ended here. We continued at Baſſey ſome months after this event, but were like our firſt parents in the garden of Eden after they had loſt their innocence; in appearance our ſituation was the ſame, in effect it was totally different.

Affection, reſpect, intimacy, confidence, no longer attached the pupils to their guides; we beheld them no longer as divinities, who could read the ſecrets of our hearts; we were leſs aſhamed of committing faults, more afraid of being accuſed of them: we learned to diſſemble, to rebel, to lie; all the vices common to our years began to corrupt our happy innocence, mingle with our ſports,

and embitter our amuſements. The country itſelf, loſing thoſe ſweet and ſimple charms which captivate the heart, appeared a gloomy deſert, or covered with a veil that concealed its beauties. We cultivated our little gardens no more; our flowers were neglected. We no longer ſcratched away the mould, and broke out into exclamations of delight, on diſcovering that the grain we had ſown began to ſhoot: we were diſguſted with our ſituation, our preceptors were weary of us; in a word, my uncle wrote for our return, and we left Mr. and Miſs Lambercier without feeling any regret at the ſeparation.

Near thirty years paſſed away from my leaving Baſſey without once recalling the place to my mind with any degree of ſatisfaction, but after having paſſed the prime of life, as I decline into old age, (while more recent occurrences are wearing out apace) I feel theſe remembrances revive and imprint themſelves on my heart, with a force and charm that every day acquires freſh ſtrength; as if, feeling life fleet from me, I endeavoured to catch it again by its commencement. The moſt trifling incidents of thoſe happy days delight me, for no other reaſon than being of

thoſe days; I recall every circumſtance of time, place and perſons; I ſee the maid or footman buſy in the chamber, a ſwallow entering the window, a fly ſettling on my hand while repeating my leſſon; I ſee the whole œconomy of the apartment; on the right hand Mr. Lambercier's cloſet, with a print repreſenting all the Popes, a barometer, a large almanack, the windows of the houſe (which ſtood in a hollow at the bottom of the garden) ſhaded by raſpberry ſhrubs, whoſe ſhoots ſometimes found entrance: I am ſenſible the Reader has no occaſion to know all this, but I feel a kind of neceſſity for relating it. Why am I not permitted to recount all the little anecdotes of that thrice happy age, at the recollection of whoſe joys I even tremble with delight? Five or ſix particularly—let us compromiſe the matter—I will give up five, but then I muſt have one, and only one, provided I may draw it out to its utmoſt length, in order to prolong my ſatisfaction.

If I only ſought your's, I ſhould chooſe that of Miſs Lambercier's backſide, which, by an unlucky fall at the bottom of the meadow, was expoſed to the view of the King of Sardinia, who happened to be paſſing by; but that of the walnut-tree on

the terrace is more amuſing to me, ſince here I was an actor, whereas in the above-mentioned ſcene I was only a ſpectator; and I muſt confeſs I ſee nothing that ſhould occaſion riſibility in an accident, which, however laughable in itſelf, alarmed me for a perſon I loved as a mother, or perhaps ſomething more.

Ye curious readers, whoſe expectations are already on the ſtretch for the noble hiſtory of the terrace, liſten to the tragedy, and abſtain from trembling, if you can, at the horrible cataſtrophe!

At the outſide of the court-yard door, on the left hand, was a terrace, here they often ſat after dinner; but it was ſubject to one inconvenience, being too much expoſed to the rays of the ſun; to obviate this defect, Mr. Lambercier had a walnut-tree ſet there, the planting of which was attended with great ſolemnity. The two boarders were godfathers, and while the earth was replacing round the root, each held the tree with one hand, ſinging ſongs of triumph. In order to water it with more effect, they formed a kind of luſon around its foot: Myſelf and couſin, who were every day ardent ſpectators of this watering, con-

firmed each other in the very natural idea, that it was nobler to plant trees on the terrace than colours on a breach, and this glory we were refolved to procure, without dividing it with any one.

In purfuance of this refolution we cut a flip off a willow, and planted it on the terrace, at about eight or ten feet diftance from the auguft walnut-tree; we did not forget to make a hollow round it, but the difficulty was how to procure a fupply of water, which was brought from a confiderable diftance, and we not permitted to fetch it; but water was abfolutely neceffary for our willow, and we made ufe of every ftratagem to obtain it.

For a few days every thing fucceeded fo well that it began to bud, and throw out fmall leaves, which we hourly meafured, convinced (though now fcarce a foot from the ground) it would foon afford us a refrefhing fhade. This unfortunate willow, by engroffing our whole time, rendered us incapable of application to any other ftudy, and the caufe of our inattention not being known, we were kept clofer than before; the fatal moment approached when water muft fail, and

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we were already afflicted with the idea that our tree muſt periſh with drought. At length neceſſity, the parent of induſtry, ſuggeſted an invention, by which we might ſave our tree from death, and ourſelves from deſpair; it was to make a furrow under ground, which would privately conduct a part of the water from the walnut-tree to our willow: this undertaking was executed with ardour, but did not immediately ſucceed—our deſcent was not ſkilfully planned—the water did not run, the earth falling in and ſtopping up the furrow; yet, though all went contrary, nothing diſcouraged us, *omnia vincit labor improbus.* We made the baſon deeper, to give the water a more ſenſible deſcent; we cut the bottom of a box into narrow planks; encreaſed the channel from the walnut-tree to our willow, and laying a row flat at the bottom, ſet two others inclining towards each other, ſo as to form a triangular channel; we formed a kind of grating with ſmall ſticks at the end next the walnut-tree, to prevent the earth and ſtones from ſtopping it up, and having carefully covered our work with well-trodden earth, in a tranſport of hope and fear attended the hour of watering. After an interval, which ſeemed an age of expectation, this hour arrived. Mr. Lambercier,

bercier, as ufual, affifted at the operation; we contrived to get between him and our tree, towards which he fortunately turned his back. They no fooner began to pour the firft pail of water, than we perceived it running to the willow; this fight was too much for our prudence, and we involuntarily expreffed our tranfport by a fhout of joy. The fudden exclamation made Mr. Lambercier turn about, though at that inftant he was delighted to obferve how greedily the earth, which furrounded the root of his walnut-tree, imbibed the water; furprifed at feeing two trenches partake of it, he fhouted in his turn, examines, perceives the roguery, and fending inftantly for a pick-axe, at one fatal blow makes two or three of our planks fly, crying out mean time with all his ftrength, *an aqueduct! an aqueduct!* his ftrokes redoubled, every one of which made an impreffion on our hearts; in a moment the planks, the channel, the bafon, even our favorite willow, all were plowed up, nor was one word pronounced during this terrible tranfaction, except the above-mentioned exclamation. *An aqueduct!* repeated he, while deftroying all our hopes, *an aqueduct! an aqueduct!*

It may be ſuppoſed this adventure had a ſtill more melancholy ending for the young architects, this however was not the caſe, the affair ended here; Mr. Lambercier never reproached us on this account, nor was his countenance clouded with a frown: we even heard him mention the circumſtance to his ſiſter with loud burſts of laughter, for the laugh of Mr. Lambercier might be heard to a conſiderable diſtance; but what is ſtill more ſurpriſing, after the firſt tranſport of ſorrow had ſubſided, we did not find ourſelves violently afflicted; we planted a tree in another ſpot, and frequently recollected the cataſtrophe of the former, repeating with a ſignificant emphaſis, *an aqueduct! an aqueduct!* Till then, at intervals, I had fits of ambition, and could fancy myſelf Brutus or Ariſtides, but this was the firſt viſible effect of my vanity; to have conſtructed an aqueduct with our own hands, to have ſet a ſlip of willow in competition with a flouriſhing tree, appeared to me a ſupreme degree of glory!—I had a juſter conception of it at ten than Cæſar entertained at thirty.

The idea of this walnut-tree, with the little anecdotes it gave riſe to, have ſo well continued,

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or returned to my memory, that the deſign which conveyed the moſt pleaſing ſenſations, during my journey to Geneva, in the year 1754, was viſiting Boſſey, and reviewing the monuments of my infantine amuſement, above all the beloved walnu-tree, whoſe age at that time muſt have been verging on the third of a century; but I was ſo beſet with company, that I could not find a moment to accompliſh my deſign. There is little appearance now of the occaſion being renewed, but ſhould I ever return to that charming ſpot, and find my favorite walnut tree ſtill exiſting, I am convinced I ſhould water it with my tears.

On my return to Geneva I paſſed two or three years at my uncle's, expecting the determination of my friends reſpecting my future eſtabliſhment. His own ſon being devoted to genius, was taught drawing, and inſtructed by his father in the elements of Euclid: I partook of theſe inſtructions, but was principally fond of drawing. Meantime they were irreſolute, whether to make me a watch-maker, a lawyer, or a miniſter, I ſhould have preferred being a miniſter, as I thought it muſt be a charming thing to preach, but the trifling income which had been my mother's, and

was to be divided between my brother and myſelf, was too inconſiderable to defray the expence attending the proſecution of my ſtudies. As my age did not render the choice very preſſing, I remained with my uncle, paſſing my time with very little improvement, and paying pretty dear, though nct unreaſonably for my board.

My uncle, like my father, was a man of pleaſure, but had not learned like him to abridge his amuſements for the ſake of inſtructing his family, conſequently our education was neglected. My aunt was a devotee, who loved ſinging pſalms better than thinking of our improvement, ſo that we were left entirely to ourſelves, which liberty we never abuſed.

Ever inſeparable, we were all the world to each other, and feeling no inclination to frequent the company of a number of diſorderly lads of our own age, we learned none of thoſe habits of libertiniſm to which our idle life expoſed us. Perhaps I am wrong in charging myſelf and couſin with idleneſs at this time, for in our lives we were never leſs ſo; and what was extremely fortunate, ſo inceſſantly occupied with our amuſements, that

we found no temptation to ſpend any part of our time in the ſtreets. We made cages, pipes, kites, drums, houſes, ſhips and bows; ſpoiled the tools of my good old grandfather by endeavouring to make watches in imitation of him; but our favorite amuſement was waſting paper, in drawing, waſhing, colouring, &c. There came an Italian mountebank to Geneva, called Gamber-Corta, who had an exhibition of puppets, that he made play a kind of comedy; we went once to ſee them, but could not ſpare time to go again, being buſily employed in making puppets of our own, and inventing comedies, which we immediately ſet about making them perform, mimicking to the beſt of our abilities the uncouth voice of Punch, and to compleat the buſineſs, my good aunt and uncle Bernard had the patience to ſee and liſten to our imitations: but my uncle having one day read an elaborate diſcourſe to his family, we inſtantly gave up our comedies, and began compoſing ſermons.

These details, I confeſs, are not very amuſing, but they ſerve to demonſtrate that the former part of our education was well directed, ſince being at ſuch an early age the abſolute maſters of our time, we found no inclination to abuſe it, and ſo little

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want of other companions that we conſtantly neglected every occaſion of ſeeking them. When taking our walks together, we obſerved their diverſions without feeling any inclination to partake of them. Friendſhip ſo intirely occupied our hearts, that pleaſed with each other's company, the ſimpleſt paſtimes were ſufficient to delight us.

We were ſoon remarked for being thus inſeparable, and what rendered us more conſpicuous, my couſin was very tall, myſelf extremely ſhort, ſo that we exhibited a very whimſical contraſt. This meagre figure, ſmall, ſallow countenance, heavy air, and ſupine gait, excited the ridicule of the children, who in the gibberiſh of the country, nicknamed him *Barna Bredanna*; and we, no ſooner got out of doors, than our ears were aſſailed with a repetition of, "*Barna Bredanna.*" He bore this indignity with tolerable patience, but I was inſtantly for fighting; this was what the young rogues aimed at: I engaged accordingly, and was beat. My poor couſin did all in his power to aſſiſt me, but he was weak, and a ſingle ſtroke brought him to the ground; I then became furious, and received ſeveral ſmart blows, ſome of which were aimed at *Barna Bredanna.* This

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quarrel ſo far encreaſed the evil, that to avoid their inſults, we could only ſhew ourſelves in the ſtreet while they were employed at ſchool.

I had already become a redreſſer of grievances; there only wanted a lady in the way to be a knight-errant in form: this defect was ſoon ſupplied, I preſently had two. I frequently went to ſee my father at Nion, a ſmall city in the Vaudois country, where he was now ſettled. Being univerſally reſpected, the affection entertained for him extended to me, and during my viſits, the queſtion ſeemed to be who ſhould ſhew me moſt kindneſs: A Madam de Vulſon in particular, loaded me with careſſes, and to compleat all, the daughter made me her gallant. I need not explain what kind of gallant a boy of eleven muſt be to a girl of two and twenty; the artful huſſies know how to ſet theſe puppets up in front, to conceal more ſerious engagements. On my part, I ſaw no inequality between myſelf and Miſs Vulſon, was flattered by the circumſtance, and gave into it with my whole heart, or rather my whole head, for this paſſion certainly reached no farther, though it tranſported me almoſt to madneſs, and frequently pro-

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duced ſcenes ſufficient to make even a Cynic expire with laughter.

I have experienced two kinds of love, equally real, which have ſcarce any affinity, yet each differing materially from tender friendſhip. My whole life has been divided between theſe affections, and I have frequently felt the power of both at the ſame inſtant: for example, at the very time I ſo publicly and tyrannically claimed Miſs Vulſon, that I could not ſuffer any other of my ſex to approach her, I had ſhort, but paſſionate aſſignations with a Miſs Goton, who thought proper to act the ſchoolmiſtreſs with me. Our meetings, though abſolutely childiſh, afforded me the height of happineſs: I felt the whole charm of myſtery, and repaid Miſs Vulſon in kind, when ſhe leaſt expected it, the uſe ſhe made of me in concealing her amours. To my great mortification this ſecret was ſoon diſcovered, and I preſently loſt my young ſchoolmiſtreſs.

Miſs Goton was in fact, a ſingular perſonage—She was not handſome; yet there was a certain ſomething in her figure, which could not eaſily be forgotten, and this, for an old fool, I am too often convinced

convinced of. Her eyes, in particular, neither correſponded with her age, her height, or her manner; ſhe had a lofty impoſing air, which agreed extremely well with the character ſhe aſſumed; but the moſt extraordinary part of her compoſition, was a mixture of forwardneſs and reſerve difficult to be conceived, and while ſhe took the greateſt liberties with me, would never permit any to be taken with her in return, treating me preciſely like a child: This makes me ſuppoſe ſhe had either ceaſed herſelf to be one, or was yet ſufficiently ſo to behold as play the danger to which this folly expoſed her.

I was ſo abſolutely in the power of both theſe miſtreſſes, that when in the preſence of either, I never thought of her who was abſent: In other reſpects the effects they produced on me bore no affinity. I could have paſſed my whole life with Miſs Vulſon, without forming a wiſh to quit her, but then my ſatisfaction was attended with a pleaſing ſerenity, and in numerous companies, I was particularly charmed with her. The ſprightly ſallies of her wit, the arch glance of her eye, even jealouſy itſelf ſtrengthened my attachment, and I triumphed in the preference ſhe ſeemed to beſtow

ſtow on me, while addreſſed by more powerful rivals; applauſe, encouragement, and ſmiles, gave animation to my happineſs. Surrounded by a throng of obſervers, I felt the whole force of love, I was paſſionate, tranſported; in a *tête-à-tête*, I ſhould have been conſtrained, thoughtful, perhaps unhappy. If Miſs Vulſon was ill, I ſuffered with her; would willingly have given up my own health to eſtabliſh her's; (and obſerve, I knew the want of it from experience) if abſent, ſhe employed my thoughts. I felt the want of her; when preſent, her careſſes came with warmth and rapture to my heart, though my ſenſes were unaffected. The familiarities ſhe beſtowed on me, I could not have ſupported the idea of her granting to another: I loved her with a brother's affection only, but experienced all the jealouſy of a lover.

With Miſs Goton this paſſion might have acquired a degree of fury; I ſhould have been a turk, a tyger, had I once imagined ſhe beſtowed her favors on any but myſelf. The pleaſure I felt on approaching Miſs Vulſon was ſufficiently ardent, tho' unattended with uneaſy ſenſations; but at ſight of Miſs Goton, I felt myſelf bewildered—

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every ſenſe was abſorbed in extacy—I believe it would have been impoſſible to have remained long with her; I muſt have been ſuffocated with the violence of my palpitations. I equally dreaded giving either of them diſpleaſure; with one I was more complaiſant, with the other, more ſubmiſſive. I would not have offended Miſs Vulſon for the world; but if Miſs Goton had commanded me to throw myſelf into the flames, I think, I ſhould have inſtantly obeyed her. Happily, both for her and myſelf, our amours, or rather rendezvous, were not of long duration; and though my connection with Miſs Vulſon was leſs dangerous, after a continuance of ſome greater length, that likewiſe had its cataſtrophe: indeed the termination of a love affair is good for nothing, unleſs it partakes of the romantic, and can furniſh out at leaſt, an exclamation.

Though my correſpondence with Miſs Vulſon was leſs animated, it was perhaps more endearing; we never ſeparated without tears, and it can hardly be conceived what a void I felt in my heart.—I could neither think or ſpeak of any thing but her. Theſe romantic ſorrows were not affected, though I am inclined to believe, they did not

abſolutely

abſolutely center in her, for I am perſuaded, (though I did not perceive it at that time) being deprived of amuſement bore a conſiderable ſhare in them.

To ſoften the rigour of abſence, we agreed to correſpond with each other, and the pathetic expreſſions theſe letters contained, were ſufficient to have ſplit a rock: in a word, I had the honour of her not being able to endure the pain of ſeparation. She came to ſee me at Geneva.

My head was now compleatly turned, and during the two days ſhe remained here, I was intoxicated with delight. At her departure I would have thrown myſelf into the water after her, and abſolutely rent the air with my cries. The week following ſhe ſent me ſweetmeats, gloves, &c. this certainly would have appeared extremely gallant, had I not been informed of her marriage at the ſame inſtant, and that the journey I had thought proper to give myſelf the honour of, was only to buy her wedding ſuit.

My indignation may eaſily be conceived; I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe it.—In this heroic

fury I ſwore never more to ſee the perfidious girl, ſuppoſing it the greateſt puniſhment that could be inflicted on her This, however, did not occaſion her death, for twenty years after, while on a viſit to my father, being on the lake, I aſked who thoſe ladies were, in a boat not far from ours; "What!" ſaid my father, ſmiling, "does not your heart inform you?—It is your former flame, it is Madam Chriſtin, or, if you pleaſe, Miſs Vulſon," I ſtarted at the almoſt forgotten name, and inſtantly ordered the waterman to turn off, not judging it worth while to be perjured, however favourable the opportunity for revenge, in renewing a diſpute of twenty years paſt with a woman of forty.

Thus before my future deſtination was determined, did I fool away the moſt precious moments of my youth. After deliberating a long time on the bent of my natural inclination, they reſolved to diſpoſe of me in a manner the moſt repugnant to them; I was ſent to Mr. Maſſeron the City Regiſter, to learn (according to the expreſſion of my uncle Bernard) the thriving occupation of a ſcraper. This nick-name was inconceivably diſpleaſing to me, and I promiſed myſelf but little ſatiſ-

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faction in the proſpect of heaping up money by a mean employment: the aſſiduity and ſubjection required compleated my diſguſt, and I never ſet foot in the office, without feeling a kind of horror, which every day gained freſh ſtrength.

Mr. Maſſeron, who was not better pleaſed with my abilities than I was with the employment, treated me with diſdain, inceſſantly upbraiding me with being a fool and blockhead, not forgetting to repeat, that my uncle had aſſured him I was a knowing one, though he could not find that I knew any thing! that he had promiſed to furniſh him with a ſprightly boy, but had, in truth, ſent him an aſs: to conclude, I was turned out of the regiſtry, with the additional ignominy of being pronounced a fool by all Mr. Maſſeron's clerks, and fit only to handle a file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not, however, to a watch-maker, but to an engraver, and I had been ſo completely humiliated by the contempt of the Regiſter, that I ſubmitted without a murmur. My maſter, whoſe name was Mr. Ducommun, was a young man of a very violent and booriſh character, who con-

trived in a ſhort time to tarniſh all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to ſtupify a diſpoſition naturally ſprightly, and reduce my feelings as well as my condition, to an abſolute ſtate of ſervitude. I forgot my latin, hiſtory, and antiquities; I could hardly recollect whether ſuch people as Romans ever exiſted; when I viſited my father, he no longer beheld his idol, nor could the ladies recognize the gallant Jean Jacques, nay, I was ſo well convinced that Mr. and Miſs Lambercier would ſcarce receive me as their pupil, that I endeavoured to avoid their company, and from that time have never ſeen them. The vileſt inclinations, the baſeſt actions, ſucceeded my amiable amuſements, and even obliterated the very remembrance of them. I muſt have had, in ſpite of my good education, a great propenſity to degenerate, elſe the declenſion could not have followed with ſuch eaſe and rapidity, for never did ſo promiſing a Cæſar ſo quickly become a Laradon.

The art itſelf did not diſpleaſe me; I had a lively taſte for drawing, there was nothing diſpleaſing in the exerciſe of the graver, and as it required no very extraordinary abilities to attain perfection as a watch-caſe engraver, I hoped to arrive

at it. Perhaps I ſhould have accompliſhed my deſign, if unreaſonable reſtraint, added to the brutality of my maſter, had not rendered my buſineſs diſguſting. I waſted his time, and employed myſelf in engraving medals, which ſerved me and my companions as a kind of enſignia for a new invented order of chivalry, and though this differed very little from my uſual employ, I conſidered it as a relaxation. Unfortunately my maſter caught me at this contraband labour, and a ſevere beating was the conſequence. He reproached me at the ſame time with attempting to make counterfeit money, becauſe our medals bore the arms of the Republic; though I can truly aver, I had no conception of falſe money, and very little of the true, knowing better how to make a Roman As, than one of our three-penny pieces.

My maſter's tyranny rendered inſupportable that labour I ſhould otherwiſe have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally deſpiſed; ſuch as falſhood, idleneſs and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer demonſtration of the difference between filial dependence and abject ſlavery, than the remembrance of the change produced in me at that period. Hitherto I had enjoyed a reaſon-

able liberty, this I had ſuddenly loſt. I was enterprizing at my father's, free at Mr. Lambercier's, diſcreet at my uncle's; but, with my maſter, I became fearful, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accuſtomed to live on terms of perfect equality, to be witneſs of no pleaſures I could not command, to ſee no diſh I was not to partake of, or be ſenſible of a deſire I might not expreſs; to be able to bring every wiſh of my heart to my lips—what a tranſition!—at my maſter's I was ſcarce allowed to ſpeak; was forced to quit the table without taſting what I moſt longed for, and the room when I had nothing particular to do there; was inceſſantly confined to my work, while the liberty my maſter and his journeymen enjoyed, ſerved only to increaſe the weight of my ſubjection. When diſputes happened to ariſe, though conſcious that I underſtood the ſubject better than any of them, I dared not offer my opinion; in a word, every thing I ſaw became an object of deſire, for no other reaſon than becauſe I was not permitted to enjoy any thing. Farewell gaiety, eaſe, thoſe happy turns of expreſſion, which formerly even made my faults eſcape correction. I recollect, with pleaſure, a circumſtance that happened at my father's, which even now makes me

ſmile:

ſmile: being for ſome fault, ordered to bed without my ſupper, as I was paſſing through the kitchen, with my poor morſel of bread in my hand, I ſaw the meat turning on the ſpit; my father and the reſt were round the fire; I muſt bow to every one as I paſſed: When I had gone through this ceremony, leering with a wiſhful eye at the roaſt meat, which looked ſo inviting, and ſmelt ſo ſavory, I could not abſtain from making that a bow likewiſe, adding, in a pitiful tone, *good bye roaſt meat!* This unpremeditated pleaſantry put them in ſuch good humour, that I was permitted to ſtay, and partake of it. Perhaps the ſame thing might have produced a ſimilar effect at my maſter's, but ſuch a thought could never have occurred to me, or if it had I ſhould not have had courage to expreſs it.

Thus I learned to covet, diſſemble, lie, and, at length, to ſteal; a propenſity I never felt the leaſt idea of before, though ſince that time I have never been able intirely to diveſt myſelf of it. Deſire and inability united, naturally led to this vice, which is the reaſon pilfering is ſo common among footmen and apprentices, though the latter, as they grow up, and find themſelves in a ſituation where

every

every thing is at their command, loſe this ſhameful propenſity: as I never experienced this advantage, I never enjoyed the benefit.

Good ſentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithſtanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could reſolve to take even eatables. My firſt theft was occaſioned by complaiſance, but it was productive of others which had not ſo plauſible an excuſe.

My maſter had a journeyman named Verrat, whoſe mother lived in the neighbourhood, and had a garden at a conſiderable diſtance from the houſe, which produced excellent aſparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob her of the moſt early production of her garden, and by the ſale of it procure thoſe indulgences he could not otherwiſe afford himſelf; but not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a ſurpriſe. After ſome preliminary flattery, which I did not comprehend the meaning of, he propoſed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment ſtruck him. At firſt I would not liſten to the propoſal; but he perſiſted

persisted in his solicitation, and as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. In pursuance of this virtuous resolution, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the *Molard*, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions? this produced the desired effect, for being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Mr. Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and divided with a companion of his, for though I procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head, to rob the robber, and tythe Mr. Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but what I should have been still more sensible of, a hearty beating; for the miscreant, who received the whole benefit, would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring

to accuſe him, ſince being only an apprentice, I ſtood no chance of being believed in oppoſition to a journeyman. Thus in every ſituation, powerful rogues know how to ſave themſelves at the expence of the feeble.

This practice taught me it was not ſo terrible to thieve as I had imagined: I took care to make this diſcovery turn to ſome account, helping myſelf to every thing within my reach, that I conceived an inclination for. I was not abſolutely ill-fed at my maſter's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The cuſtom of ſending young people from table preciſely when thoſe things are ſerved up which ſeem moſt tempting, is calculated to encreaſe their longing, and induces them to ſteal what they conceive to be ſo delicious. It may be ſuppoſed I was not backward in this particular: in general my knavery ſucceeded pretty well, though quite the reverſe when I happened to be detected.

I recollect an attempt to procure ſome apples, which was attended with circumſtances that make me ſmile and ſhudder even at this inſtant. The fruit

fruit was ſtanding in a pantry, which by a lattice at a conſiderable hight, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the houſe, I climed up to ſee theſe precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the garden of the Heſperides. I fetched the ſpit—tried if it would reach them—it was too ſhort—I lengthened it with a ſmall one which was uſed for game, my maſter being very fond of hunting, darted at them ſeveral times without ſucceſs; at length was more fortunate, being tranſported to find I was bringing up an apple! I drew it gently to the lattice—was going to ſeize it, when (who can expreſs my grief and aſtoniſhment!) I found it would not paſs through—it was too large. I tried every expedient to accompliſh my deſign, ſought ſupporters to keep the ſpits in the ſame poſition, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I ſo far ſucceeded as to effect the diviſion, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through, but it was ſcarcely ſeparated, (compaſſionate reader ſympathize with my affliction!) when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I loſt time by this experiment, I did not loſe courage, but dreading a ſurprize, I put off

the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more ſucceſsful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two obvious witneſſes I had left in the pantry depoſed againſt me.

The next day, (a fine opportunity offering,) I renewed the trial. I faſten the ſpits together; get on the ſtool; take aim; am juſt going to dart at my prey—unfortunately the dragon did not ſleep; the pantry door opens, my maſter makes his appearance, and looking up, exclaims, Bravo!—— The horror of that moment returns—the pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment, rendered me callous; it ſeemed a kind of compoſition for my crimes which authorized me to continue them, and inſtead of looking back at the puniſhment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beat like a ſlave, I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be puniſhed, were inſeparable, and conſtituted, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my maſter would take care not to be deficient in his: That

preliminary

preliminary ſettled, I applied myſelf to thieving with great tranquility, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "what will be the conſequence?" The reply was ready, "I know the worſt, I ſhall be beat; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am ſenſual, but not greedy; I have ſuch a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and unleſs my heart is unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite: I did not, therefore, long confine myſelf to purloining eatables, but extended this propenſity to every thing I wiſhed to poſſeſs, and if I did not become a robber in form, it was only becauſe money never tempted me:

My maſter had a cloſet in the workſhop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and ſhut as often as I pleaſed, and laid his beſt tools, fine drawings, impreſſions, in a word, every thing he wiſhed to keep from me under contribution. Theſe thefts were ſo far innocent, that they were always employed in his ſervice, but I was tranſported at having the trifles in my poſſeſſion, and imagined

imagined I ſtole the art with its productions. Beſides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained ſhreads of gold and ſilver, a number of ſmall jewels, valuable medals, and money; yet, though I ſeldom had five ſous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having ever caſt a wiſhful look at them, on the contrary, I beheld theſe valuables rather with terror than delight.

I am convinced the dread of taking money was in a great meaſure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it, the fear of infamy, a priſon, puniſhment, and death: had I even felt the temptation, theſe objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a ſpecies of waggery, and in truth they were little elſe; they could but occaſion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for. A ſheet of fine drawing paper was a greater temptation, than money ſufficient to have purchaſed a ream. This unreaſonable caprice is connected with one of the moſt ſtriking ſingularities of my character, and has ſo far influenced my conduct, that it requires a particular explanation.

My paſſions are extremely violent; while under their influence, nothing can equal my impetuoſity: I am an abſolute ſtranger to diſcretion, reſpect, fear, or decorum; rude, ſaucy, violent, and intrepid; no ſhame can ſtop, no danger intimidate me. My mind is frequently ſo engroſſed by a ſingle object, that beyond it, the whole world is not worth a thought; this is the enthuſiaſm of a moment, the next perhaps, I am plunged in a ſtate of annihilation. Take me in my moments of tranquility, I am indolence and timidity itſelf; a word to ſpeak, the leaſt trifle to perform, appears an intolerable labour; every thing alarms and terrifies; the very buzzing of a fly, will make me ſhudder; I am ſo ſubdued by fear and ſhame, that I would gladly ſhield myſelf from mortal view.

When obliged to exert myſelf, I am ignorant what to do! when forced to ſpeak, I am at a loſs for words; and if any one looks at me, I am inſtantly out of countenance. If animated with my ſubject, I expreſs my thoughts with eaſe, but in ordinary converſations I can ſay nothing,—abſolutely nothing; and being obliged to ſpeak renders them inſupportable.

I may add, that none of my predominant inclinations center in thoſe pleaſures which are to be purchaſed; money empoiſons my delights; I muſt have them unadulterated. I love thoſe of the table, for inſtance, but cannot endure the reſtraints of good company, or the intemperance of taverns: I can enjoy them only with a friend, for alone it is equally impoſſible; my imagination is then ſo occupied with other things that I find no pleaſure in eating. Women who are to be purchaſed have no charms for me, my beating heart cannot be ſatisfied without affection; it is the ſame with every other enjoyment, if not truly diſintereſted they are abſolutely inſipid, in a word, I am fond of thoſe things, which are only eſtimable to minds formed for the peculiar enjoyment of them.

I never thought money ſo deſirable as it is uſually imagined; if you would enjoy, you muſt transform it, and this transformation is frequently attended with inconvenience: You muſt bargain, purchaſe, pay dear, be badly ſerved, and often duped. I buy an egg, am aſſured 'tis new laid—I find it ſtale; fruit in its utmoſt perfection—'tis abſolutely green; I love good wine, but where ſhall I get it? not at my wine merchant's—he

will

will poiſon me at a certainty. I wiſh to be univerſally reſpected; how ſhall I compaſs my deſign? I muſt make friends, ſend meſſages, write letters, come, go, wait, and be frequently deceived: Money is the perpetual ſource of uneaſineſs, I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thouſand times, both during and ſince my apprenticeſhip, have I gone out to purchaſe ſome nicety, I approach the paſtry-cook's, perceive ſome women at the counter, and imagine they are laughing at me. I paſs a fruit ſhop, ſee ſome fine pears, their appearance tempts me, but then two or three young people are near, or a man I am acquainted with is ſtanding at the door; I take all that paſs for perſons I have ſome knowledge of, and my near ſight contributes to deceive me: I am every where intimidated, reſtrained by ſome obſtacle, and with money in my pocket, return as I went, for want of reſolution to purchaſe what I long for.

I ſhould enter into the moſt inſipid details was I to relate the trouble, ſhame, repugnance and inconvenience of all kinds which I have experienced in parting with my money, whether in my own perſon, or by the agency of others; as I proceed the

reader

reader will get acquainted with my diſpoſition, and perceive all this without my troubling him with the recital.

This once comprehended, one of my apparent contradictions will be eaſily accounted for, and the moſt ſordid avarice reconciled with the greateſt contempt of money. It is a movable which I conſider of ſo little value, that when deſtitute of it I never wiſh to acquire any, and when I have a ſum I keep it by me, for want of knowing how to diſpoſe of it to my ſatisfaction; but let an agreeable and convenient opportunity preſent itſelf, and I empty my purſe with the utmoſt freedom; not that I would have the reader imagine I am extravagant from a motive of oſtentation, quite the reverſe, it was ever in ſubſervience to my pleaſures, and inſtead of glorying in expence, I endeavour to conceal it. I ſo well perceive that money is not made to anſwer my purpoſes, that I am almoſt aſhamed to have any, and ſtill more to make uſe of it.

Had I ever poſſeſſed a moderate independence, I am convinced I ſhould have had no propenſity to become avaricious. I ſhould have required no more, and cheerfully lived up to my income; but

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my precarious ſituation keeps me in perpetual dread of want. I adore liberty, I abhor conſtraint, trouble, or ſubjection; money enſures my independence, frees me from the trouble of contriving reſources, a neceſſity I ever deteſted; I am loth, therefore, to part with what ſo greatly contributes to my happineſs. The money we poſſeſs is the pledge of freedom, that we are in purſuit of the inſtrument of ſlavery; for this reaſon, I am tenacious of what I have, without coveting what I have not.

My diſintereſtedneſs, therefore, is nothing more than lazineſs; the pleaſure of poſſeſſing does not merit the labour of acquiring. I attribute my diſſipation to the ſame cauſe, for when expence offers a deſirable gratification, it ſeems reaſonable to lay hold of it immediately. I am leſs pleaſed with money than with the conveniences it procures, for between the poſſeſſion and the uſe of it there is ever an intermediate ſtate, between the convenience and the enjoyment there is none. I ſee the gratification—it tempts me: I ſee the means of acquiring this pleaſure—the temptation is no more.

I have therefore been a rogue, and am ſo ſtill, ſometimes for trifles which I had rather take than aſk for, but I never in my life recollect having taken a farthing from any one, except about fifteen years ago, when I ſtole ſeven livres ten ſous. The ſtory is worth recounting, as it exhibits a concurrence of impudence and ſtupidity I ſhould ſcarcely credit, did it relate to any but myſelf.

It was in Paris; I was walking with M. de Franceuil at the Palais Royal: he pulled out his watch, he looked at it, and ſaid to me, "Suppoſe we go to the opera?—With all my heart." We go; he takes two box tickets, gives me one, and enters himſelf with the other; I follow, find the door crowded, and looking in, ſee every one ſtanding; judging therefore that M. de Francueil might ſuppoſe me concealed by the company, I go out, aſk for my ticket, and getting the money returned, leave the houſe, without conſidering that by then I had reached the door every one would be ſeated, and M. de Francueil might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing could be more oppoſite to my natural inclination than this abominable meanneſs, I

note

note it, to ſhow there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions: this was not ſtealing the money, it was only ſtealing the uſe of it, and was the more infamous for wanting the excuſe of a temptation.

I ſhould never end theſe accounts, was I to deſcribe all the gradations through which I paſſed, during my apprenticeſhip, from the ſublimity of a hero to the baſeneſs of a villain. Though I entered into moſt of the vices of my ſituation, I had no reliſh for its pleaſures; the amuſements of my companions were diſpleaſing, and when too much reſtraint had made my buſineſs weariſome, I had nothing to amuſe me: this renewed my taſte for reading, which had long been neglected. I now ran into a freſh inconvenience, books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional puniſhment, while inclination, ſtrengthened by conſtraint, became an unconquerable paſſion. La Tribu, famous for lending out books, furniſhed me with all kinds: good or bad, I peruſed them with avidity.

It will be ſaid, "at length, then, money became neceſſary"—true; but this happened at a time when

when a taſte for ſtudy had deprived me both of reſolution and activity: totally occupied by this new inclination, I only wiſhed to read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my peculiarities; a mere nothing frequently calls me off from what I appear the moſt attached to; I give into the new idea; it becomes a paſſion, and immediately every former deſire is forgotten.

Reading was my object; my heart beat with impatience to run over the new book I carried in my pocket; the firſt moment I was alone I ſeized the opportunity to draw it out, and thought no longer of rummaging my maſter's cloſet. I was even aſhamed to think I had been guilty of ſuch meanneſs; and had my amuſements been more expenſive, I no longer felt an inclination to continue it. La Tribu gave me credit, and when once I had the book in my poſſeſſion, I thought no more of the trifle I was to pay for it; as money came, it naturally paſſed to this woman; and when ſhe chanced to be preſſing, nothing was ſo conveniently at hand as my own effects; to ſteal in advance required foreſight, and robbing to pay was no temptation.

The frequent blows I received from my maſter, with my private and ill-choſen ſtudies, rendered me reſerved, inſociable, and almoſt deranged my reaſon. Though my taſte had not preſerved me from ſilly unmeaning books, by good fortune I was a ſtranger to licentious or obſcene ones: not that La Tribu (who was very accommodating) made any ſcruple of lending theſe, on the contrary, to enhance their worth, ſhe ſpoke of them with an air of myſtery; this produced an effect ſhe had not foreſeen, for both ſhame and diſguſt made me conſtantly refuſe them. Chance ſo well ſeconded my baſhful diſpoſition that I was paſt the age of thirty before I ſaw any of thoſe dangerous compoſitions.

In leſs than a year I had exhauſted La Tribu's ſcanty library, and was unhappy for want of farther amuſement. My reading, though frequently bad, had worn off my childiſh follies, and brought back my heart to nobler ſentiments than my condition had inſpired; mean time, diſguſted with all within my reach, and thinking every thing charming that was out of it, my preſent ſituation appeared extremely miſerable. My paſſions began to acquire ſtrength, I felt their influence, without

knowing

knowing whither they would conduct me. I sometimes, indeed, thought of my former follies, but sought no farther.

At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my encreasing emotions? it was, to contemplate those situations, in the books I had read, which produced the most striking effect on my mind; to recall, combine, and apply them to myself in such a manner, as to become one of the personages my recollection presented, and be continually in those fancied circumstances which were most agreeable to my inclinations; in a word, by contriving to place myself in these fictitious situations, the idea of my real one was in a great measure obliterated.

This fondness for imaginary objects, and the facility with which I could gain possession of them, compleated my disgust for every thing around me, and fixed that inclination for solitude which has ever since been predominant. We shall have more than one occasion to remark the effects of a disposition, misanthropic and melancholy in appearance, but which proceed, in fact, from a heart too affectionate, too ardent, which for want of similar

lar diſpoſitions, is conſtrained to content itſelf with non-entities, and be ſatisfied with fiction. It is ſufficient at preſent, to have traced the origin of a propenſity which has modified my paſſions, ſet bounds to each, and by giving too much ardour to my wiſhes, has ever rendered me too indolent to obtain them.

Thus I attained my ſixteenth year, uneaſy, diſcontent with myſelf and every thing that ſurrounded me; diſpleaſed with my occupation, without enjoying the pleaſures common to my age, weeping without a cauſe, ſighing I knew not why, and fond of my chimerical ideas for want of more valuable realities.

Every Sunday, after ſermon-time, my companions came to fetch me out, wiſhing me to partake of their diverſions. I would willingly have been excuſed, but when once engaged in amuſement, I was more animated and enterpriſing than any of them; it was equally difficult to engage or reſtrain me: indeed, this was ever a leading trait in my character. In our country walks I was ever foremoſt, and never thought of returning till reminded by ſome of my companions. I was

twice obliged to be from my maſter's the whole night, the city gates having been ſhut before I could reach them. The reader may imagine what treatment this procured me the following mornings; but I was promiſed ſuch a reception for the third, that I made a firm reſolution never to expoſe myſelf to the danger of it. Notwithſtanding my determination, I repeated this dreaded tranſgreſſion, my vigilance having been rendered uſeleſs by a curſed Captain, named M. Minutoli, who, when on guard, always ſhut the gate he had charge of an hour before the uſual time. I was returning home with my two companions, and had got within half a league of the city, when I heard them beat the tat-too; I redouble my pace, I run with my utmoſt ſpeed, I approach the bridge, ſee the ſoldiers already at their poſts, I call out to them in a ſuffocated voice—it is too late! I am twenty paces from the guard, the firſt bridge is already drawn up, and I tremble to ſee thoſe terrible horns advanced in the air which announce the fatal and inevitable deſtiny, which from this moment began to purſue me.

I threw myſelf on the glacis in a tranſport of deſpair, while my companions, who only laughed

at

at the accident, immediately determined what to do. My refolution, though different from theirs, was equally fudden; on the fpot, I fwore never to return to my mafter's, and the next morning, when my companions entered the city, I bade them an eternal adieu, conjuring them at the fame time to inform my coufin Bernard of my refolution, and the place where he might fee me for the laft time.

From the commencement of my apprenticefhip I had feldom feen him; at firft, indeed, we faw each other on Sundays, but each acquiring different habits, our meetings were lefs frequent. I am perfuaded his mother contributed greatly towards this change: he was to confider himfelf as a perfon of confequence, I was a pitiful apprentice; notwithftanding our relationfhip, equality no longer fubfifted between us, and it was degrading himfelf to frequent my company. As he had a natural good heart, his mother's leffons did not take an immediate effect, and for fome time he continued to vifit me.

Having learned my refolution, he haftened to the fpot I had appointed; not, however, to dif-

ſuade me from it, but to render my flight agreeable, by ſome trifling preſents, as my own reſources would not have carried me far. He gave me, among other things, a ſmall ſword, which I was very proud of, and took with me as far as Turin, where abſolute want conſtrained me to diſpoſe of it. The more I reflected on his behaviour at this critical moment, the more I am perſuaded he followed the inſtructions of his mother, and perhaps his father likewiſe; for had he been left to his own feelings, he would have endeavoured to retain, or have been tempted to accompany me; on the contrary, he encouraged the deſign, and when he ſaw me reſolutely determined to purſue it, without ſeeming much affected, left me to my fate. We never ſaw or wrote to each other from that time: I cannot but regret this loſs, for his heart was eſſentially good, and we ſeemed formed for a more laſting friendſhip.

Before I abandon myſelf to the fatality of my deſtiny, let me contemplate for a moment the proſpect that awaited me had I fallen into the hands of a better maſter. Nothing could have been more agreeable to my diſpoſition, or more

likely

likely to confer happineſs than the peaceful condition of a good artificer, in ſo reſpectable a line as engravers are conſidered at Geneva. I could have obtained an eaſy ſubſiſtence, if not a fortune; this would have bounded my ambition; I ſhould have had means to indulge in moderate pleaſures, and ſhould have continued in my natural ſphere, without meeting with any temptation to go beyond it. Having an imagination ſufficiently fertile to embelliſh with its chimeras every ſituation, and powerful enough to tranſport me from one to another, it was immaterial in which I was fixed; that was beſt adapted to me, which requiring the leaſt care or exertion, left the mind moſt at liberty; and this happineſs I ſhould have enjoyed. In my native country, in the boſom of my religion, family and friends, I ſhould have paſſed a calm and peaceful life, in the uniformity of a pleaſing occupation, and among connections dear to my heart. I ſhould have been a good Chriſtian, a good citizen, a good friend, a good man. I ſhould have reliſhed my condition, perhaps have been an honour to it, and after having paſſed a life of happy obſcurity, ſurrounded by my family, I ſhould have died at peace. Soon it may be for-

gotten, but while remembered it would have been with tendernefs and regret.

Inftead of this—what a picture am I about to draw!—Alas! why fhould I anticipate the miferies I have endured? The Reader will have but too much of the melancholy fubject.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

THE moment in which fear had inſtigated my flight did not ſeem more terrible, than that wherein I put my deſign in exectioun appeared delightful. To leave my relations, my reſources, while yet a child, in the midſt of my apprenticeſhip, before I had learned enough of my buſineſs to obtain a ſubſiſtence; to run on inevitable miſery and danger; to expoſe myſelf in that age of weakneſs and innocence to all the temptations of vice and deſpair; to ſet out in ſearch of errors, misfortunes, ſnares, ſlavery and death; to endure more intolerable evils than thoſe I meant to ſhun, was the picture I ſhould have drawn, the natural conſequences of my hazardous enterpriſe: How different was the idea I entertained of it!—The independence I ſeemed to poſſeſs was the ſole object of my contemplation; having obtained my liberty, I thought every thing attainable; I entered with confidence on the vaſt theatre of the world, which my merit was to captivate; at every ſtep I expected to find amuſements, treaſures and adventures, friends ready to ſerve and miſtreſſes eager to

 pleaſe

pleaſe me; I had but to ſhow myſelf and the whole univerſe would be intereſted in my concerns; not but I could have been content with ſomething leſs; a charming ſociety, with ſufficient means, might have ſatisfied me. My moderation was ſuch that the ſphere in which I propoſed to ſhine was rather circumſcribed, but then it was to poſſeſs the very quinteſſence of enjoyment, and myſelf the principal object. A ſingle caſtle, for inſtance, might have bounded my ambition; could I have been the favorite of the lord and lady, the daughter's lover, the ſon's friend, and protector of the neighbours, I might have been tolerably content, and ſought no farther.

In expectation of this modeſt fortune I paſſed a few days in the environs of the city, with ſome country people of my acquaintance, who received me with more kindneſs than I ſhould have met with in town; they welcomed, lodged and fed me cheerfully; I could not be ſaid to live on charity, theſe favours were not conferred with a ſufficient appearance of ſuperiority to furniſh out the idea..

I rambled about in this manner till I got to Confignon in Savoy, at about two leagues diſtance from

from Geneva. The Vicar was called, M. de Pontverre; this name, so famous in the history of the Republic, caught my attention; I was curious to see what appearance the descendants of the gentlemen of the spoon exhibited: I went therefore to visit this M. de Pontverre, and was received with great civility.

He spoke of the heresy of Geneva, declaimed on the authority of holy mother church, and then invited me to dinner. I had little to object to arguments which had so desirable a conclusion, and was inclined to believe that priests who gave such excellent dinners might be as good as our ministers. Notwithstanding M. de Pontverre's pedagree, I certainly possessed most learning, but I rather sought to appear a good companion than an expert theologer, and his Frangi wine, which I thought delicious, argued so powerfully on his side, that I should have blushed at silencing so kind a host; I therefore yielded him the victory, or rather declined the contest. Any one who had observed my precaution would certainly have pronounced me a dissembler, though infact I was only courteous.

Flattery, or rather condeſcention, is not always a vice, in young people; 'tis oftener a virtue. When treated with kindneſs, it is natural to feel an attachment for the perſon who confers the obligation; we do not acquieſce becauſe we wiſh to deceive, but from dread of giving uneaſineſs, or becauſe we wiſh to avoid the ingratitude of rendering evil for good. What intereſt had M. de Pontverre in entertaining, treating with reſpect, and endeavouring to convince me? none but mine; my young heart told me this, and I was penetrated with gratitude and reſpect for the generous prieſt; I was ſenſible of my ſuperiority, but ſcorned to repay his hoſpitality by taking advantage of it. I had no conception of hypocriſy in this forbearance, or thought of changing my religion, nay, ſo far was the idea from being familiar to me, that I looked on it with a degree of horror which ſeemed to exclude the poſſibility of ſuch an event; I only wiſhed to avoid giving offence to thoſe I was ſenſible careſſed me from that motive, I wiſhed to cultivate their good opinion, and meantime leave them the hope of ſucceſs by ſeeming leſs on my guard than I really was. My conduct in this particular reſembled the coquetry of ſome very honeſt women, who, to obtain their

wiſhes,

wiſhes, without permitting or promiſing any thing, ſometimes encourage hopes they never mean to realize.

Reaſon, piety and love of order, certainly demanded that instead of being encouraged in my folly, I ſhould have been diſſuaded from the ruin I was courting, and ſent back to my family, and this conduct any one that was actuated by genuine virtue would have purſued; but it ſhould be obſerved, that though M. de Pontverre was a religious man, he was not a virtuous one, but a bigot, who knew no virtue except worſhipping images, and telling his beads; in a word, a kind of miſſionary, who thought the height of merit conſiſted in writing libels againſt the miniſters of Geneva. Far from wiſhing to ſend me back, he endeavoured to favour my eſcape, and put it out of my power to return even had I been ſo diſpoſed. It was a thouſand to one but he was ſending me to periſh with hunger, or become a villain, but all this was foreign to his purpoſe, he ſaw a ſoul ſnatched from hereſy and reſtored to the boſom of the church; whether I was an honeſt man or a knave was very immaterial, provided I went to maſs. This ridiculous mode of thinking is not peculiar to catho-

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lics, 'tis the vice of every dogmatical perſuaſion, where merit conſiſts in belief and not in virtue.

"You are called by the Almighty" ſaid M. de Pontverre; go to Annecy, where you will find a good and charitable lady, whom the bounty of the King enables to turn ſouls from thoſe errors ſhe has happily renounced." He ſpoke of a Madam de Warrens, a new convert, to whom the prieſts contrived to ſend thoſe wretches who were diſpoſed to ſell their faith, and with theſe ſhe was in a manner conſtrained to ſhare a penſion of two thouſand franks beſtowed on her by the King of Sardinia. I felt myſelf extremely humiliated at being ſuppoſed to want the aſſiſtance of a good and *charitable* lady: I had no objection to being accommodated with every thing I ſtood in need of, but did not wiſh to receive it on the footing of charity, and to owe this obligation to a devotee was ſtill worſe: notwithſtanding my ſcruples, the perſuaſions of M. de Pontverre, the dread of periſhing with hunger, the pleaſures I promiſed myſelf from the journey, and hope of obtaining ſome deſirable ſituation, determined me; and I ſet out, though reluctantly, for Annecy. I could eaſily have reached it in a day, but being in no great haſte

hafte to arrive there, it took me three. My head was filled with the idea of adventures, and I approached every country-feat I faw in my way, in expectation of having them realized. I had too much timidity to knock at the doors, or even enter if I faw them open, but I did what I dared—which was to fing under thofe windows that I thought had the moft favourable appearance; and was very much difconcerted to find I wafted my breath to no purpofe, and that neither young or old ladies were attracted by the melody of my voice, or the wit of my poetry, though fome fongs my companions had taught me I thought excellent, and that I fung them incomparably. At length I arrived at Annecy, and faw Madam de Warrens.

As this period of my life in a great meafure determined my character, I could not refolve to pafs it lightly over. I was in the middle of my fixteenth year, and though I could not be called handfome, was well made for my height; I had a good foot, a well turned leg, and animated countenance; a well proportioned mouth, black hair and eye-brows, and my eyes, though fmall, and rather too far in my head, fparkling with vivacity, darted that innate fire which inflamed my

blood;

blood; unfortunately for me I knew nothing of all this, never having beſtowed a ſingle thought on my perſon till it was too late to be of any ſervice to me. The timidity common to my age, was heightened by a natural benevolence, which made me dread the idea of giving pain. Though my mind had received ſome cultivation, having ſeen nothing of the world, I was an abſolute ſtranger to polite addreſs, and my mental acquiſitions, ſo far from ſupplying this defect, only ſerved to encreaſe my embarraſſment, by making me ſenſible of every deficiency.

Depending little, therefore, on external appearances, I had recourſe to other expedients; I wrote a moſt elaborate letter, where, mingling all the flowers of rhetoric which I had borrowed from books, with the phraſes of an apprentice, I endeavoured to ſtrike the attention, and enſure the good-will of Madam de Warrens. I encloſed M. de Pontverre's letter in my own, and waited on the lady with a heart palpitating with fear and expectation. It was Palm Sunday of the year 1728; I was informed ſhe was that moment gone to church: I haſten after, overtake, and ſpeak to her.—The place is yet freſh in my memory—

how

how can it be otherwife ! often have I moiftened it with my tears and covered it with kiffes.—Why cannot I enclofe with gold the happy fpot, and render it the object of univerfal veneration! Whoever wifhes to honour monuments of human falvation would only approach it on their knees.

It was a paffage at the back of the houfe, bordered on the left hand by a little rivulet, which feparated it from the garden, and on the right by the court-yard wall; at the end was a private door, which opened into the church of the Cordeliers. Madam de Warrens was juft paffing this door; but, on hearing my voice, inftantly turned about. What an effect did the fight of her produce! I expected to fee a devout, forbidding old woman; M. de Pontverre's pious and worthy lady could be no other in my conception: inftead of which I fee a face beaming with charms, fine blue eyes full of fweetnefs, a complexion whofe whitenefs dazzled the fight, the form of an enchanting neck, nothing efcaped the eager eye of the young profelyte; for that inftant I was her's!—a religion preached by fuch miffionaries muft lead to Paradife!

My

My letter was prefented with a trembling hand; fhe took it with a fmile—opened it, glanced an eye over M. de Pontverre's, and again returned to mine, which fhe read through, and would have read again, had not her footman that inftant informed her that fervice was beginning.——"Child," faid fhe, in a tone of voice which made every nerve vibrate, "you are wandering about "at an early age—it is really a pity!"—and without waiting for an anfwer, added—"Go to "my houfe, bid them give you fomething for "breakfaft, after mafs I will fpeak to you."

Louifa-Eleanora de Warrens was of the noble and ancient family of La Tour de Pit, of Vevay, a city in the country of the Vandois. She was married very young to a M. de Warrens of the houfe of Loys, eldeft fon of M. de Villardin of Laufanne: there were no children by this marriage, which was far from being a happy one. Some domeftic uneafinefs made Madame de Warrens take the refolution of croffing the Lake, and throwing herfelf at the feet of Victor Amadeus, who was then at Evian; thus abandoning her huf-band, family and country, by a giddinefs fimilar

to

to mine, which precipitation ſhe too has found ſufficient time and reaſon to lament.

The King, who was fond of appearing a zealous promoter of the Catholic faith, took her under his protection, and complimented her with a penſion fifteen hundred livres of Piedmont, which was a conſiderable appointment for a Prince who never had the character of being generous; but finding his liberality made ſome conjecture he had an affection for the lady, he ſent her to Annecy, eſcorted by a detachment of his guards, where, under the direction of Michael Gabriel de Bernex, titular Biſhop of Geneva, ſhe abjured her former religion at the Convent of the Viſitation.

I came to Annecy juſt ſix years after this event; Madam de Warrens was then eight and twenty, being born with the century. Her beauty, conſiſting more in the expreſſive animation of the countenance than a ſet of features, was in its meridian; her manner ſoothing and tender; an angelic ſmile played about her mouth, which was ſmall and delicate; ſhe wore her hair (which was of an aſh-colour, and uncommonly beautiful) with an air of negligence that made her appear ſtill

ſtill more intereſting; ſhe was ſhort, and rather thick for her height, though by no means diſagreeably ſo; but there could not be a more lovely face, a finer neck, or hands and arms more exquiſitely formed.

Her education had been derived from ſuch a variety of ſources, that it formed an extraordinary aſſemblage. Like me, ſhe loſt her mother at her birth, and had received inſtruction as it chanced to preſent itſelf: ſhe had learned ſomething of her governeſs, ſomething of her father, a little of her maſters, but copiouſly from her lovers; particularly a M. de Tavel, who poſſeſſing both taſte and information, endeavoured to adorn with them the mind of her he loved. Theſe various inſtructions, not being properly arranged, tended to impede each other, and ſhe did not acquire that degree of improvement her natural good ſenſe was capable of receiving; ſhe knew ſomething of philoſophy and phyſic, but not enough to eradicate the fondneſs ſhe had imbibed from her father for empiriciſm and alchymy; ſhe made elixirs, tinctures, balſams, pretended to ſecrets, and prepared mageſtery; while quacks and pretenders, profiting by her weakneſs, deſtroyed her property among

furnaces,

furnaces, drugs and minerals, diminiſhing thoſe charms and accompliſhments which might have been the delight of the moſt elegant circles.

But though theſe intereſted wretches took advantage of her ill-applied education to obſcure her natural good ſenſe, her excellent heart retained its purity; her amiable mildneſs, ſenſibility for the unfortunate, inexhauſtible bounty, and open cheerful frankneſs, knew no variation; even at the approach of old age, when attacked by various calamities, rendered more cutting by indigence, the ſerenity of her diſpoſition preſerved to the end of her life the pleaſing gaiety of her happieſt days.

Her errors proceeded from an inexhauſtible fund of activity, which demanded perpetual employment. She found no ſatisfaction in the cuſtomary intrigues of her ſex, but, being formed for vaſt deſigns, ſought the direction of important enterprizes and diſcoveries. In her place, Madam de Longueville would have been a mere trifler, in Madam de Longueville's ſituation ſhe would have governed the State: her talents did not accord with her fortune; what would have gained her diſtinction in a more elevated ſphere became her ruin. In

In enterprizes which ſuited her diſpoſition, ſhe arranged the plan in her imagination, which was ever carried to its utmoſt extent, and the means ſhe employed being proportioned rather to her ideas than abilities, ſhe failed by the miſmanagement of thoſe on whom ſhe depended, and was ruined where another would ſcarce have been a loſer. This active diſpoſition, which involved her in ſo many difficulties, was at leaſt productive of one benefit, as it prevented her from paſſing the remainder of her life in the monaſtic aſylum ſhe had choſen, which ſhe had ſome thought of. The ſimple and uniform life of a nun, the little cabals and goſſipings of their parlour, were not adapted to a mind vigorous and active, which every day forming new ſyſtems, had occaſion for liberty to attempt their completion.

The good Biſhop of Bernex, with leſs wit than *Francis of Sales*, reſembled him in many particulars, and Madam de Warrens, whom he loved to call his daughter, and who was like Madam de *Chantal* in ſeveral reſpects, might have encreaſed the reſemblance by retiring like her from the world, had ſhe not been diſguſted with the idle trifling of a convent. It was not want of zeal prevented this amiable

amiable woman from giving thoſe proofs of devotion which might have been expected from a new convert, under the immediate direction of a prelate. Whatever might have influenced her to change her religion, ſhe was certainly ſincere in that had ſhe embraced; ſhe might find ſufficient occaſion to repent having abjured her former faith, but no inclination to return to it. She not only died a good Catholic, but truly lived one; nay, I dare affirm, (and I think I have had opportunity to read the ſecrets of her heart) that it was only her averſion to ſingularity that prevented her acting the devotee in public; in a word, her piety was too ſincere to give way to any affectation of it. But this is not the place to enlarge on her principles, I ſhall find other occaſions to ſpeak of them.

Let thoſe who deny the exiſtence of a ſympathy of ſouls, explain, if they know how, why the firſt glance, the firſt word of Madam de Warrens, inſpired me, not only with a lively attachment, but with the moſt unbounded confidence, which has ſince known no abatement? Say this was love (which will at leaſt appear doubtful to thoſe who read the ſequel of our attachment) how could this paſſion be attended with ſentiments which ſcarce

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ever accompany its commencement, ſuch as peace, ſerenity, ſecurity, and confidence? How when making application to an amiable and poliſhed woman, whoſe ſituation in life was ſo ſuperior to mine, ſo far above any I had yet approached, on whom in a great meaſure depended my future fortune, by the degree of intereſt ſhe might take in it; how, I ſay, with ſo many reaſons to depreſs me, did I feel myſelf as free, as much at my eaſe, as if I had been perfectly ſecure of pleaſing her? Why did I not experience a moment of embarraſſment, timidity, or reſtraint? Naturally baſhful, eaſily confuſed, having ſeen nothing of the world, could I, the firſt time, the firſt moment I beheld her, adopt careſſing language, and a familiar tone, as readily as after ten years intimacy had rendered theſe freedoms natural? Is it poſſible to poſſeſs love, I will not ſay without deſires, for I certainly had them, but without inquietude, without jealouſy? Can we avoid feeling an anxious wiſh, at leaſt to know whether our affection is returned? Yet ſuch a queſtion never entered my imagination; I ſhould as ſoon have enquired, do I love myſelf; nor did ſhe ever expreſs a greater degree of curioſity: there was, certainly, ſomething extraordinary in my attachment to this charming woman, and it

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will be found in the ſequel, that ſome extrava-gances, which cannot be foreſeen, attended it.

What could be done for me, was the preſent queſtion, and in order to diſcuſs the point with greater freedom, ſhe made me dine with her. This was the firſt meal in my life where I had experienced a want of appetite, and her woman, who waited, obſerved it was the firſt time ſhe had ſeen a traveller of my age and appearance deficient in that particular: this remark, which did me no injury in the opinion of her miſtreſs, fell hard on an overgrown clown, who was my fellow gueſt, and devoured ſufficient to have ſerved at leaſt ſix moderate feeders. For me, I was too much charmed to think of eating: my heart began to imbibe a delicious ſenſation, which engroſſed my whole being, and left no room for other objects.

Madam de Warrens wiſhed to hear the particulars of my little hiſtory——all the vivacity I had loſt during my ſervitude returned and aſſiſted the recital. In proportion to the intereſt this excellent woman took in my ſtory did ſhe lament the fate to which I had expoſed myſelf; compaſſion was painted on her features and expreſſed by every action.

action. She could not exhort me to return to Geneva, being too well aware that her words and actions were ſtrictly ſcrutinized, and that ſuch advice would be thought high treaſon againſt catholiciſm, but ſhe ſpoke ſo feelingly of the affliction I muſt give my father, that it was eaſy to perceive ſhe would have approved my returning to conſole him. Alas! ſhe little thought how powerfully this pleaded againſt herſelf: the more eloquently perſuaſive ſhe appeared, the leſs could I reſolve to tear myſelf from her. I knew that returning to Geneva would be putting an inſuperable barrier between us, unleſs I repeated the expedient which had brought me here, and it was certainly better to perſevere than expoſe myſelf to the danger of a relapſe; beſides all this, my conduct was pre-determined, I was reſolved not to return. Madam de Warrens, ſeeing her endeavours would be fruitleſs, became leſs explicit, and only added, with an air of commiſeration, "Poor child! you muſt go where Providence directs thee, but one day thou wilt think of me"—I believe ſhe had no conception at that time how fatally her prediction would be verified.

The difficulty ſtill remained how I was to gain a ſubſiſtance? I have already obſerved that I knew too little of engraving for that to furniſh any reſource, and had I been more expert, Savoy was too poor a country to give much encouragement to the arts. The abovementioned glutton, who eat for us as well as himſelf, being obliged to pauſe in order to gain ſome relaxation from the fatigue of it, imparted a piece of advice, which, according to him, came expreſs from Heaven; though to judge by its effects, it appeared to have been dictated from a direct contrary quarter: this was, that I ſhould go to Turin, where, in an hoſpital inſtituted for the inſtruction of Catechumans, I ſhould find food, both ſpiritual and temporal, be reconciled to the boſom of the Church, and meet with ſome charitable chriſtians, who would make it a point to procure me a ſituation that would turn to my advantage. "In regard to the expences of the journey" continued our adviſer, "his Grace, my lord Biſhop, will not be backward, when once Madam has propoſed this holy work, to offer his charitable donation, and Madam the Baroneſs, whoſe charity is ſo well known," (once more addreſſing himſelf to the continuation of his meal) "will certainly contribute."

I was by no means pleaſed with all theſe charities; I ſaid nothing, but my heart was ready to burſt with vexation. Madam de Warrens, who did not ſeem to think ſo highly of this expedient as the projector pretended to do, contented herſelf with ſaying every one ſhould endeavour to promote good actions, and that ſhe would mention it to his Lordſhip; but the meddling devil, who had ſome private intereſt in this affair, and queſtioned whether ſhe would urge it to his ſatisfaction, took care to acquaint the almoners with my ſtory, and ſo far influenced theſe good prieſts, that when Madam de Warrens, who diſliked the journey on my account, mentioned it to the Biſhop, ſhe found it ſo far concluded on that he immediately put into her hands the money deſigned for my little viaticum. She dared not advance any thing againſt it; I was approaching an age when a woman like her could not, with any propriety appear anxious to retain me.

My departure being thus determined by thoſe who undertook the management of my concerns, I had only to ſubmit; and I did it without much repugnance. Though Turin was at a greater diſtance from Madam de Warrens than Geneva, yet

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being the capital of the country I was now in, it ſeemed to have more connection with Annecy than a city under a different government and of a contrary religion; beſides, as I undertook this journey in obedience to her, I conſidered myſelf as living under her direction, which was more flattering than barely to continue in the neighbourhood; to ſum up all, the idea of a long journey coincided with my inſurmountable paſſion for rambling, which already began to demonſtrate itſelf. To paſs the mountains at my eye appeared delightful; how charming the reflection of elevating myſelf above my companions by the whole height of the Alps! To ſee the world, is an almoſt irreſiſtible temptation to a Genevan; accordingly I gave my conſent.

He who ſuggeſted the journey was to ſet off in two days, with his wife: I was recommended to their care; they were likewiſe made my purſe bearers, which had been augmented by Madam de Warrens, who not contented with theſe kindneſſes, added ſecretly, a pecuniary reinforcement, attended with the moſt ample inſtructions, and we departed on the Wedneſday before Eaſter.

The day following my father arrived at Annecy accompanied by his friend, a Mr. Rival, who was likewiſe a watch maker; he was a man of ſenſe and letters, who wrote better verſes than La Motte, and ſpoke almoſt as well; what is ſtill more to his praiſe, he was a man of the ſtricteſt integrity, but whoſe taſte for literature only ſerved to make one of his ſons a comedian. Having traced me to the houſe of Madam de Warrens, they contented themſelves with lamenting, like her, my fate, inſtead of overtaking me, which (as they were on horſeback and I on foot) they might have accompliſhed with the greateſt eaſe.

My uncle Bernard did the ſame thing, he arrived at Conſignon, received information that I was gone to Annecy, and immediately returned back to Geneva: thus my neareſt relations ſeemed to have conſpired with my adverſe ſtars to conſign me to miſery and ruin. By a ſimilar negligence, my brother was ſo entirely loſt, that it was never known what was become of him.

My Father was not only a man of honour but of the ſtricteſt probity, and endued with that magnanimity which frequently produces the moſt ſhining

ſhining virtues: I may add, he was a good father, particularly to me, whom he tenderly loved; but he likewiſe loved his pleaſures, and ſince we had been ſeparated other connections had weakened his paternal affection. He had married again at Nyon, and though his ſecond wife was too old to expect children, ſhe had relations; my father was united to another family, ſurrounded by other objects, and a variety of cares prevented my returning to his remembrance. He was in the decline of life and had nothing to ſupport the inconveniencies of old-age; my mother's property devolved to me and my brother, but during our abſence the intereſt of it was enjoyed by my father; I do not mean to infer that this conſideration had an immediate effect on his conduct, but it had an imperceptible one, and prevented his making uſe of that exertion to regain me which he would otherwiſe have employed: and this, I think, was the reaſon that having traced me as far as Annecy, he ſtopped ſhort, without proceeding to Chambery, where he was almoſt certain I ſhould be found; and likewiſe accounts, why, on viſiting him ſeveral times ſince my flight, he always received me with great kindneſs, but never made any efforts to retain me.

This conduct in a father whose affection and virtue I was so well convinced of, has given birth to reflections on the regulation of my own conduct which have greatly contributed to preserve the integrity of my heart. It has taught me this great lesson of morality, perhaps the only one that can have any conspicuous influence on our actions, that we should ever carefully avoid putting our interest in competition with our duty, or promise ourselves felicity from the misfortunes of others; certain that in such circumstances, however sincere our love of virtue may be, sooner or later it will give way, and we shall imperceptibly become unjust and wicked in fact, however upright in our intentions.

This maxim, strongly imprinted on my mind, and reduced, though rather too late, to practice, has given my conduct an appearance of folly and whimsicality, not only in public, but still more among my acquaintance: it has been said, I affected originality, and sought to act different from other people; the truth is, I neither endeavoured to conform or be singular, I desired only to act virtuously and avoid situations, which, by setting my interest in opposition to that of another person's, might inspire me

me with a ſecret, though involuntary wiſh to his diſadvantage.

Two years ago my Lord Marſhal would have put my name in his will, which I took every method to prevent, aſſuring him, I would not for the world, know myſelf in the will of any one, much leſs in his; he gave up the idea, but inſiſted in return that I ſhould accept an annuity on his life, this I conſent too; it will be ſaid I find my account in the alteration, perhaps I may, but O my benefactor! my father! I am now ſenſible that ſhould I have the misfortune to ſurvive thee, I ſhould have every thing to loſe, nothing to gain.

This, in my idea, is true philoſophy, the ſureſt bulwark of human rectitude; every day do I receive freſh conviction of its profound ſolidity. I have endeavoured to recommend it in all my latter writings, but the multitude read too ſuperficially to have made the remark. If I ſurvive my preſent undertaking, and am able to begin another, I mean, in a continuation of Emilius, to give ſuch a lively and marking example of this maxim, as cannot fail to ſtrike attention. But I have made

reflections enough for a traveller it is time to continue my journey.

It turned out more agreeable than I expected; my clownish conductor was not so morose as he appeared to be. He was a middle-aged man, wore his black grisly hair in a queue, had a martial air, a strong voice, was tolerably cheerful, and to make up for not having been taught any trade, could turn his hand to every one. Having proposed to establish some kind of manufactory at Annecy, he had consulted Madame de Warrens, who immediately gave into the project, and he was now going to Turin to lay the plan before the minister and get his approbation, for which journey he took care to be well rewarded.

This drole had the art of ingratiating himself with the priests, whom he ever appeared eager to serve; he adopted a certain jargon which he had learned by frequenting their company, and thought himself a notable preacher; he could even repeat one passage from the bible in Latin, and it answered his purpose as well as if he had known a thousand, for he repeated it a thousand times a day. He was seldom at a loss for money, when he knew what purse contained

tained it; yet, was rather artful than knaviſh, and when dealing out in an affected tone his unmeaning diſcourſes, reſembled Peter the hermit, preaching up the cruſade with a ſabre by his ſide.

Madame Sabran, his wife, was a tolerable good ſort of woman; more peaceable by day than by night; as I ſlept in the ſame chamber I was frequently diſturbed by her wakefulneſs, and ſhould have been more ſo had I comprehended the cauſe of it, but I was in the chapter of dulneſs, which left to nature the whole care of my inſtruction.

I went on gaily with my pious guide and his hopeful companion, no ſiniſter accident impeding our journey. I was in the happieſt circumſtances both of mind and body that I ever recollect having experienced; young, full of health and ſecurity, placing unbounded confidence in myſelf and others; in that ſhort but charming moment of human life, whoſe expanſive energy carries, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, our being to the utmoſt extent of our ſenſations, embelliſhing all nature with an inexpreſſible charm, flowing from the conſcious and riſing enjoyment of our exiſtence.

My pleaſing inquietudes became leſs wandering; I had now an object on which imagination could fix. I looked on myſelf as the work, the pupil, the friend, almoſt the lover of Madame de Warrens; the obliging things ſhe had ſaid, the careſſes ſhe had beſtowed on me, the tender intereſt ſhe ſeemed to take in every thing that concerned me, thoſe charming looks, which ſeemed replete with love, becauſe they ſo powerfully inſpired it, every conſideration flattered my ideas during this journey, and furniſhed the moſt delicious reveries, which no doubt, no fear of my future condition, aroſe to embitter. In ſending me to Turin, I thought they engaged to find me an agreeable ſubſiſtence there; thus eaſed of every care, I paſſed lightly on, while young deſires, enchanting hopes and brilliant proſpects employed my mind, each object that preſented itſelf ſeemed to enſure my approaching felicity. I imagined that every houſe was filled with joyous feſtivity, the meadows reſounded with ſports and revelry, the rivers offered refreſhing baths, delicious fiſh wantoned in their ſtreams, and how delightful was it to ramble along the flowery banks! The trees were loaded with the choiceſt fruits, while their ſhade afforded the moſt charming and voluptuous retreats to happy lovers: the mountains

tains abounded with milk and cream; peace and leifure, fimplicity and joy, mingled with the charm of going I knew not whither, and every thing I faw carried to my heart fome new caufe for rapture. The grandeur, variety, and real beauty of the fcene, in fome meafure rendered the charm reafonable, in which vanity came in for its fhare: to go fo young to Italy, view fuch an extent of country, and purfue the route of Hannibal over the Alps, appeared a glory beyond my age; add to all this, our frequent and agreeable halts, with a good appetite and plenty to fatisfy it, for in truth it was not worth while to be fparing; at Mr. Sabran's table what I eat could fcarce be miffed.

In the whole courfe of my life I cannot recollect an interval more perfectly exempt from care, than the feven or eight days I was paffing from Annecy to Turin. As we were obliged to walk Madame Sabran's pace, it rather appeared an agreeable jaunt than a fatiguing journey; there ftill remains the moft pleafing impreffions of it on my mind, and the idea of a pedeftrian excurfion, particularly among the mountains, has from this time feemed delightful.

It was only in my happieſt days that I travelled on foot, and ever with the moſt unbounded ſatiſfaction; afterwards, occupied with buſineſs and encumbered with baggage, I was forced to act the gentleman and employ a carriage, where care embarraſſment and reſtraint were ſure to be my companions, and inſtead of being delighted with the journey, I only wiſhed to arrive at the place of deſtination.

I was a long time at Paris, wiſhing to meet with two companions of ſimilar diſpoſitions, who would each agree to appropriate fifty guineas of his property and a year of his time to making the tour of Italy on foot, with no other attendance than a young fellow to carry our neceſſaries; I have met with many who ſeemed inchanted with the project, but conſidered it only as a viſionary ſcheme, which ſerved well enough to talk of, without any deſign of putting it in execution. One day, ſpeaking with enthuſiaſm of this project, to *Diderot* and *Grimm*, they gave into the propoſal with ſuch warmth that I though the matter concluded on; but it only turned out a journey on paper, in which *Grimm* thought nothing ſo pleaſing as making *Diderot* commit a number of impieties, and ſhutting

ting me up in the inquiſition for them, inſtead of him.

My regret at arriving ſo ſoon at Turin was compenſated by the pleaſure of viewing a large city, and the hope of figuring there in a conſpicuous character, for my brain already began to be intoxicated with the fumes of ambition; my preſent ſituation appeared infinitely above that of an apprentice, and I was far from foreſeeing how ſoon I ſhould be much below it.

Before I proceed, I ought to offer an excuſe, or juſtification to the Reader, for the great number of unentertaining, particulars I am neceſſitated to repeat. In purſuance of the reſolution I have formed to enter on this public exhibition of myſelf, it is neceſſary that nothing ſhould bear the appearance of obſcurity or concealment. I ſhould be continually under the eye of the Reader, he ſhould be enabled to follow me in all the wanderings of my heart, through every intricacy of my adventures; he muſt find no void or chaſm in my relation, nor loſe ſight of me an inſtant, leſt he ſhould find occaſion to ſay, what was he doing at this time? and ſuſpect me of not having dared to reveal

reveal the whole: I give ſufficient ſcope to malignity in what I ſay, it is unneceſſary I ſhould furniſh ſtill more by my ſilence.

My money was all gone, even that I had ſecretly received from Madam de Warrens: I had been ſo indiſcreet as to divulge this ſecret, and my conductors had taken care to profit by it. Madam Sabran found means to deprive me of every thing I had, even to a ribbon embroidered with ſilver, with which Madam de Warrens had adorned the hilt of my ſword; this I regretted more than all the reſt, Indeed the ſword itſelf would have gone the ſame way, had I been leſs obſtinately bent on retaining it. They had, it is true, ſupported me during the journey, but left me nothing at the end of it, and I arrived at Turin without money, cloaths or linnen, being preciſely in the ſituation to owe to my merit alone the whole honour of that fortune I was about to acquire.

I took care in the firſt place to deliver the letters I was charged with, and was preſently conducted to the hoſpital of the Catechumens, to be inſtructed in that religion, for which, in return, I was to receive ſubſiſtence. On entering I paſſed an iron-barred gate, which was immediately double locked

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on me; this beginning was by no means calculated to give me a favourable opinion of my ſituation. I was then conducted to a large apartment, whoſe furniture conſiſted of a wooden altar at the farther end, on which was a large crucifix, and round it ſeveral indifferent chairs of the ſame materials. In this hall of audience were aſſembled four or five ill-looking banditti, my comrades in inſtruction, who would rather have been taken for truſty ſervants of the Devil than candidates for the kingdom of Heaven. Two of theſe fellows were Sclavonians, but gave out they were African Jews, and (as they aſſured me) had run through Spain and Italy, embracing the Chriſtian faith, and being baptized wherever they thought it worth their labour.

Soon after they opened another iron gate, which divided a large balcony that overlooked a court-yard, and by this avenue entered our ſiſter Catechumens, who like me were going to be regenerated, not by baptiſm, but a ſolemn abjuration. A viler ſet of idle, dirty, abandoned harlots, never diſgraced any perſuaſion: one among them, however, appeared pretty and intereſting; ſhe might be about my own age, perhaps a year or two older,

and had a pair of roguiſh eyes, which frequently encountered mine, this was enough to inſpire me with the deſire of becoming acquainted with her, but ſhe had been ſo ſtrongly recommended to the care of the old Governeſs of this reſpectable ſiſterhood, and was ſo narrowly watched by the pious miſſionary, who laboured her converſion with more zeal than diligence, that during the two months we remained together in this houſe (where ſhe had already been three) I found it abſolutely impoſſible to exchange a word with her. She muſt have been extremely ſtupid, though ſhe had not the appearance of it, for never was a longer courſe of inſtruction; the holy man could never bring her to ſtate of mind fit for abjuration; meantime ſhe became weary of her cloiſter, declaring, that Chriſtian or not, ſhe would ſtay there no longer; and they were obliged to take her at her word, leſt ſhe ſhould grow refractory, and inſiſt on departing as great a ſinner as ſhe came.

This hopeful community were aſſembled in honour of the new comer, when our guides made us a ſhort exhortation: I was conjured to be obedient to the grace that Heaven had beſtowed on me; the reſt were admoniſhed to aſſiſt me with

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their prayers, and give me edification by their good example. Our virgins then retired to another apartment, and I was left to contemplate at leisure, that wherein I found myself.

The next morning we were again assembled for instruction: I now began to reflect, for the first time, on the step I was about to take, and the circumstances which had led me to it.

I repeat, and shall perhaps repeat again, an assertion I have already advanced, and of whose truth I every day receive fresh conviction, which is, that if ever child received a reasonable and virtuous education, it was myself. Born in a family of unexceptionable morals, every lesson I received was replete with maxims of prudence and virtue. My father (though fond of gallantry) not only possessed distinguished probity, but much religion; in the world he appeared the man of pleasure, in his family he was a Christian, and implanted early in my mind those sentiments he felt the force of. My three aunts were women of virtue and piety; the two eldest were professed devotees, and the third, who united all the graces of wit and good sense, was, perhaps, more truly religious than either,

either, though with leſs oſtentation. From the boſom of this amiable family I was tranſplanted to M. Lambercier's, a man dedicated to the miniſtry, who believed the doctrine he taught, and acted up to its precepts. He and his ſiſter matured by their inſtructions thoſe principles of judicious piety I had already imbibed, and the means employed by theſe worthy people were ſo well adapted to the effect they meant to produce, that ſo far from being fatigued, I ſcarce ever liſtened to their admonitions without finding myſelf ſenſibly affected, and forming reſolutions to live virtuouſly, from which, except in moments of forgetfulneſs, I ſeldom ſwerved. At my uncle's religion was rather more tireſome, becauſe they made it an employment; with my maſter I thought no more of it, though my ſentiments continued the ſame: I had no companions to vitiate my morals; I became idle, careleſs and obſtinate, but my principles were not impaired.

I poſſeſſed as much religion, therefore, as a child could be ſuppoſed capable of acquiring—Why ſhould I now diſguiſe my thoughts? I am perſuaded I had more. In my childhood I was not a child; I felt, I thought as a man: as I advanced

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in years, I mingled with the ordinary claſs, in my infancy I was diſtinguiſhed from it. I ſhall doubtleſs incur ridicule by thus modeſtly holding myſelf up for a prodigy—I am content—Let thoſe who find themſelves diſpoſed to it, laugh their fill; afterwards let them find a child that at ſix years old is delighted, intereſted, affected with romances, even to the ſhedding floods of tears; I ſhall then feel my ridiculous vanity, and acknowledge myſelf in an error.

Thus when I ſaid we ſhould not converſe with children on religion, if we wiſhed them ever to poſſeſs any; when I aſſerted they were incapable of communion with the Supreme Being, even in our confined degree, I drew my concluſions from general obſervation; I knew they were not applicable to particular inſtances: find J. J. Rouſſeaus of ſix years old, converſe with them on religious ſubjects at ſeven, and I will be anſwerable that the experiment will be attended with no danger.

It is underſtood, I believe, that a child, or even a man, is likely to be moſt ſincere while perſevering in that religion in whoſe belief he was born and educated; we frequently detract from, ſeldom

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make any additions to it: dogmatical faith is the effect of education. In addition to this general principle which attached me to the religion of my forefathers, I had that particular aversion our city entertains for Catholicism; which is represented there as the most monstrous idolatry, and whose clergy are painted in the blackest colours. This sentiment was so firmly imprinted on my mind, that I never dared to look into their churches, I could not bear to meet a priest in his surplice, and never did I hear the bells of a procession sound without shuddering with horror; these sensations soon wore off in great cities, but frequently returned in country parishes, which bore more similarity to the spot where I first experienced them; meantime this dislike was singularly contrasted by the remembrance of those caresses which priests in the neighbourhood of Geneva are fond of bestowing on the children of that city. If the bells of the Viaticum alarmed me, the chiming for mass or vespers called me to a breakfast, a collation, to the pleasure of regaling on fresh butter, fruits, or milk; the good cheer of M. de Pontverre had produced a considerable effect on me; my former abhorrence began to diminish, and looking on Popery through the medium of amusement and good living,

living, I eaſily reconciled myſelf to the idea of enduring, though I never entertained but a very tranſient, and diſtant idea of making a ſolemn profeſſion of it.

At this moment ſuch a tranſaction appeared in all its horrors; I ſhuddered at the engagement I had entered into, and its inevitable conſequences. The future Neophytes with which I was ſurrounded were not calculated to ſuſtain my courage by their example, and I could not help conſidering the holy work I was about to perform, as the action of a villain. Though young, I was ſufficiently convinced, that whatever religion might be the true one, I was about to ſell mine; and even ſhould I chance to chuſe the beſt, I lied to the Holy Ghoſt, and merited the diſdain of every good man. The more I conſidered, the more I deſpiſed myſelf, and trembled at the fate which had led me into ſuch a predicament, as if my preſent ſituation had not been of my own ſeeking. There were moments when theſe compunctions were ſo ſtrong, that had I found the door open but for an inſtant, I ſhould certainly have made my eſcape; but this was impoſſible, nor was the reſolution of any long duration,

tion, being combatted by too many ſecret motives to ſtand any chance of gaining the victory.

My fixed determination not to return to Geneva, the ſhame that would attend it, the difficulty of repaſſing the mountains, at a diſtance from my country, without friends and without reſources, every thing concurred to make me conſider my remorſe of conſcience as a too late repentance. I affected to reproach myſelf for what I had done, to ſeek excuſes for that I intended to do, and by aggravating the errors of the paſt, looked on the future as an inevitable conſequence. I did not ſay, nothing is yet done, and you may be innocent if you pleaſe; but I ſaid, tremble at the crime thou haſt committed, which hath reduced thee to the neceſſity of filling up the meaſure of thy iniquities.

It required more reſolution than was natural to my age to revoke thoſe expectations which I had given them reaſon to entertain, break thoſe chains with which I was enthralled, and reſolutely declare I would continue in the religion of my forefathers, whatever might be the conſequence. The affair

affair was already too far advanced, and ſpite of all my efforts they would have made a point of bringing it to a concluſion.

The ſophiſm which ruined me has had a ſimilar effect on the greater part of mankind, who lament the want of reſolution when the opportunity for exerciſing it is over. The practice of virtue is only difficult from our own negligence, were we always diſcreet, we ſhould ſeldom have occaſion for any painful exertion of it: we are captivated by deſires we might readily ſurmount, give into temptations that might eaſily be reſiſted, and inſenſibly get into embarraſſing, perilous ſituations, from which we cannot extricate ourſelves but with the utmoſt difficulty; intimidated by the effort, we fall into the abyſs, ſaying to the Almighty, why haſt thou made us ſuch weak creatures? But, notwithſtanding our vain pretexts, he replies, by our conſciences; I formed ye too weak to get out of the gulf, becauſe I gave ye ſufficient ſtrength not to have fallen into it.

I was not abſolutely reſolved to become a Catholic, but, as it was not neceſſary to declare my intentions immediately, I gradually accuſtomed myſelf

myſelf to the idea; hoping, meantime, that ſome unforeſeen event would extricate me from my embarraſſment. In order to gain time, I reſolved to make the beſt defence I poſſibly could in favour of my own opinion; but my vanity ſoon rendered this reſolution unneceſſary, for on finding I frequently embarraſſed thoſe who had the care of my inſtruction, I wiſhed to heighten my triumph by giving them a compleat overthrow. I zealouſly purſued my plan, not without the ridiculous hope of being able to convert my convertors; for I was ſimple enough to believe, that could I convince them of their errors, they would become Proteſtants; they did not find, therefore, that facility in the work which they had expected, as I differed both in regard to will and knowledge from the opinion they had entertained of me.

Proteſtants, in general, are better inſtructed in the principles of their religion than Catholics; the reaſon is obvious, the doctrine of the former requires diſcuſſion, of the latter a blind ſubmiſſion; the Catholic muſt content himſelf with the deciſion of others, the Proteſtant muſt learn to decide for himſelf: they were not ignorant of this, but neither my age or appearance promiſed much dif-

ficulty to men ſo accuſtomed to diſputation. They knew likewiſe, that I had not received my firſt communion, nor the inſtructions which accompany it; but, on the other hand, they had no idea of the information I received with M. Lambercier, or that I had learnt the Hiſtory of the Church and Empire almoſt by heart at my father's; and though, ſince that time, nearly forgot, when warmed by the diſpute (very unfortunately for theſe gentlemen) it again returned to my memory.

A little, old prieſt, but tolerably venerable, held the firſt conference; at which we were all convened. On the part of my comrades, it was rather a catechiſm than a controverſy, and he found more pains in giving them inſtruction than anſwering their objections; but when it came to my turn it was a different matter; I ſtopped him at every article, and did not ſpare a ſingle remark that I thought would create a difficulty: this rendered the conference long and extremely tireſome to the aſſiſtants. My old prieſt talked a great deal, was very warm, frequently rambled from the ſubject, and extricated himſelf from difficulties, by ſaying he was not ſufficiently verſed in the French language.

The next day, lest my indiscreet objections should injure the minds of those who were better disposed, I was had into a separate chamber, and put under the care of a younger priest, a fine speaker; that is, one who was fond of long perplexed sentences, and proud of his own abilities, if ever doctor was: I did not, however, suffer myself to be intimidated by his overbearing looks; and being sensible that I could maintain my ground, I combatted his assertions, exposed his mistakes, and laid about me in the best manner I was able. He thought to silence me at once with Saint Augustin, Saint Gregory, and the rest of the fathers, but found, to his ineffable surprize, that I could handle these almost as dexterously as himself; not that I had ever read them, or he either, perhaps, but I retained a number of passages taken from my Le Sueur, and when he bore hard on me with one citation, without standing to dispute, I parried it with another, which method embarrassed him extremely. At length, however, he got the better of me for two very potent reasons; in the first place he was of the strongest side; young as I was I thought it might be dangerous to drive him to extremities, for I plainly saw the old priest was neither satisfied with me or my erudition.

tion. In the next place, he had ſtudied, I had not; this gave a degree of method to his arguments which I could not follow; and whenever he found himſelf preſſed by an unforeſeen objection, he put it off to the next conference, pretending I rambled from the queſtion in diſpute. Sometimes he even rejected all my quotations, maintaining they were falſe, and, offering to fetch the book, defied me to find them. He knew he ran very little riſk, and that, with all my borrowed learning, I was not ſufficiently accuſtomed to books, and too poor a Latiniſt to find a paſſage in a large volume, had I been ever ſo well aſſured it was there. I even ſuſpected him of having been guilty of a perfidy with which he accuſed our miniſters, and that he fabricated paſſages ſometimes in order to evade an objection that incommoded him.

Meantime the hoſpital became every day more diſagreeable to me, and ſeeing but one way to get out of it, I endeavoured to haſten my abjuration with as much eagerneſs as I had hitherto ſought to retard it.

The two Africans had been baptized with great ceremony; they were habited in white from head to foot, to ſignify the purity of their regenerated ſouls. My turn came a month after; for all this time was thought neceſſary by my directors, that they might have the honour of a difficult converſion, and every dogma of their faith was recapitulated, in order to triumph the more completely over my new docility.

At length, ſufficiently inſtructed and diſpoſed to the will of my maſters, I was led in proceſſion to the metropolitan church of St. John, to make a ſolemn abjuration, and undergo a ceremony made uſe of on theſe occaſions, which, though not baptiſm, is very ſimilar, and ſerves to perſuade the people that Proteſtants are not Chriſtians. I was cloathed in a kind of grey robe, decorated with white Brandenburgs. Two men, one behind, the other before me, carried copper baſons, which they kept ſtriking with a key, and in which thoſe who were charitably diſpoſed put their alms, according as they found themſelves influenced by religion or good-will for the new convert; in a word, nothing of Catholic pageantry was omitted that could ren-

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der the ſolemnity edifying to the populace, or humiliating to me. The white dreſs might have been ſerviceable, but as I had not the honour to be either Moor or Jew, they did not think fit to compliment me with it.

The affair did not end here; I muſt now go to the Inquiſition to be abſolved from the dreadful ſin of hereſy, and return to the boſom of the Church with the ſame ceremony to which Henry the Fourth was ſubjected by his Ambaſſador. The air and manner of the right reverend Father Inquiſitor was by no means calculated to diſſipate the ſecret horror that ſeized my ſpirits on entering this holy manſion. After ſeveral queſtions relative to my faith, ſituation and family, he aſked me bluntly if my mother was damned? Terror repreſſed the firſt guſt of indignation; this gave me time to recollect myſelf, and I anſwered, I hoped not, for God might have enlightened her laſt moments. The monk made no reply, but his ſilence was attended with a look by no means expreſſive of approbation.

All theſe ceremonies ended, the very moment I flattered myſelf I ſhould be plentifully provided

for, they exhorted me to continue a good Chriſtian, and live in obedience to the grace I had received; then, wiſhing me good fortune, with rather more than twenty franks of ſmall money in my pocket, the produce of the above-mentioned collection, they turned me out, ſhut the door on me, and I ſaw no more of them!

Thus in a moment, all my flattering expectations were at an end; and nothing remained from my intereſted converſion but the remembrance of having been made both a dupe and an apoſtate. It is eaſy to imagine what a ſudden revolution was produced in my ideas, when every brilliant expectation of making a fortune, terminated by ſeeing myſelf plunged in the compleateſt miſery. In the morning I was deliberating what palace I ſhould inhabit, before night I was reduced to ſeek my lodging in the ſtreet. It may be ſuppoſed that I gave myſelf up to the moſt violent tranſports of deſpair, rendered more bitter by a conſciouſneſs that my own folly had reduced me to theſe extremities, but the truth is, I experienced none of theſe diſagreeable ſenſations. I had paſſed two months in abſolute confinement; this was new to me; I was now emancipated, and the ſentiment

I felt

I felt moſt forcibly, was joy at my recovered liberty. After a ſlavery which had appeared tedious, I was again maſter of my time and actions, in a great city, abundant in reſources, crowded with people of fortune, to whom my merit and talents could not fail to recommend me. I had ſufficient time before me to expect this good fortune, for my twenty livres ſeemed an inexhauſtible treaſure, which I might diſpoſe of without rendering an account to any one. It was the firſt time I had found myſelf ſo rich, and far from giving way to melancholy reflexions, I only adopted other hopes, in which ſelf-love was by no means a loſer. Never did I feel ſo great a degree of confidence and ſecurity; I looked on my fortune as already made, and was pleaſed to think I ſhould have no one but myſelf to thank for the acquiſition of it.

The firſt thing I did was to ſatisfy my curioſity by rambling all over the city, and I ſeemed to conſider it as a confirmation of my liberty: I went to ſee the ſoldiers mount guard, and was delighted with their military accoutrements; I followed proceſſions, and was pleaſed with the ſolemn muſic of the prieſts; I next went to ſee the King's Pa-

lace, which I approached with awe, but feeing others enter, I followed their example, and no one prevented me: perhaps I owed this favour to the fmall parcel I carried under my arm; be that as it may, I conceived a high opinion of my confe-quence from this circumftance, and already thought myfelf an inhabitant there. The weather was hot; I had walked about till I was both fatigued and hungry; wifhing for fome refrefhment I went into a milk-houfe; they brought me fome cream cheefe, curds and whey, with two flices of that excellent Piedmont bread, which I prefer to any other; and for five or fix fous I had one of the moft delicious meals I ever recollect to have made.

It was time to feek a lodging: as I already knew enough of the Piedmontefe language to make myfelf underftood, this was a work of no great difficulty; and I had fo much prudence, that I wifhed to adapt it rather to the ftate of my purfe than the bent of my inclination. In the courfe of my enquiries, I was informed that a foldier's wife in Po-Street furnifhed lodging to fervants out of place at only one fous a night, and finding one of her poor beds difengaged, I took poffeffion of it. She was young and newly married, though fhe al-ready,

ready had five or ſix children. Mother, children, and lodgers, all ſlept in the ſame chamber, and it continued thus while I remained there. She was good-natured, ſwore like a carman, and wore neither cap or handkerchief; but ſhe had a gentle heart, was officious, and to me both kind and ſerviceable.

For ſeveral days I gave myſelf up to the pleaſures of independence and curioſity; I continued wandering about the city and its environs, examining every object that ſeemed curious or new; and, indeed, moſt things had that appearance to a young novice. I never omitted viſiting the court, and aſſiſted regularly every morning at the King's maſs. I thought it a great honour to be in the ſame chapel with this Prince and his retinue; but my paſſion for muſic, which now began to make its appearance, was a greater incentive than the ſplendor of the court, which, ſoon ſeen and always the ſame, preſently loſt its attraction. The King of Sardinia had at that time the beſt muſic in Europe; Somis, Desjardins, and the Bezuzzis ſhone there alternately: all theſe were not neceſſary to faſcinate a youth whom the ſound of the moſt ſimple inſtrument, provided it was juſt, tranſported

with joy. Magnificence only produced a ſtupid admiration, without any violent deſire to partake of it; my thoughts were principally employed in obſerving whether any young Princeſs was preſent that merited my homage, and whom I could make the heroine of a romance.

Meantime I was on the point of beginning one; in a leſs elevated ſphere, it is true, but where, could I have brought it to a concluſion, I ſhould have found pleaſures a thouſand times more delicious.

Though I lived with the ſtricteſt œconomy, my purſe inſenſibly grew lighter. This œconomy was, however, leſs the effect of prudence than that love of ſimplicity, which, even to this day, the uſe of the moſt expenſive tables has not been able to vitiate. Nothing in my idea, either at that time or ſince, could exceed a ruſtic repaſt: give me milk, vegetables, eggs, and brown bread, with tolerable wine, and I ſhall always think myſelf ſumptuouſly regaled; a good appetite will furniſh out the reſt, if the *maitre d'hotel*, with a number of unneceſſary footmen, do not ſatiate me with their importunate attentions Five or ſix ſous would

would then procure me a more agreeable meal than as many livres would have done ſince: I was abſtemious, therefore, for want of a temptation to be otherwiſe; though I do not know but I am wrong to call this abſtinence, for with my pears, new cheeſe, bread, and ſome glaſſes of Montſerrat wine, which you might have cut with a knife, I was the greateſt of epicures. Notwithſtanding my expences were very moderate, it was poſſible to ſee the end of twenty livres; I was every day more convinced of this, and, ſpite of the giddineſs of youth, my apprehenſions for the future amounted almoſt to terror. All my caſtles in the air were vaniſhed, and I became ſenſible of the neceſſity of ſeeking ſome occupation that would procure me a ſubſiſtence.

Even this was a work of difficulty: I thought of my engraving, but knew too little of it to be employed as a journeyman, nor do maſters abound at Turin; I reſolved, therefore, till ſomething better preſented itſelf, to go from ſhop to ſhop, offering to engrave cyphers, or coats of arms, on pieces of plate, &c. and hoped to get employment by working at a low price, or taking what they choſe to give me. Even this expedient did not an-

ſwer my expectation; almoſt all my applications were ineffectual, the little I procured being hardly ſufficient to produce a few ſcanty meals.

Walking one morning pretty early in the *Contra-nova*, I ſaw a young tradeſwoman behind a counter, whoſe looks were ſo charmingly attractive, that, notwithſtanding my timidity with the ladies, I entered the ſhop without heſitation, offered my ſervice as uſual, and had the happineſs to have it accepted. She made me ſit down and relate my little hiſtory; pitied my forlorn ſituation; bade me be chearful, and endeavoured to make me ſo by an aſſurance that every good Chriſtian would give me aſſiſtance; then (while ſhe ſent to a goldſmith's in the neighbourhood for ſome tools I had occaſion for) ſhe went up ſtairs and fetched me ſomething for breakfaſt. This ſeemed a promiſing beginning, nor was what followed leſs flattering: ſhe was ſatisfied with my work, and, when I had a little recovered myſelf, ſtill more with my diſcourſe. She was rather elegantly dreſſed, and notwithſtanding her gentle looks, this appearance of gaiety had diſconcerted me; but her good-nature, the compaſſionate tone of her voice, with her gentle and careſſing manner, ſoon ſet me

at eaſe with myſelf: I ſaw my endeavours to pleaſe were crowned with ſucceſs, and this aſſurance made me ſucceed the more. Though an Italian, and too pretty to be entirely devoid of coquetry, ſhe had ſo much modeſty, and I ſo great a ſhare of timidity, that our adventure was not like to be brought to a very ſpeedy concluſion, nor did they give us time to make any good of it. I cannot recall the few ſhort moments I paſſed with this lovely woman without being ſenſible of an inexpreſſible charm, and can yet ſay, it was there I taſted in their utmoſt perfection the moſt delightful, as well as the pureſt pleaſures of love.

She was a lively pleaſing brunette, and the good nature that was painted on her lovely face rendered her vivacity more intereſting. She was called Madam Baſile: her huſband, who was conſiderably older than herſelf, conſigned her, during his abſence, to the care of a clerk; too diſagreeable to be thought dangerous, but who notwithſtanding, had pretenſions that he ſeldom ſhewed any ſigns of except by ill humour, a good ſhare of which he beſtowed on me; though I was pleaſed to hear him play the flute, on which he was a tolerable muſician. This ſecond Egiſtus was ſure

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to grumble whenever he ſaw me go into his miſtreſs's apartment, treating me with a degree of diſdain which ſhe took care to repay him with intereſt; ſeeming pleaſed to careſs me in his preſence, on purpoſe to torment him. This kind of revenge, though perfectly to my taſte, would have been ſtill more charming in a *tete-a-tete*, but ſhe did not proceed ſo far, at leaſt there was a difference in the expreſſion of her kindneſs. Whether ſhe thought me too young, that it was my place to make advances, or that ſhe was ſeriouſly reſolved to be virtuous, ſhe had at ſuch times a kind of reſerve, which though not abſolutely diſcouraging, kept my paſſion within bounds.

I did not feel the ſame real and tender reſpect for her I did for Madam de Warrens: I was embarraſſed, agitated, feared to look, and hardly dared to breath, in her preſence, yet to have left her would have been worſe than death, How fondly did my eyes devour whatever they could gaze on without being perceived! the flowers on her gown, the point of her pretty foot, the interval of a round, white arm that appeared between her glove and ruffle, the leaſt part of her neck, each object increaſed the force of all the reſt, and added to the infatu-

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ation. Gazing thus on what was to be ſeen, and even more than was to be ſeen, my ſight became confuſed, my cheſt ſeemed contracted, reſpiration was every moment more painful. I had the utmoſt difficulty to hide my agitation, to prevent my ſighs from being heard, and this difficulty was increaſed by the ſilence in which we were frequently plunged, Happily Madam Baſile, buſy at her work, ſaw nothing of all this, or ſeemed not to ſee it; yet I ſometimes obſerved a kind of ſympathy, eſpecially by the frequent riſing of her handkerchief, and this dangerous ſight almoſt maſtered every effort; but when on the point of giving way to my tranſports, ſhe ſpoke a few words to me with an air of tranquility, and in an inſtant the agitation ſubſided.

I ſaw her ſeveral times in this manner without a word, a geſture, or even a look, too expreſſive, marking the leaſt intelligence between us. This ſituation was both my torment and delight, for hardly, in the ſimplicity of my heart, could I imagine the cauſe of my uneaſineſs. I ſhould ſuppoſe theſe *tête-à-têtes* could not be diſpleaſing to her, at leaſt ſhe ſought frequent occaſions to renew them: this was a very diſintereſted labour, certainly, as appeared

appeared by the uſe ſhe made, or ever ſuffered me to make of them.

Being, one day, wearied with the clerk's diſcourſe, ſhe had retired to her chamber; I made haſte to finiſh what I had to do in the back ſhop, and followed her: the door was half open, and I entered without being perceived. She was embroidering near a window on the oppoſite ſide of the room; ſhe could not ſee me, and the carts in the ſtreet made too much noiſe for me to be heard. She was always well dreſſed, but this day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful, her head, leant gently forward, diſcovered a ſmall circle of her neck; her hair, elegantly dreſſed, was ornamented with flowers; her figure was univerſally charming, and I had an uninterrupted opportunity to admire it. I was abſolutely in a ſtate of extacy, and involuntarily ſinking on my knees, I paſſionately extended my arms towards her, certain ſhe could not hear, and having no conception that ſhe could ſee me; but there was a chimney glaſs at the end of the room that betrayed all my proceedings. I am ignorant what effect this tranſport produced on her; ſhe did not ſpeak, ſhe did not look on me, but, partly turning

turning her head, with the movement of her finger only, ſhe pointed to the mat which was at her feet—To ſtart up, with an articulate cry of joy and occupy the place ſhe had indicated, was the work of a moment; but it will hardly be believed I dared attempt no more, not even to ſpeak, raiſe my eyes to hers, or reſt an inſtant on her knees, though in an attitude which ſeemed to render ſuch a ſupport neceſſary. I was dumb, immovable, but far enough from a ſtate of tranquility; agitation, joy, gratitude ardent indefinite wiſhes, reſtrained by the fear of giving diſpleaſure, which my unpractiſed heart too much dreaded, were ſufficiently diſcernible. She neither appeared more tranquil, or leſs intimidated than myſelf.—Uneaſy at my preſent ſituation, confounded at having brought me there, beginning to tremble for the effects of a ſign which ſhe had made without reflecting on the conſequences, neither giving encouragement, nor expreſſing diſapprobation, with her eyes fixed on her work, ſhe endeavoured to appear unconſcious of every thing that paſſed; but all my ſtupidity could not hinder me from concluding that ſhe partook of my embarraſſment, perhaps my tranſports, and was only reſtrained by a baſhfulneſs like mine, with-

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out even that ſuppoſition giving me power to ſurmount it. Five or ſix years older than myſelf, every advance, according to my idea, ſhould have been made by her, and, ſince ſhe did nothing to encourage mine, I concluded they would offend her. Even at this time I am inclined to believe I thought right; ſhe certainly had wit enough to perceive that a novice like me had occaſion, not only for encouragement, but inſtruction.

I am ignorant how this animated, though dumb ſcene, would have ended, or how long I ſhould have continued immovable in this ridiculous, though delicious ſituation, had we not been interrupted—in the height of my agitation I heard the kitchen door open, which joined Madam Baſile's chamber; who being alarmed, ſaid, with a quick voice and action, "get up!—here's Roſina!" Riſing haſtily, I ſeized one of her hands, which ſhe held out to me, and gave it two eager kiſſes; at the ſecond I felt this charming hand preſs gently on my lips. Never in my life did I enjoy ſo ſweet a moment; but the occaſion I had loſt returned no more, this being the concluſion of our amours.

This may be the reafon that her image yet remains imprinted on my heart in fuch charming colours, which have even acquired frefh luftre fince I became acquainted with the world and women. Had fhe been miftrefs of the leaft degree of experience, fhe would have taken other meafures to animate fo youthful a lover; but if her heart was weak, it was virtuous, and only fuffered itfelf to be borne away by a powerful though involuntary inclination. This was apparently, her firft infidelity, and I fhould, perhaps, have found more difficulty in vanquifhing her fcruples than my own: but, without proceeding fo far, I experienced in her company the moft inexpreffible delights. Never did I tafte with any other woman pleafures equal to thofe two minutes which I paffed at the feet of Madam Bafile, without even daring to touch her gown. I am convinced no fatisfaction can be compared to that we feel with a virtuous woman we efteem; all is tranfport!——A fign with the finger, a hand lightly preffed againft my lips, were the only favours I ever received from Madam Bafile, yet the bare remembrance of thefe trifling condefcenfions continues to tranfport me.

It was in vain I watched the two following days for another *tete-a-tete*, it was impoſſible to find an opportunity; nor could I perceive on her part any deſire to forward it; her behaviour was not colder, but more diſtant than uſual, and I believe ſhe avoided my looks, for fear of not being able ſufficiently to govern her own. The curſed clerk was more vexatious than ever; he even became a wit, telling me, with a ſatirical ſneer, that I ſhould unqueſtionably make my way among the ladies. I trembled leaſt I ſhould have been guilty of ſome indiſcretion, and looking on myſelf as already engaged in an intrigue, endeavoured to cover with an air of myſtery, an inclination, which hitherto, certainly, had no great need of it; this made me more circumſpect in my choice of opportunities, and by reſolving only to ſeize ſuch as ſhould be abſolutely free from the danger of a ſurprize, I met with none.

Another romantic folly, which I could never overcome, and which, joined to my natural timidity, tended directly to contradict the clerk's predictions, is, I always loved too ſincerely, too perfectly I may ſay, to find happineſs eaſily attainable. Never were paſſions at the ſame time more

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lively and pure than mine; never was love more tender, more true, or more difinterefted: freely would I have facrificed my own happinefs to that of the object of my affection; her reputation was dearer than my life, and I could promife myfelf no happinefs for which I would have expofed her peace of mind for a moment. This difpofition has ever made me employ fo much care, ufe fo many precautions, fuch fecrefy in my adventures, that all of them have failed; in a word, my want of fuccefs with the women has ever proceeded from having loved them too well.

To return to our Egiftus, the fluter; it was remarkable that in becoming more infupportable, the traitor put on the appearance of complaifance. From the firft day Madame Bafile had taken me under her protection, fhe had endeavoured to make me ferviceable in the warehoufe; and finding I underftood arithmetic tolerably well, fhe propofed his teaching me to keep the books; a propofition that was but illy received by this humourift, who might, perhaps, be fearful of being fupplanted. As this failed, my whole employ, befides what engraving I had to do, was to tranfcribe fome bills and accounts, to write feveral books over fair, and

tranflate

tranflate commercial letters from Italian into French. All at once he thought fit to accept the before rejected propofal, faying, he would teach me book-keeping by double entry, and put me in a fituation to offer my fervices to Mr. Bafile on his return; but there was fomething fo falfe, malicious and ironical in his air and manner, that it was by no means calculated to infpire me with confidence. Madame Bafile replied, archly, that I was much obliged to him for his kind offer, but fhe hoped fortune would be more favourable to my merits, for it would be a great misfortune with fo much fenfe, that I fhould only be a pitiful clerk.

She often faid fhe would procure me fome acquaintance that might be ufeful; fhe doubtlefs felt the neceffity of parting with me, and had prudently refolved on it. Our mute declaration had been made on a Thurfday, the Sunday following fhe gave a dinner. A Jacobin of good appearance was among the guefts, to whom fhe did me the honour to prefent me. The monk treated me very affectionately, congratulated me on my late converfion, mentioned feveral particulars of my ftory, which plainly fhewed he had been made acquainted with it, then, tapping me familiarly

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on the cheek, bade me be good, to keep up my ſpirits, and come to ſee him at his convent, where he ſhould have more opportunity to talk with me. I judged him to be a perſon of ſome conſequence by the deference that was paid him, and by the paternal tone he aſſumed with Madame Baſile, to be her confeſſor. I likewiſe remember that his decent familiarity was attended with an appearance of eſteem, and even reſpect for his fair penitent, which then made leſs impreſſion on me than at preſent. Had I poſſeſſed more experience, how ſhould I have congratulated myſelf on having touched the heart of a young woman reſpected by her confeſſor!

The table not being large enough to accommodate all the company, a ſmall one was prepared, where I had the ſatisfaction of dining with our agreeable clerk; but I loſt nothing with regard to attention and good cheer, for ſeveral plates were ſent to the ſide-table which were certainly not intended for him. Thus far all went well; the ladies were in good ſpirits, and the gentlemen very galant, while Madam Baſile did the honours of the table with peculiar grace. In the midſt of the dinner we heard a chaiſe ſtop at the door, and preſently

fently fome one coming up ftairs—it was M. Bafile. Methinks I now fee him entering, in his fcarlet coat with gold buttons——from that day I have held the colour in abhorrence. M. Bafile was a tall handfome man, of good addrefs: he entered with a confequential look and an air of taking his family unawares, though none but friends were prefent. His wife ran to meet him, threw her arms about his neck, and gave him a thoufand careffes, which he received with the utmoft indifference; and without making any return, faluted the company and took his place at table. They were juft beginning to fpeak of his journey, when cafting his eyes on the fmall table, he afked in a fharp tone, what lad that was? Madame Bafile anfwered ingenioufly.—He then enquired whether I lodged in the houfe; and was anfwered in the negative. "Why not?" replied he, rudely, "fince he ftays here all day he might as well remain all night too." The monk now interfered, with a ferious and true eulogium on Madame Bafile: in a few words he made mine alfo, adding, that fo far from blaming, he ought to further the pious charity of his wife, fince it was evident fhe had not paffed the bounds of difcretion. The hufband anfwered with an air of petulance, which

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reſtrained by the preſence of the monk) he endeavoured to ſtifle; it was, however, ſufficient to let me underſtand he had already received information of me, and that our worthy clerk had rendered me an ill office.

We had hardly riſen from table when the latter came in triumph from his employer to inform me, I muſt leave the houſe that inſtant, and never more during my life dare to ſet foot there. He took care to aggravate this commiſſion by every thing that could render it cruel and inſulting. I departed without a word, my heart overwhelmed with ſorrow, leſs for being obliged to quit this amiable woman, than at the thought of leaving her to the brutality of ſuch a huſband. He was certainly right to wiſh her faithful; but though prudent and well-born, ſhe was an Italian, that is to ſay, tender and vindictive; which makes me think he was extremely imprudent in uſing means the moſt likely in the world to draw on himſelf the very evil he ſo much dreaded.

Such was the ſucceſs of my firſt adventure. I walked ſeveral times up and down the ſtreet, wiſhing to get a ſight of what my heart inceſſantly

regretted; but I could only difcover her hufband, or the vigilant clerk, who perceiving me, made a fign with the ell they ufed in the fhop, which was more expreffive than alluring: finding, therefore, that I was fo compleatly watched, my courage failed, and I went no more. I wifhed, at leaft, to find out the patron fhe had provided me, but unfortunately I did not know his name. I ranged feveral times round the convent, endeavouring in vain to meet with him.—At length, other events banifhed the delightful remembrance of Madame Bafile; and in a fhort time I fo far forgot her, that I remained as fimple, as much a novice as ever, nor did my penchant for pretty women even receive any fenfible augmentation.

Her liberality had, however, encreafed my little wardrobe, though fhe had done this with precaution and prudence, regarding neatnefs more than decoration, and to make me comfortable rather than brilliant. The coat I had brought from Geneva was yet wearable, fhe only added a hat and fome linen. I had no ruffles, nor would fhe give me any, not but I felt a great inclination for them. She was fatisfied with having put it in my power to keep myfelf clean, though a charge to do

this was unneceſſary while I was to appear before her.

A few days after this cataſtrophe, my hoſteſs, who, as I have already obſerved, was very friendly, with great ſatisfaction, informed me ſhe had heard of a ſituation, and that a lady of rank deſired to ſee me. I immediately thought myſelf in the road to great adventures; that being the point to which all my ideas tended: this, however, did not prove ſo brilliant as I had conceived it. I waited on the lady with the ſervant who had mentioned me: ſhe aſked a number of queſtions, and my anſwers not diſpleaſing her, I immediately entered into her ſervice; not indeed in the quality of favourite, but as a footman. I was cloathed like the reſt of her people, the only difference being, they wore a ſhoulder-knot, which I had not, and as there was no lace on her livery, it appeared merely a tradeſman's ſuit.—This was the unforeſeen concluſion of all my great expectancies!

The Counteſs of Vercellis, with whom I now lived, was a widow without children; her huſband was a Piedmonteſe, but I always believed her to be a Savoyard, as I could have no conception

that a native of Piedmont could ſpeak ſuch good French, and with ſo pure an accent. She was a middle-aged woman, of a noble appearance and cultivated underſtanding, being fond of French literature, in which ſhe was well verſed. Her letters had the expreſſion, and almoſt the elegance of Madam de Sevigne's; ſome of them might have been taken for her's. My principal employ, which was by no means diſpleaſing to me, was to write from her dictating; a cancer in the breaſt, from which ſhe ſuffered extremely, not permitting her to write herſelf.

Madame de Vercellis not only poſſeſſed a good underſtanding, but a ſtrong and elevated ſoul. I was with her during her laſt illneſs, and ſaw her ſuffer and die, without ſhewing an inſtant of weakneſs, or the leaſt effort of conſtraint; ſtill retaining her feminine manners, without entertaining an idea that ſuch fortitude gave her any claim to philoſophy: a word which was not yet in faſhion, nor comprehended by her in the ſenſe it is held at preſent. This ſtrength of diſpoſition ſometimes extended almoſt to apathy, ever appearing to feel as little for others as herſelf; and when ſhe relieved the unfortunate, it was rather for the ſake

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of acting right, than from a principle of real commiseration. I have frequently experienced this insensibility, in some measure, during the three months I remained with her. It would have been natural to have had an esteem for a young man of some abilities, who was incessantly under her observation, and that she should think, as she felt her dissolution approaching, that after her death he would have occasion for assistance and support; but whether she judged me unworthy of particular attention, or that those who narrowly watched all her motions, gave her no opportunity to think of any but themselves, she did nothing for me.

I very well recollect that she shewed some curiosity to know my story, frequently questioning me, and appearing pleased when I shewed her the letters I wrote to Madame de Warrens, or explained my sentiments; but as she never discovered her own, she certainly did not take the right means to come at them. My heart, naturally communicative, loved to display its feelings, whenever I encountered a similar disposition; but dry, cold interrogatories, without any sign of blame or approbation on my answers, gave me no confidence: Not being able to determine whether my

difcourfe was agreeable or difpleafing, I was ever in fear, and thought lefs of expreffing my ideas, than of being careful not to fay any thing that might feem to my difadvantage. I have fince remarked that this dry method of queftioning themfelves into people's characters, is a common trick among women who pride themfelves on fuperior underftanding. Thefe imagine, that by concealing their own fentiments, they fhall the more eafily penetrate into thofe of others; being ignorant that this method deftroys the confidence fo neceffary to make us reveal them. A man, on being queftioned, is immediately on his guard; and if once he fuppofes that, without any intereft in his concerns, you only wifh to fet him a talking, either he entertains you with lies, is filent, or examining every word before he utters it, rather choofes to pafs for a fool than to be the dupe of your curiofity. In fhort, it is ever a bad method to attempt to read the hearts of others by endeavouring to conceal our own.

Madame de Vercellis never addreffed a word to me which feemed to exprefs affection, pity, or benevolence. She interrogated me coldly, and my anfwers were uttered with fo much timidity,

that ſhe doubtleſs entertained but a mean opinion of my intellects, for latterly ſhe never aſked me any queſtions, nor ſaid any thing but what was abſolutely neceſſary for her ſervice. She drew her judgment leſs from what I really was, than from what ſhe had made me, and by conſidering me as a footman, prevented my appearing otherwiſe.

"I am inclined to think I ſuffered at that time by the ſame intereſted game of concealed manœuvre, which has counteracted me throughout my life, and given me a very natural averſion for every thing that has the leaſt appearance of it. Madame de Vercellis, having no children, her nephew, the Count de la Roque, was her heir, and paid his court aſſiduouſly, as did her principal domeſtics, who ſeeing her end approaching, endeavoured to take care of themſelves; in ſhort, ſo many were buſy about her, that ſhe could hardly have found time to think of me. At the head of her houſhold was a M. Lorenzy, an artful genius, with a ſtill more artful wife; who had ſo far inſinuated herſelf into the good graces of her miſtreſs, that ſhe was rather on the footing of a friend than a ſervant. She had introduced a niece of

 her's,

her's, as lady's maid; her name was Mademoiſelle Pontal; a cunning gipſey, that gave herſelf all the airs of a waiting woman, and aſſiſted her aunt ſo well in beſetting the Counteſs, that ſhe only ſaw with their eyes, and acted through their hands. I had not the happineſs to pleaſe this worthy triumvirate; I obeyed, but did not wait on them, not conceiving that my duty to our general miſtreſs required me to be a ſervant to her ſervants. Beſides this, I was a perſon that gave them ſome inquietude; they ſaw I was not in my proper ſituation, and feared the Counteſs would diſcover it likewiſe, and by placing me in it, decreaſe their portions; for ſuch ſort of people, too greedy to be juſt, look on every legacy given to others as a diminution of their own wealth: they endeavoured, therefore, to keep me as much out of her ſight as poſſible. She loved to write letters, in her ſituation it was an amuſement, but they contrived to give her a diſtaſte to it; perſuading her, by the aid of the doctor, that it was too fatiguing; and, under pretence that I did not underſtand how to wait on her, they employed two great lubberly chairmen for that purpoſe; in a word, they managed the affair ſo well, that for eight days before ſhe made her will I had not been

permitted

permitted to enter the chamber. Afterwards I went in as ufual, and was even more affiduous than any one, being afflicted at the fufferings of the unhappy lady, who was rendered truly refpectable and dear to me by the calmnefs and fortitude with which fhe bore her illnefs, and often did I fhed tears of real forrow without being perceived by any one.

At length we loft her—I faw her expire. She had lived like a woman of fenfe and virtue, her death was that of a philofopher. I can truly fay fhe rendered the Catholic religion amiable to me by the ferenity with which fhe fulfilled its dictates, without any mixture of negligence or affectation. She was naturally ferious, but towards the end of her illnefs fhe poffeffed a kind of gaiety, too regular to be affumed, which ferved as a counterpoife to the melancholy of her fituation. She only kept her bed two days, continuing to difcourfe cheerfully with thofe about her to the very laft.

She had bequeathed a year's wages to all the under fervants, but, not being on the houfehold lift, I had nothing: the Count de la Roque, how-

ever, ordered me thirty livres, and the new coat I had on, which M. Lorenzy would certainly have taken from me. He even promiſed to procure me a place; giving me permiſſion to wait on him as often as I pleaſed. Accordingly, I went two or three times, without being able to ſpeak to him, and as I was eaſily repulſed, returned no more: whether I did wrong will be ſeen hereafter.

Would I had finiſhed what I have to ſay of my living at Madame de Vercellis's!--Though my ſituation apparently remained the ſame, I did not leave her houſe as I had entered it: I carried with me the long and painful remembrance of a crime; an inſupportable weight of remorſe, which yet hangs upon my conſcience, and whoſe bitter recollection, far from weakening during a period of forty years, ſeems to gather ſtrength as I grow old. Who would believe that a childiſh fault ſhould be productive of ſuch melancholy conſequences? But it is for the more than probable effects that my heart cannot be conſoled. I have, perhaps, cauſed an amiable, honeſt, eſtimable girl, who ſurely merited a better fate than myſelf, to periſh with ſhame and miſery.

Though

Though it is very difficult to break up houſe-keeping without confuſion, and the loſs of ſome property, yet ſuch was the fidelity of the domeſtics, and the vigilance of M. and Madame Lorenzy, that no article of the inventory was found wanting; in ſhort, nothing was miſſing but a pink and ſilver ribbon, which had been worn, and belonged to Mademoiſelle Pontal. Though ſeveral things of more value were in my reach, this ribbon alone tempted me, and accordingly I ſtole it. As I took no great pains to conceal the bauble, it was ſoon diſcovered; they immediately inſiſted on knowing from whence I had taken it, this perplexed me; I heſitated, and at length ſaid, with confuſion, that Marion gave it me.

Marion was a young Mauriennese, and had been cook to Madame de Vincellis ever ſince ſhe left off giving entertainments; for being ſenſible ſhe had more need of good broths than fine ragouts, ſhe had diſcharged her former one. Marion was not only pretty, but had that freſhneſs of colour only to be found among the mountains, and above all, an air of modeſty and ſweetneſs, which made it impoſſible to ſee her without affection; ſhe was beſides a good girl, virtuous, and of ſuch

ſtrict fidelity, that every one was ſurpriſed at hearing her named. They had not leſs confidence in me, and judged it neceſſary to certify which of us was the thief. Marion was ſent for; a great number of people were preſent, among whom was the Count de la Roque: ſhe arrives; they ſhew her the ribbon; I accuſe her boldly, ſhe remains confuſed and ſpeechleſs, caſting a look on me that would have diſarmed a demon, but which my barbarous heart reſiſted.—At length, ſhe denied it with firmneſs, but without anger, exhorting me to return to myſelf, and not injure an innocent girl who had never wronged me. With infernal impudence I confirmed my accuſation, and to her face maintained ſhe had given me the ribbon: on which, the poor girl, burſting into tears, ſaid theſe words—" Ah, Rouſſeau! I thought you a good diſpoſition—You render me very unhappy, but I would not be in your ſituation." She continued to defend herſelf with as much innocence as firmneſs, but without uttering the leaſt invective againſt me. Her moderation, compared to my poſitive tone, did her an injury; as it did not appear natural to ſuppoſe on one ſide ſuch diabolical aſſurance, on the other ſuch angelic mildneſs. The affair could not be abſolutely decided, but

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the preſumption was in my favour; and the Count de la Roque, in ſending us both away, contented himſelf with ſaying, the conſcience of the guilty would revenge the innocent. His prediction was true, and is daily accompliſhed.

I am ignorant what became of the victim of my calumny, but there is little probability of her having been able to place herſelf agreeably after this, as ſhe laboured under an imputation cruel to her character in every reſpect. The theft was a trifle, yet it was a theft, and, what was worſe, employed to ſeduce a boy; while the lie and obſtinacy left nothing to hope from a perſon in whom ſo many vices were united. I do not even look on the miſery and diſgrace in which I plunged her as the greateſt evil: who knows, at her age, whither contempt and diſregarded innocence might have led her?—Alas! if remorſe for having made her unhappy is inſupportable, what muſt I have ſuffered at the thought of rendering her even worſe than myſelf. The cruel remembrance of this tranſaction, ſometimes ſo troubles and diſorders me, that in my diſturbed ſlumbers I imagine I ſee this poor girl enter and reproach me with my crime, as though I had committed it but yeſterday.

While

While in eaſy tranquil circumſtances, I was leſs miſerable on this account, but during a troubled, agitated life, it has robbed me of the ſweet conſolation of perſecuted innocence, and made me woefully experience, what, I think, I have remarked in ſome of my works, that remorſe ſleeps in the calm ſunſhine of proſperity, but wakes amid the ſtorms of adverſity. I could never take on me to diſcharge my heart of this weight in the boſom of a friend; nor could the cloſeſt intimacy ever encourage me to it, even with Madame de Warrens: all I could do, was to own I had to accuſe myſelf of an atrocious crime, but never ſaid in what it conſiſted. The weight, therefore, has remained heavy on my conſcience to this day; and I can truly own the deſire of relieving myſelf, in ſome meaſure, from it, contributed greatly to the reſolution of writing my Confeſſions.

I have proceeded truly in that I have juſt made, and it will certainly be thought I have not ſought to palliate the turpitude of my offence; but I ſhould not fulfil the purpoſe of this undertaking, did I not, at the ſame time, divulge my interior diſpoſition, and excuſe myſelf as far as is conformable to truth.

Never

Never was wickedneſs farther from my thoughts than in that cruel moment; and when I accuſed the unhappy girl, it is ſtrange, but ſtrictly true, that my friendſhip for her was the immediate cauſe of it. She was preſent to my thoughts; I formed my excuſe from the firſt object that preſented itſelf; I accuſed her with doing what I meant to have done, and as I deſigned to have given her the ribbon, aſſerted ſhe had given it to me. When ſhe appeared, my heart was agonized, but the preſence of ſo many people was more powerful than my compunction. I did not fear puniſhment, but I dreaded ſhame: I dreaded it more than death, more than the crime, more than all the world. I would have buried, hid myſelf in the center of the earth: invincible ſhame bore down every other ſentiment; ſhame alone cauſed all my impudence, and in proportion as I became criminal, the fear of diſcovery rendered me intrepid. I felt no dread but that of being detected, of being publicly, and to my face, declared a thief, liar, and calumniator: an unconquerable fear of this overcame every other ſenſation. Had I been left to myſelf, I ſhould infallibly have declared the truth. Or if M. de la Roque had taken me aſide, and ſaid—" Do not injure this poor girl;

girl; if you are guilty, own it,"—I am convinced I ſhould inſtantly have thrown myſelf at his feet: but they intimidated, inſtead of encouraging me. It is alſo juſt to make ſome allowance for my age; I was hardly out of my childhood, or rather, was yet in it.—In youth, dark, premeditated villainy is more criminal than in a riper age, but weakneſſes are much leſs ſo; my fault was truly nothing more; and I am leſs afflicted at the deed itſelf than for its conſequences. It had one good effect, however, in preſerving me through the reſt of my life from any criminal action, from the terrible impreſſion that has remained from the only one I ever committed; and I think my averſion for lying proceeds in a great meaſure from regret at having been guilty of ſo black a one. If it is a crime that can be expiated, as I dare believe, forty years of uprightneſs and honour on various difficult occaſions, with the many misfortunes that have overwhelmed my latter years, may have compleated it. Poor Marion has found ſo many avengers in this world, that however great my offence towards her, I do not fear to bear the guilt with me. Thus have I diſcloſed what I had to ſay on this painful ſubject; may I be permitted never to mention it again.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

LEAVING the ſervice of Madam de Vercellis nearly as I had entered it, I returned to my former hoſteſs, and remained there five or ſix weeks, during which time, health, youth and lazineſs, frequently rendered my temperament importunate. I was reſtleſs, abſent, and thoughtful: I wept and ſighed for a happineſs I had no idea of, though at the ſame time highly ſenſible of ſome deficiency. This ſituation is indeſcribable; few men can even form any conception of it, becauſe, in general, they have prevented that plenitude of life at once tormenting and delicious. My thoughts were inceſſantly occupied with girls and women, but in a manner peculiar to myſelf: theſe ideas kept my ſenſes in a perpetual and diſagreeable activity, though, fortunately, they did not point out the means of deliverance. I would have given my life

life to have met with a Miſs Goton, but the time was paſt in which the play of infancy predominated; increaſe of years had introduced ſhame, the inſeparable companion of a conſcious deviation from rectitude, which ſo confirmed my natural timidity, as to render it invincible; and never, either at that time or ſince, could I prevail on myſelf to offer a propoſition favourable to my wiſhes (unleſs in a manner conſtrained to it by previous advances) even with thoſe whoſe ſcruples I had no cauſe to dread.

My ſtay at Madame de Vercellis's had procured me ſome acquaintance, which I thought might be ſerviceable to me, and therefore wiſhed to retain. Among others I ſometimes viſited a Savoyard Abbe, M. Gaime, who was tutor to the count of Mellarede's children. He was young, and not much known, but poſſeſſed an excellent cultivated underſtanding with great probity, and was altogether, one of the beſt men I ever knew. He was incapable of doing me the ſervice I then ſtood moſt in need of, not having ſufficient intereſt to procure me a ſituation, but from him I reaped advantages far more precious, which have been uſeful to me

through

through life, leſſons of pure morality, and maxims of ſound judgment.

In the ſucceſſive order of my inclinations and ideas I had ever been too high or too low, Achilles or Therſites; ſometimes a hero, at others a villain. M. Gaime took pains to make me properly acquainted with myſelf, without ſparing or giving me too much diſcouragement. He ſpoke in advantageous terms of my diſpoſition and talents, adding, that he foreſaw obſtacles which would prevent my profiting by them: thus, according to him, they were to ſerve leſs as ſteps by which I ſhould mount to fortune, than as reſources which might enable me to exiſt without one. He gave gave me a true picture of human life, of which, hitherto, I had formed but a very erroneous idea, teaching me, that a man of underſtanding, though deſtined to experience adverſe fortune, might, by ſkilful management, arrive at happineſs; that there was no true felicity without virtue, which was practicable in every ſituation. He greatly diminiſhed my admiration of grandeur, by proving that thoſe in a ſuperior ſituation are neither better or happier than thoſe they command. One of his maxims has frequently returned to my memory,

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it was, that if we could truly read the hearts of others, we ſhould feel more inclination to deſcend than riſe: this reflection, the truth of which is ſtriking without extravagance, I have found of great utility in the various exigences of my life, as it tended to make me ſatisfied with my condition. He gave me the firſt juſt conception of relative duties, which my high-flown imagination had ever pictured in extremes, making me ſenſible that the enthuſiaſm of ſublime virtues is of little uſe in ſociety; that while endeavouring to riſe too high we are in danger of falling; and that a virtuous and uniform diſcharge of little duties requires as great a degree of fortitude as actions which are called heroic, and would at the ſame time procure more honour and happineſs. That it was infinitely more deſirable to poſſeſs the laſting eſteem of thoſe about us, than at intervals to attract admiration.

In properly arranging the various duties between man and man, it was neceſſary to aſcend to principles; the ſtep I had recently taken, and of which my preſent ſituation was the conſequence, naturally led us to ſpeak of religion. It will eaſily be conceived that the honeſt M. Gaime was, in a great meaſure, the original of the *Savoyard Vicar*,

prudence

prudence only obliging him to deliver his ſentiments, on certain points, with more caution and reſerve, and explain himſelf with leſs freedom; but his ſentiments and councils were the ſame, not even excepting his advice to return to my country, all was preciſely as I have ſince given it to the public, dwelling no longer therefore, on converſations which every one may ſee the ſubſtance of, I ſhall only add; that theſe wiſe inſtructions (though they did not produce an immediate effect) were as ſo many ſeeds of virtue and religion in my heart which were never rooted out, and only required the foſtering cares of friendſhip to bring to maturity.

Though my converſion was not very ſincere, I was affected with his diſcourſes, and far from being weary, was pleaſed with them on account of their clearneſs and ſimplicity, but above all becauſe his heart ſeemed intereſted in what he ſaid. My diſpoſition is naturally tender, I have ever been leſs attached to people for the good they have really done me than for that they deſigned to do, and my feelings in this particular have ſeldom miſled me: thus I truly eſteemed M. Gaime. I was in a manner his ſecond diſciple, which even at

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that time was of ineftimable fervice in turning me from a propenfity to vice into which my idle-nefs was leading me.

One day, when I leaft expected it, I was fent for by the Count de la Roque. Having frequently called at his houfe without being able to fpeak with him, I grew weary, and fuppofing he had either forgot or retained fome unfavourable impref-fions of me, returned no more: but I was miftaken in both thefe conjectures. He had more than once witneffed the pleafure I took in fulfilling my duty to his aunt; he had even mentioned it to her, and afterwards fpoke of it when I no longer thought of it myfelf.

He received me gracioufly, faying, that inftead of amufing me with ufelefs promifes he had fought to place me to advantage; that he had fucceeded, and would put me in a way to better my fituation, but the reft muft depend on myfelf. That the fa-mily into which he fhould introduce me being both powerful and efteemed, I fhould need no other protectors; and though at firft on the foot-ing of a fervant, I might be affured, that if my conduct and fentiments were found above that

ftation,

ſtation, I ſhould not long remain in it. The end of this diſcourſe cruelly diſappointed the brilliant hopes the beginning had inſpired. "What! for ever a footman?" ſaid I to myſelf, with a bitterneſs which confidence preſently effaced; for I felt myſelf too ſuperior to that ſituation to fear long remaining there.

He took me to the Count de Gauvon, Maſter of the Horſe to the Queen, and Chief of the illuſtrious Houſe of Solar. The air of dignity conſpicuous in this reſpectable old man rendered the affability with which he received me yet more intereſting. He queſtioned me with concern, and I replied with ſincerity. He then told the Count de la Roque, that my features were agreeable, and promiſed wit; which he believed I was not deficient in, but that was not enough, and time muſt ſhew the reſt; after which, turning to me, he ſaid, "Child, almoſt all ſituations are attended with difficulties in the beginning; your's, however, ſhall not have too great a portion of them; be prudent and endeavour to pleaſe every one, that will be almoſt your only employ; for the reſt, fear nothing, you ſhall be taken care of. Immediately after, he went to the Marchioneſs de Breil, his

his daughter-in-law, to whom he preſented me, and then to the Abbe de Gauvon, his ſon. I was elated with this beginning, as I knew enough of the world already to conclude, that ſo much ceremony is not generally uſed at the reception of a footman. In fact, I was not treated like one; I dined at the ſteward's table; did not wear a livery; and the Count de Favria (a giddy youth) having commanded me to get behind his coach, his grand-father ordered that I ſhould get behind no coach, nor follow any one out of the houſe. Meantime I waited at table, and did, within doors, the buſineſs of a footman; but I did it, in a manner, of my own free-will, without being appointed to any particular ſervice; and except writing ſome letters, which were dictated to me, and cutting out ſome ornaments for the Count de Favria, I was almoſt the abſolute maſter of my time. This trial of my diſcretion, which I did not then perceive, was certainly very dangerous, and not very humane; for in this ſtate of idleneſs I might have contracted vices which I ſhould not otherwiſe have given into. Fortunately it did not produce that effect; my memory retained the leſſons of M. Gaime, they had made an impreſſion on my heart, and I ſometimes eſcaped from the houſe of

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my patron to obtain a repetition of them. I believe thoſe who ſaw me going out, apparently by ſtealth, had no conception of my buſineſs. Nothing could be more prudent than the advice he gave me reſpecting my conduct. My beginning was admirable; ſo much attention, aſſiduity, and zeal, had charmed every one. The Abbe Gaime adviſed me to moderate this firſt ardour, leſt I ſhould relax, and that relaxation ſhould be conſidered as neglect. "Your ſetting out," ſaid he, "is the rule of what will be expected of you, endeavour gradually to encreaſe your attentions, but be cautious how you diminiſh them."

As they paid but little attention to my trifling talents, and ſuppoſed I poſſeſſed no more than Nature had ſent me, there was no appearance (notwithſtanding the promiſes of the Count de Gauvon) of my meeting with any particular conſideration. Some objects of more conſequence had intervened. The Marquis de Breil, ſon of the Count de Gauvon, was then Ambaſſador at Vienna; ſome circumſtances had occurred at that Court, which for ſome weeks kept the family in continual agitation, and left them no time to think of me. Meantime I had relaxed but little

in my attentions, though one object in the family did me both good and harm, making me more secure from exterior dissipation, but less attentive to my duty.

Mademoiselle de Breil was about my own age, tolerably handsome, and very fair complexioned, with extreme black hair, which, notwithstanding, gave to her features that air of softness so natural to the flaxen, and which my heart could never resist. The Court dress, so favourable to youth, shewed her fine neck and shape to advantage, and the mourning which was then worn seemed to add to her beauty. It will be said a domestic should not take notice of these things; I was certainly to blame, yet I perceived all this, nor was I the only one; the *maitre d'hotel* and *valet-de-chambre* spoke of her sometimes at table with a vulgarity that pained me extremely. My head, however, was not sufficiently turned to be entirely in love, I did not forget myself, or lose sight of my situation. I loved to see Mademoiselle de Breil, to hear her utter any thing that marked wit, sense, or good humour; my ambition, confined to a desire of waiting on her, never exceeded its just rights. At table I was ever attentive to make the

most

moſt of them; if her footman quitted her chair, in an inſtant I ſupplied his place; in default of this, I ſtood facing her, ſeeking in her eyes what ſhe was about to aſk for, and watching the moment to change her plate. What would I not have given to hear her command, look at, or ſpeak the ſmalleſt word to me! but no, I had the mortification to be beneath her regard; ſhe did not even perceive I was there. Her brother, who frequently ſpoke to me while at table, having one day ſaid ſomething not very obliging, I made him ſo arch and well-turned an anſwer, that it drew her attention; ſhe caſt her eyes upon me, and this glance was ſufficient to fill me with tranſport. The next day a ſecond occaſion preſented itſelf, which I fortunately made uſe of. A great dinner was given, and I ſaw with aſtoniſhment, for the firſt time, the *maitre d'hotel* waiting at table, with a ſword by his ſide and hat on his head. By chance the diſcourſe turned on the motto of the Houſe of Solar, which was, with the arms, worked in the tapeſtry. *Tel fiert qui ne tue pas.* As the Piedmonteſe are not, in general, very perfect in the French language, they found a fault in the orthography, ſaying, that in the word *fiert* there ſhould be no *t*. The old Count

de Gauvon was going to reply, when happening to caſt his eyes on me, he perceived I ſmiled without daring to ſay any thing, and immediately ordered me to ſpeak my opinion. I then ſaid, I did not think the *t* ſuperfluous, *fiert* being an old French word, not derived from the noun *ferus*, proud, threatening; but from the verb *ferit*, he ſtrikes, he wounds; the motto, therefore, did not appear to mean, ſome threat, but, *Some ſtrike who do not kill.* The whole company fixed their eyes on me, then on each other, without ſpeaking a word; never was a greater degree of aſtoniſhment; but what moſt flattered me, was an air of ſatisfaction which I perceived on the countenance of Mademoiſelle de Breil. This diſdainful lady deigned to caſt on me a ſecond look at leaſt as valuable as the former, and turning to her grand-father, appeared to wait with impatience for the praiſe that was due to me, and which he fully beſtowed, with ſuch apparent ſatisfaction, that it was eagerly choruſſed by the whole table. This interval was ſhort, but delightful in many reſpects; it was one of thoſe moments ſo rarely met with, which place things in their natural order, and revenge depreſſed merit on the injuries of fortune. Some minutes after Mademoiſelle de Breil again raiſed her

her eyes, deſiring me with a voice of timid affability to give her ſome drink. It will eaſily be ſuppoſed I did not let her wait, but advancing towards her, I was ſeized with ſuch a trembling, that, having filled the glaſs too full, I ſpilt ſome of the water on her plate, and even on herſelf. Her brother aſked me, giddily, why I trembled thus? This queſtion encreaſed my confuſion, while the face of Mademoiſelle de Breil was ſuffuſed with a crimſon bluſh.

Here ended the romance, where it may be remarked (as with Madame Baſile, and others in the continuation of my life) that I was not fortunate in the concluſion of my amours. In vain I placed myſelf in the anti-chamber of Madame de Breil, I could not obtain one mark of attention from her daughter; ſhe went in and out without looking at me, nor had I the confidence to raiſe my eyes to her; I was even ſo fooliſhly ſtupid, that one day, on dropping her glove as ſhe paſſed, inſtead of ſeizing and covering it with kiſſes, as I would gladly have done, I did not dare to quit my place, but ſuffered it to be taken up by a great booby of a footman, that I could willingly have knocked down for his officiouſneſs.

To compleat my timidity, I perceived I had not the good fortune to pleaſe Madam de Breil; ſhe not only never ordered, but even rejected my ſervices; and having twice found me in her antichamber, aſked me drily, "If I had nothing to do?" I was obliged, therefore, to renounce this dear anti-chamber; at firſt it cauſed me ſome uneaſineſs, but other things intervening, I preſently thought no more of it.

The diſdain of Madame de Breil was fully compenſated by the kindneſs of her father-in-law, who at length began to think of me. The evening after the entertainment, I have already mentioned, he had a converſation with me that laſted half an hour, which appeared to ſatisfy him, and abſolutely enchanted me This good man had leſs ſenſe than Madame de Vercellis, but poſſeſſed more feeling, I therefore ſucceeded much better with him. He bade me attach myſelf to his ſon, the Abbe Gauvon, who had an eſteem for me, which, if I took care to cultivate, might be ſerviceable in furniſhing me with what was neceſſary to compleat their views for my future eſtabliſhment. The next morning I flew to M. the Abbe, who did not receive me as a ſervant, making me ſit

ſit by his fire-ſide, and queſtioning me with great affability. He ſoon found that my education, which had attempted many things, had compleated none; but obſerving that I underſtood ſomething of Latin, he undertook to teach me more, and appointed me to attend him every morning. Thus, by one of the whimſicalities which have marked the whole courſe of my life, at once above and below my natural ſituation, I was pupil and footman in the ſame houſe; and though in ſervitude, had a preceptor whoſe birth intitled him to ſupply that place only to the children of Kings.

The Abbe de Gauvon was a younger ſon, and deſigned by his family for a biſhopric, for which reaſon his ſtudies had been purſued farther than is uſual with children of quality. He had been ſent to the univerſity of Sienna, where he had reſided ſome years, and from whence he had brought a good portion of cruſcantiſm, deſigning to be that at Turin, which the Abbe de Dangeau was formerly at Paris. Being diſguſted with theology, he gave into the belles lettres, which is very frequent in Italy with thoſe who have entered the career of prelacy. He had ſtudied the Poets, and wrote tolerable Latin and Italian verſes; in a

word, his tafte was calculated to form mine, and give fome order to that chaos of infignificant trash with which my brain was encumbered; but whether my prating had mifled him, or that he could not fupport the trouble of teaching the elementary parts of Latin, he put me at firft too high; and I had fcarcely tranflated a few fables of Phœdrus before he put me into Virgil, where I could hardly underftand any thing. It will be feen hereafter that I was deftined frequently to learn Latin, but never to attain it. I laboured with affiduity, and the Abbe beftowed his attentions with a degree of kindnefs, the remembrance of which, even at this time, both interefts and foftens me. I paffed the greater part of the morning with him, as much for my own inftruction as his fervice; not that he ever permitted me to perform any menial office, but to copy, or write from his dictating; and my employment of Secretary was more ufeful than that of fcholar, as by this means I not only learned the Italian in its utmoft purity, but alfo acquired a tafte for literature, and fome difcernment of compofition, which could not have been attained at La Tribu's, and which was ufeful to me when I afterwards wrote alone.

At

At this period of my life, without being romantic, I might reaſonably have given into the hope of preferment. The Abbe, thoroughly pleaſed with me, expreſſed his ſatisfaction to every one, while his father had ſuch a ſingular affection for me, that I was aſſured by the Count de Favria, that he had ſpoken of me to the King; even Madam de Breil had laid aſide her diſdainful looks; in ſhort, I was a general favourite, which gave great jealouſy to the other ſervants, who ſeeing me honoured by the inſtructions of their maſter's ſon, were perſuaded I ſhould not long remain their equal.

As far as I could judge by ſome words dropped at random, and which I reflected on afterwards; it appeared to me that the Houſe of Solar, wiſhing to run the career of Embaſſies, and hoping, perhaps, in time to arrive at the Miniſtry, wiſhed to provide themſelves with a perſon of merit and talents, who depending entirely on them, might obtain their confidence, and be of eſſential ſervice.

This project of the Count de Gauvon was judicious, magnanimous, and truly worthy a powerful nobleman, equally provident and generous; but beſides my not ſeeing, at that time, its full

extent, it was far too rational for my brain, and required too much confinement. My ridiculous ambition only ſought for fortune in the midſt of brilliant adventures, and not finding one woman in all this ſcheme, it appeared tedious, painful, and melancholy; though I ſhould rather have thought it more honourable on this account, as the ſpecies of merit generally protected by women, is certainly leſs worthy than that I was ſuppoſed to poſſeſs.

Every thing ſucceeded to my wiſh: I had obtained, almoſt forced, the eſteem of all; the trial was over, and I was univerſally conſidered as a young man with flattering proſpects, who was not at preſent in his proper ſphere, but was expected ſoon to reach it; but my place was not aſſigned me by man, and I was to reach it by very different paths. I now come to one of thoſe characteriſtic traits, which are ſo natural to me, and which, indeed, the Reader might have obſerved without this reflection.

There were ſeveral new converts at Turin of my own ſtamp, whom I neither liked or wiſhed to ſee; but I had met with ſome Geneveſe who

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were not of this deſcription, and among others a M. Muſſard, nick-named *Wry-neck*, a miniature painter, and a diſtant relation. This M. Muſſard, having learned my ſituation at the Count de Gauvon's, came to ſee me, with another Geneveſe, named *Bacle*, who had been my comrade during my apprenticeſhip. This Bacle was a very ſprightly, amuſing young fellow, full of lively ſallies, which at his time of life appeared extremely agreeable. At once then behold me delighted with M. Bacle; charmed to ſuch a degree, that I found it impoſſible to quit him. He was ſhortly to depart for Geneva; what a loſs had I to ſuſtain! I felt the whole force of it, and reſolving to make the beſt uſe of this precious interval, I determined not to leave him, or rather he never quitted me, for my head was not yet ſufficiently turned to think of quitting the houſe without leave; but it was ſoon perceived that he engroſſed my whole time, and he was accordingly forbid the houſe. This ſo incenſed me, that forgetting every thing but my friend Bacle, I neither went to the Abbe or Count, and was no longer to be found at home: I paid no attention to repeated reprimands, and at length was threatened with diſmiſſion. This threat

was my ruin, as it ſuggeſted the idea that it was not abſolutely neceſſary that Bacle ſhould depart alone. From that moment I could think of no other pleaſure, no other ſituation or happineſs than taking this journey. To render the felicity ſtill more compleat, at the end of it (though at an immenſe diſtance) I pictured to myſelf Madame de Warrens; for as to returuing to Geneva, it never entered my imagination. The hills, fields, brooks and villages, inceſſantly ſucceeded each other with new charms, and this delightful jaunt ſeemed worthy to abſorb my whole exiſtence. Memory recalled, with inexpreſſible pleaſure, how charming the country had appeared in coming to Turin; what then muſt it be, when, to the pleaſure of independence, was added the company of a good-humoured comrade of my own age and diſpoſition, without any conſtraint or obligation, but free to go or ſtay as we pleaſed? Would it not be madneſs to ſacrifice the proſpect of ſo much felicity to projects of ambition, ſlow and difficult in their execution, and uncertain in their event? But even ſuppoſing them realized, and in their utmoſt ſplendor, they were not worth one quarter of an hour of the ſweet pleaſure and liberty of youth.

Full

Full of theſe wiſe concluſions, I conducted myſelf ſo properly, that (not indeed without ſome trouble) I got myſelf diſmiſſed; for on my return one night, the *maitre d'hotel* gave me warning on the part of the Count. This was exactly what I wanted; for feeling, ſpite of myſelf, the extravagance of my conduct, I wiſhed to excuſe it by the addition of injuſtice and ingratitude, by throwing the blame on others, and ſheltering myſelf under the idea of neceſſity.

I was told the Count de Favria wiſhed to ſpeak with me the next morning before my departure; but being ſenſible that my head was ſo far turned, as to render it poſſible for me to diſobey this injunction, the *maitre d'hotel* declined paying the money deſigned me, and which certainly I had very illy earned, till after this viſit: for unwilling to place me in the ſituation of a footman, I had not any fixed wages.

The Count de Favria, though young and giddy, talked to me on this occaſion in the moſt ſerious and ſenſible manner: I might add, if it would not be thought vain, with the utmoſt tenderneſs. He reminded me, in the moſt flattering terms, of the

cares of his uncle, and intentions of his grand-father; at length, after having drawn in lively colours what I was ſacrificing to ruin, he offered to make my peace, without ſtipulating any conditions, but that I ſhould no more ſee the worthleſs fellow who had ſeduced me.

It was ſo apparent that he did not ſay all this of himſelf, that notwithſtanding my blind ſtupidity, I powerfully felt the kindneſs of my good old maſter; but the dear journey was too firmly imprinted on my imagination for any conſideration to balance the charm. Bereft of underſtanding, firm to my purpoſe, I hardened myſelf againſt conviction, and arrogantly anſwered, that as they had thought fit to give me warning, I had reſolved to take it, and conceived it was now too late to retract, ſince, whatever might happen to me, I was fully reſolved not to be driven a ſecond time from the ſame houſe. The young Count, juſtly irritated, beſtowed on me ſome names which I deſerved, and putting me out of his apartment by the ſhoulders, ſhut the door on me. I departed triumphant, as if I had gained the greateſt victory, and, fearful of ſuſtaining a ſecond combat, even

had

had the ingratitude to leave the houſe without thanking the Abbe for his kindneſs.

To form a juſt conception of my delirium at that moment, the exceſs to which my heart is ſubject to be heated by the moſt trifling incidents, and the ardour with which my imagination ſeizes on the attractive object, ſhould be conceived. At theſe times plans the moſt ridiculous, childiſh and void of ſenſe, flatter my favourite idea, and perſuade me that it is reaſonable to ſacrifice every thing to the poſſeſſion of it. Would it be believed that when near nineteen, any one could be ſo ſtupid as to build his hopes of future ſubſiſtence on an empty phial?—For example,

The Abbe de Gauvon had made me a preſent ſome weeks before of a very pretty heron fountain, with which I was highly delighted. Playing with this toy, and ſpeaking of our departure, the ſage Bacle and myſelf thought it might be of infinite advantage, and enable us to lengthen our journey. What in the world was ſo curious as a heron fountain?—This idea was the foundation on which we built our future fortune: we were to aſſemble the country people in every village we might paſs through,

through, and delight them with a ſight of it, when feaſting and good cheer would be ſure to pour on us abundantly; for we were both firmly perſuaded that proviſions could coſt nothing to thoſe who grew and gathered them, and if they did not ſtuff travellers, it was downright ill-nature. We pictured in all parts entertainments and weddings, reckoning that without any expence but wind from our lungs, and the water of our fountain, to be maintained through Piedmont, Savoy, France, and, indeed, all the world over. There was no end to our projected travels, and we immediately directed our courſe northward, rather for the pleaſure of croſſing the Alps, than from a ſuppoſed neceſſity of being obliged to ſtop at any place.

Such was the plan on which I ſet out abandoning without regret, my preceptor, ſtudies and hopes, with the almoſt certain attainment of a fortune, to lead the life of a real vagabond. Farewel to the capital, adieu to the court; ambition, love, the fair, and all the great adventures into which hope had led me during the preceding year! I departed with my fountain and my friend Bacle, a purſe lightly furniſhed, but a heart overflowing

with

with pleaſure, and only thinking how to enjoy the extenſive felicity which I ſuppoſed my project encircled.

This extravagant journey was performed almoſt as agreeably as I had expected, though not exactly on the ſame plan; not but our fountain highly amuſed the hoſteſs and ſervants for ſome minutes at all the ale-houſes where we halted, yet we found it equally neceſſary to pay on our departure; but that gave us no concern, as we never thought of depending on it entirely until our money ſhould be expended. An accident ſpared us that trouble, our fountain was broken near Bramant, and in good time, for we both felt (though without daring to own it to each other) that we began to be weary of it. This misfortune rendered us gayer than ever; we laughed heartily at our giddineſs in having forgot that our cloathes and ſhoes would wear out, or truſting to renew them by the play of our fountain. We continued our journey as merrily as we had began it, only drawing faſter towards that termination where our drained purſes made it neceſſary for us to arrive.

At Chambery I became penſive; not for the folly I had committed, for never did any one think leſs of the paſt, but on account of the reception I ſhould meet with from Madame de Warrens; for I looked on her houſe as my paternal home. I had wrote her an account of my reception at the Count de Gauvon's, ſhe knew my expectancies, and in congratulating me on my good fortune, had added ſome wiſe leſſons on the return I ought to make for the kindneſs with which they treated me. She looked on my fortune as already made, if not deſtroyed by my own negligence; what then would ſhe ſay on my arrival? for it never entered my mind that ſhe might ſhut the door againſt me, but I dreaded the uneaſineſs I might give her; I dreaded her reproaches, to me more wounding than want, I reſolved to bear all in ſilence, and, if poſſible, to appeaſe her. I now ſaw nothing but Madame de Warrens in the whole univerſe, and to live in diſgrace with her was impoſſible.

I was moſt concerned about my companion; whom I did not wiſh to offend, and feared I ſhould not eaſily get rid of. I prefaced this ſeparation by an affected coldneſs during the laſt day's journey. The drole underſtood me perfectly, in fact, he was rather

rather giddy than deficient in point of ſenſe—I expected he would have been hurt at my inconſtancy, but I was quite miſtaken, nothing affected my friend Bacle, for hardly had we ſet foot in town, on our arrival at Annecy, before he ſaid, "you are now at home"—embraced—bad me adieu —turned on his heel and diſappeared, nor have I ever heard of him ſince.

How did my heart beat as I approached the habitation of Madame de Warrens! my legs trembled under me, my eyes were clouded with a miſt, I neither ſaw, heard, or recollected any one, and was obliged frequently to ſtop, that I might draw breath, and recal my bewildered ſenſes. Was it fear of not obtaining that ſuccour I ſtood in need of, which agitated me to this degree? At the age I then was, does the fear of periſhing with hunger give ſuch alarms? No; I declare, with as much truth as pride, that it was not in the power of intereſt or indigence, at any period of my life, to expand or contract my heart. In the courſe of a painful life, memorable for its viciſſitudes, frequently deſtitute of an aſylum, and without bread, I have ever contemplated, with equal indifference, both opulence and miſery. In want I might have

begged or ſtolen, as others have done, but never could feel diſtreſs at being reduced to ſuch neceſſities. Few men have grieved more than myſelf, few have ſhed ſo many tears; yet never did poverty, or the fear of falling into it, make me heave a ſigh or moiſten my eye lids. My ſoul, in deſpite of fortune, has only been ſenſible of real good and evil, which did not depend on her; and frequently, when in poſſeſſion of every thing that could make life pleaſing, have I been the moſt miſerable of mortals.

The firſt glance of Madame de Warrens baniſhed all my fears—my heart leaped at the ſound of her voice; I threw myſelf at her feet, and, in tranſports of the moſt lively joy, preſſed my lips upon her hand. I am ignorant whether ſhe had received any recent information of me. I diſcovered but little ſurpriſe on her countenanc, and no ſorrow. "Poor child!" ſaid ſhe, in an affectionate tone, "art thou here again? I knew you were too young for this journey; I am very glad, however, that it did not turn out ſo bad as I apprehended." She then made me recount my hiſtory; it was not long, and I did it faithfully; ſuppreſſing only ſome trifling circumſtances, but on

on the whole, neither ſparing or excuſing myſelf.

The queſtion was, where I could lodge: ſhe conſulted her maid on this article—I hardly dared to breathe during the deliberation; but when I heard I was to ſleep in the houſe, I could ſcarce contain my joy; and ſaw the little bundle I brought with me carried into my deſtined apartment with much the ſame ſenſations as St. Preux ſaw his chaiſe put up at Madame de Wolmar's. To compleat all, I had the ſatisfaction to find that this favour was not to be tranſitory; for at a moment when they thought me attentive to ſomething elſe, I heard Madame de Warrens ſay, "They may talk as they pleaſe, but ſince Providence has ſent him back, I am determined not to abandon him."

Behold me then eſtabliſhed at her houſe; not, however, that I date the happieſt days of my life from this period, but this ſerved to prepare me for them. Though that ſenſibility of heart which enables us truly to enjoy our being is the work of Nature, and perhaps a mere effect of organization, yet it requires ſituations to unfold itſelf, and

without

without a certain concurrence of favourable circumſtances, a man born with the moſt acute ſenſibility may go out of the world without ever having been acquainted with his own temperament. This was my caſe till that time, and ſuch perhaps it might have remained had I never known Madame de Warrens, or even having known her, had I not remained with her long enough to contract that pleaſing habit of affectionate ſentiments with which ſhe inſpired me. I dare affirm, that thoſe who only love, do not feel the moſt charming ſenſations we are capable of: I am acquainted with another ſentiment, leſs impetuous, but a thouſand times more delightful; ſometimes joined with love, but frequently ſeparated from it. This feeling is not ſimply friendſhip; it is more enchanting, more tender; nor do I imagine it can exiſt between perſons of the ſame ſex; at leaſt I have been truly a friend, if ever man was, and yet never experienced it in that kind. This diſtinction is not ſufficiently clear, but will become ſo hereafter: Sentiments are only diſtinguiſhable by their effects.

Madame de Warrens inhabited an old houſe, but large enough to have a handſome ſpare

apartment,

apartment, which ſhe made her drawing-room. I now occupied this chamber, which was in the paſſage I have before mentioned as the place of our firſt meeting. Beyond the brook and gardens was a proſpect of the country, which was by no means unintereſting to the young inhabitant, being the firſt time ſince my reſidence at Baſſey that I had ſeen any thing before my windows but walls, roofs, or the dirty ſtreet. How pleaſing then was this novelty! it helped to encreaſe the tenderneſs of my diſpoſition, for I looked on this pleaſing landſcape as the gift of my dear patroneſs, who I could almoſt fancy had placed it there on purpoſe for me. Peaceably ſeated, my eyes purſued her amidſt the flowers and the verdure; her charms, to me, ſeemed confounded with thoſe of the Spring; my heart, till now contracted, here found means to expand itſelf, and my ſighs exhaled freely in this charming retreat.

The magnificence I had been accuſtomed to at Turin was not to be found with Madame de Warrens, but in lieu of it there was neatneſs, regularity, and a patriarchal abundance, which is ſeldom attached to pompous oſtentation. She had very little plate, no china, no game in her kitchen, or foreign

foreign wines in her cellar, but both were well furniſhed, at every one's ſervice; and her coffee, though ſerved in earthen cups, was excellent. Whoever came to her houſe was invited to dine there, and never did labourer, meſſenger, or traveller, depart without refreſhment. Her family conſiſted of a pretty chamber-maid from Fribourg, named Merceret, a valet from her own country, called Claude Anet, (of whom I ſhall ſpeak hereafter) a cook, and two hired chairmen when ſhe viſited, which ſeldom happened. This was a great deal to be done out of two thouſand livres a year; yet, with good management, it might have been ſufficient, in a country where the land is extremely good, and money very ſcarce. Unfortunately œconomy was never her favourite virtue; ſhe contracted debts—paid them—thus her money paſſed from hand to hand, like a weaver's ſhuttle, and quickly diſappeared.

The arrangement of her houſekeeping was exactly what I ſhould have choſen, and I ſhared it with ſatisfaction. I was leaſt pleaſed with the neceſſity of remaining too long at table. Madame de Warrens was ſo much incommoded with the firſt ſmell of ſoup or meat, as almoſt to occaſion fainting: from this ſhe recovered ſlowly, talking

meantime, and never attempting to eat for the firſt half hour. I could have dined thrice in the time, and had ever finiſhed my meal long before ſhe began: I then eat again for company; and though by this means I uſually dined twice, felt no inconvenience from it. In ſhort, I was perfectly at my eaſe, and the happier as my ſituation required no care. Not being at this time inſtructed in the ſtate of her finances, I ſuppoſed her means were adequate to her expence; and though I afterwards found the ſame abundance, yet when inſtructed in her real ſituation, finding her penſion ever anticipated, prevented me from enjoying the ſame tranquility. Foreſight with me has always embittered enjoyment; in vain I ſaw the approach of misfortunes, I was never the more likely to avoid them.

From the firſt moment of our meeting the ſofteſt familiarity was eſtabliſhed between us, and in the ſame degree it continued during the reſt of her life. *Child* was my name, *Mamma* was her's, and child and mamma we have ever continued, even after a number of years had almoſt effaced the apparent difference of age between us. I think thoſe names convey an exact idea of our behaviour, the ſimplicity of our manners, and above all the

ſimilarity of our diſpoſitions. To me ſhe was the tendereſt of mothers, ever prefering my welfare to her own pleaſure; and if my own ſatisfaction found ſome intereſt in my attachment to her, it was not to change its nature, but only to render it more exquiſite, and infatuate me with the charm of having a mother, young and handſome, whom I was delighted to careſs; I ſay literally, to careſs, for never did it enter into her imagination to deny me the tendereſt maternal kiſſes and endearments, or into my heart to abuſe them. It will be ſaid, at length our connection was of a different kind: I confeſs it; but have patience, that will come in its turn.

The ſudden ſight of her, on our firſt interview was the only truly paſſionate moment ſhe ever inſpired me with; and even that was principally the work of ſurprize. With her I had neither tranſports or deſires, but remained in a raviſhing calm, ſenſible of a happineſs I could not define, and thus could I have paſſed my whole life, or even eternity, without feeling an inſtant of uneaſineſs.

She was the only perſon with whom I never experienced that want of converſation, which to me

me is ſo painful to endure. Our *tête-à-têtes* were rather an inexhauſtible chat than converſation, which could only conclude from interruption. So far from finding diſcourſe difficult, I rather thought it a hardſhip to be ſilent; unleſs, when contemplating her projects, ſhe ſunk into a reverie; when I ſilently let her meditate, and gazing on her was the happieſt of men. I had another ſingular fancy, which was, that without pretending to the favour of a *tete-a-tete*, I was perpetually ſeeking occaſion to form them, enjoying ſuch opportunities with rapture; and when importunate viſitors broke in upon us, no matter whether it was man or woman, I went out murmuring, not being able to remain a ſecondary object in her company; then, counting the minutes in her anti-chamber, I uſed to curſe theſe eternal viſitors, thinking it inconceivable how they could find ſo much to ſay, becauſe I had ſtill more.

If ever I felt the full force of my attachment, it was when I did not ſee her. When in her preſence, I was only content; when abſent my uneaſineſs reached almoſt to melancholy, and a wiſh to live with her gave me emotions of tenderneſs even to tears. Never ſhall I forget one great holiday, while ſhe was at veſpers, when I took a

walk out of the city, my heart full of her image, and the ardent wiſh to paſs my life with her. I could eaſily enough ſee that at preſent this was impoſſible; that the happineſs I enjoyed would be of ſhort duration, and this idea gave to my contemplations a tincture of melancholy, which, however, was not gloomy, but tempered with a flattering hope. The ringing of bells, which ever particularly affects me, the ſinging of birds, the fineneſs of the day, the beauty of the landſcape, the ſcattered country houſes, among which in idea I placed our future dwelling, altogether ſtruck me with an impreſſion ſo lively, tender, melancholy, and powerful, that I ſaw myſelf in extacy tranſported into that happy time and abode, where my heart, poſſeſſing all the felicity it could deſire, might taſte it with raptures inexpreſſible. I never recollect to have enjoyed the future with ſuch force of illuſion as at that time; and what has particularly ſtruck me in the recollection of this reverie, is that when realized, I found my ſituation exactly as I had imagined it. If ever waking dream had the appearance of a prophetic viſion, it was aſſuredly this; I was only deceived in its imaginary duration, for days, years, and life itſelf, paſſed ideally in perfect tranquility, while the reality laſted but a moment. Alas! my moſt durable happineſs was

but

but as a dream, which I had no ſooner had a glimpſe of, than I inſtantly awoke.

I know not when I ſhould have done, if I was to enter into a detail of all the follies that affection for my dear Madame de Warrens made me commit. When abſent from her, how often have I kiſſed the bed on a ſuppoſition that ſhe had ſlept there; the curtains and all the furniture of my chamber, on recollecting they were her's, and that her charming hands had touched them; nay, the floor itſelf, when I conſidered ſhe had walked there. Sometimes, even in her preſence, extravagances eſcaped me, which only the moſt violent paſſion ſeemed capable of inſpiring; in a word, there was but one eſſential difference to diſtinguiſh me from an abſolute lover, and that particular renders my ſituation almoſt inconceivable.

I had returned from Italy, not abſolutely as I went there, but as no one of my age, perhaps, ever did before, being equally unacquainted with women. My ardent conſtitution had found reſources in thoſe means by which youth of my diſpoſition ſometimes preſerve their purity at the expence of health, vigour, and frequently of life it-

ſelf. My local ſituation ſhould likewiſe be conſidered—living with a pretty woman, cheriſhing her image in the bottom of my heart, ſeeing her during the whole day, at night ſurrounded with objects that recalled her inceſſantly to my remembrance, and ſleeping in the bed where I knew ſhe had ſlept. What a ſituation! Who can read this without ſuppoſing me on the brink of the grave? But quite the contrary; that which might have ruined me, acted as a preſervative, at leaſt for a time. Intoxicated with the charm of living with her, with the ardent deſire of paſſing my life there, abſent or preſent I ſaw in her a tender mother, an amiable ſiſter, a reſpected friend, but nothing more; meantime her image filled my heart, and left room for no other object. The extreme tenderneſs with which ſhe inſpired me excluded every other woman from my conſideration, and preſerved me from her whole ſex: in a word, I was virtuous becauſe I loved her. Let theſe particulars, which I recount but indifferently, be conſidered, and then let any one judge what kind of attachment I had for her: for my part, all I can ſay is, that if it hitherto appears extraordinary, it will appear much more ſo in the ſequel.

My

My time paſſed in the moſt agreeable manner, though occupied in a way which was by no means calculated to pleaſe me; ſuch as having projects to digeſt, bills to write fair, receipts to tranſcribe, herbs to pick, drugs to pound, or diſtillations to attend; and, in the midſt of all this, came crowds of travellers, beggars and viſitors of all denominations. Sometimes it was neceſſary to converſe at the ſame time with a ſoldier, an apothecary, a prebendary, a fine lady, and a lay brother. I grumbled, ſwore, and wiſhed all this troubleſome medley at the devil, while ſhe ſeemed to enjoy it, laughing at my chagrin till the tears ran down her cheeks. What excited her mirth ſtill more, was to ſee that my anger was encreaſed by not being able myſelf to refrain from laughter. Theſe little intervals, in which I enjoyed the pleaſure of grumbling, were charming, and if during the diſpute another importunate viſitor arrived, ſhe would add to her amuſement by maliciouſly prolonging the viſit, meantime caſting glances at me for which I could almoſt have beat her: nor could ſhe without difficulty refrain laughing on ſeeing my conſtrained politeneſs, though every moment glancing at her the look of a fury, while even in ſpight of myſelf, I thought the ſcene truly diverting.

All this, without being pleaſing in itſelf, contributed to amuſe, becauſe it made up part of a life which I thought delightful. Nothing that was performed around me, nothing that I was obliged to do, ſuited my taſte, but every thing ſuited my heart; and I believe, at length, I ſhould have liked the ſtudy of medicine, had not my natural diſtaſte to it, perpetually engaged us in whimſical ſcenes, that prevented my thinking of it in a ſerious light. It was, perhaps, the firſt time that this art produced mirth. I pretended to diſtinguiſh a phyſical book by its ſmell, and what was more diverting, was ſeldom miſtaken. Madame de Warrens made me taſte the moſt nauſeous drugs: in vain I ran, or endeavoured to defend myſelf; ſpite of reſiſtance or wry faces, ſpite of my ſtruggles, or even of my teeth, when I ſaw her charming fingers approach my lips, I was obliged to give up the conteſt.

When ſhut up in an apartment with all her medical apparatus, any one to have heard us running and ſhouting amidſt peals of laughter, would rather have imagined we had been acting a farce than preparing opiates or elixirs.

My time, however, was not entirely paſſed in theſe fooleries; in the apartment which I occupied I found a few books: there was the Spectator, Puffendorf, St. Evremond, and the Henriade. Though I had not my old paſſion for books, yet I amuſed myſelf with reading a part of them. The Spectator was particularly pleaſing and ſerviceable to me. The Abbe de Gauvon had taught me to read leſs eagerly, and with a greater degree of attention, which rendered my ſtudies more ſerviceable. I accuſtomed myſelf to reflect on elocution and the elegance of compoſition; exerciſing myſelf in diſcerning pure French from my provincial idiom. For example, I corrected an orthographical fault (which I had in common with all Geneveſe) by theſe two lines of the Henriade:

Soit qu'un ancient reſpect pour le ſang de leurs maîtres,
Parlât encore pour lui dans le cœur de ces traîtres.

I was ſtruck with the word *parlat*, and found a *t* was neceſſary to form the third perſon of the ſubjunctive, whereas I had always wrote and pronounced *parla*, as in the preſent of the indicative.

Sometimes my ſtudies were the ſubject of converſation with Madame de Warrens; ſometimes I read to her, in which I found great ſatisfaction;

and as I endeavoured to read well, it was extremely ſerviceable to me. I have already obſerved that her mind was cultivated; her underſtanding was at this time in its meridian. Several people of learning having been aſſiduous to ingratiate themſelves, had taught her to diſtinguiſh works of merit; but her taſte (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) was rather Proteſtant; ever ſpeaking warmly of Bayle, and highly eſteeming St. Evremont, though long ſince almoſt forgotten in France: but this did not prevent her having a taſte for literature, or expreſſing her thoughts with elegance. She had been brought up with polite company, and coming young to Savoy, by aſſociating with people of the beſt faſhion, had loſt the affected manners of her own country, where the ladies miſtake wit for ſenſe, and only ſpeak in epigram.

Though ſhe had ſeen the court but ſuperficially, that glance was ſufficient to give her a competent idea of it; and notwithſtanding ſecret jealouſies and the murmurs excited by her conduct and running in debt, ſhe ever preſerved friends there, and never loſt her penſion. She knew the world, and was poſſeſſed of ſenſe and reflection to make her experience uſeful. This was her favourite theme in our converſations, and was directly oppo-

ſite

ſite to my chimerical ideas, though the kind of inſtruction I particularly had occaſion for. We read Bruyere together; he pleaſed her more than Rochefoucault, who is a dull melancholy author, particularly to youth who are not fond of contemplating man as he really is. In moralizing, ſhe ſometimes bewildered herſelf by the length of her diſcourſe; but by kiſſing her lips or hand from time to time, I was eaſily conſoled, and never found them weariſome.

This life was too delightful to be laſting: I felt this, and the uneaſineſs that thought gave me was the only thing that diſturbed my enjoyment. Even in playfulneſs ſhe ſtudied my diſpoſition, obſerved and interrogated me, forming projects for my future fortune, which I could readily have diſpenſed with. Happily it was not ſufficient to know my diſpoſition, inclinations and talents; it was likewiſe neceſſary to find a ſituation in which they would be uſeful, and this was not the work of a day. Even the prejudices this good woman had conceived in favour of my merit put off the time of calling it into action, by rendering her more difficult in the choice of means: thus (thanks to the good opinion ſhe entertained of me) every thing anſwered to my

wiſh;

wiſh; but a change ſoon happened which put a period to my tranquility.

A relation of Madame de Warrens, named M. d'Aubonne came to ſee her: a man of great underſtanding and intrigue, being like her fond of projects, though careful not to ruin himſelf by them. He had offered Cardinal Fleury a very compact plan for a lottery, which, however, had not been approved of, and he was now going to propoſe it to the court of Turin, where it was accepted and put in execution. He remained ſome time at Annecy, where he fell in love with the Intendant's lady, who was very amiable, much to my taſte, and the only perſon I ſaw with pleaſure at the houſe of Madame de Warrens. M. d'Aubonne ſaw me, I was ſtrongly recommended by his relation, he promiſed, therefore, to queſtion and ſee what I was fit for, and, if he found me capable, to ſeek me a ſituation. Madame de Warrens ſent me to him two or three mornings, under pretence of meſſages, without acquainting me with her real intention. He ſpoke to me gaily, on various ſubjects, without any appearance of obſervation; his familiarity preſently ſet me a talking, which by his chearful and jeſting manner he encouraged without reſtraint——I was abſolutely charmed with him.

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The reſult of his obſervations was, that notwithſtanding the animation of my countenance, and promiſing exterior, if not abſolutely ſilly, I was a lad of very little ſenſe, and without ideas or learning; in fine very ignorant in all reſpects, and if I could arrive at being curate of ſome village, it was the utmoſt honour I ought ever to aſpire to. Such was the account he gave of me to Madame de Warrens. This was not the firſt time ſuch an opinion had been formed of me; neither was it the laſt, the judgment of M. Maſſeron having been repeatedly confirmed.

The cauſe of theſe opinions is too much connected with my character not to need a particular explanation; for it will not be ſuppoſed that I can in conſcience ſubſcribe to them: and, with all poſſible impartiality, whatever M. Maſſeron, M. d'Aubonne and many others may have ſaid, I cannot help thinking them miſtaken.

Two things very oppoſite unite in me, and in a manner which I cannot myſelf conceive. My diſpoſition is extremely ardent, my paſſions lively and impetuous, yet my ideas are produced ſlowly, with great embarraſſment and much afterthought. It might be ſaid my heart and under-

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ſtanding do not belong to the ſame individual. A ſentiment takes poſſeſſion of my ſoul with the rapidity of lightning, but inſtead of illuminating, it dazzles and confounds me; I feel all, but ſee nothing; I am warm, but ſtupid; to think, I muſt be cool. What is aſtoniſhing, my conception is clear and penetrating, if not hurried: I can make excellent impromptus at leiſure, but on the inſtant could never ſay or do any thing worth notice. I could hold a tolerable converſation by the poſt, as they ſay the Spaniards play at cheſs, and when I read that anecdote of a duke of Savoy, who turned himſelf round while on a journey to cry out; *à votre gorge, marchand de Paris!* I ſaid, "here is a trait of my character!"

This ſlowneſs of thought, joined to vivacity of feeling, I am not only ſenſible of in converſation, but even alone. When I write, my ideas are arranged with the utmoſt difficulty. They glance on my imagination and ferment, till they diſcompoſe heat, and bring on a palpitation; during this ſtate of agitation I ſee nothing properly, cannot write a ſingle word, and muſt wait till it is over. Inſenſibly the agitation ſubſides, the chaos acquires form, and each circumſtance takes its proper place. Have you never ſeen an opera in Italy? where during

ring the change of ſcene every thing is in confuſion, the decorations are intermingled, and any one would ſuppoſe that all would be overthrown, yet by little and little every thing is arranged, nothing appears wanting, and we feel ſurprized to ſee the tumult ſucceeded by the moſt delightful ſpectacle. This is a reſemblance of what paſſes in my brain when I attempt to write; had I always waited till that confuſion was paſt, and then painted in their natural beauties the objects that had preſented themſelves, few authors would have ſurpaſſed me.

Thence ariſes the extreme difficulty I find in writing; my manuſcripts blotted, ſcratched, interlined, and ſcarcely legible, atteſt the trouble they coſt me; nor is there one of them but I have been obliged to tranſcribe four or five times before it went to the preſs. Never could I do any thing when placed at a table, pen in hand; it muſt be walking among the rocks, or in the woods; it is at night in my bed, during my wakeful hours that I compoſe: it may be judged how ſlowly, particularly for a man who has not the advantage of verbal memory, and never in his life could retain by heart ſix verſes. Some of my periods I have turned and returned in my head for five or ſix nights

before

before they were fit to be put to paper: thus it is that I ſucceed better in works that require laborious attention, than thoſe that appear more trivial, ſuch as letters, in which I could never ſucceed, and being obliged to write one is to me a ſerious puniſhment; nor can I expreſs my thoughts on the moſt trifling ſubject without its coſting me hours of fatigue. If I write immediately what ſtrikes me, my letter is a long, confuſed, unconnected ſtring of expreſſions, which, when read, can hardly be underſtood.

It is not only painful to me to give language to my ideas, but even to receive them. I have ſtudied mankind, and think myſelf a tolerable obſerver, yet I know nothing from what I ſee, but all from what I remember, nor have I underſtanding, except in my recollections. From all that is ſaid, from all that paſſes in my preſence, I feel nothing, conceive nothing, the exterior ſign being all that ſtrikes me: afterwards it returns to my remembrance; I recollect the place, the time, the manner, look, and geſture, not a circumſtance eſcapes me; it is then, from what has been done or ſaid that I imagine what has been thought, and I have rarely found myſelf miſtaken.

So little maſter of my underſtanding when alone, let any one judge what I muſt be in converſation, where to ſpeak with any degree of eaſe you muſt think of a thouſand things at the ſame time; the bare idea that I ſhould forget ſomething material would be ſufficient to intimidate me. Nor can I comprehend how people can have the confidence to converſe in large companies, where each word muſt paſs in review before ſo many; and where it would be requiſite to know their ſeveral characters and hiſtories to avoid ſaying what might give offence. In this particular, thoſe who frequent the world would have a great advantage, as they know better where to be ſilent, and can ſpeak with greater confidence; yet even they ſometimes let fall abſurdities; in what predicament then muſt he be who drops as it were from the clouds? It is almoſt impoſſible he ſhould ſpeak ten minutes with impunity.

In a *tete-a-tete* there is a ſtill worſe inconvenience; that is, the neceſſity of talking perpetually, at leaſt of anſwering when ſpoke to, and keeping up the converſation when the other is ſilent. This inſupportable conſtraint is alone ſufficient to diſguſt me with variety, for I cannot form an idea of a greater torment than being obliged

obliged to ſpeak continually without time for recollection. I know not whether it proceeds from my mortal hatred to all conſtraint; but if I am obliged to ſpeak, I infallibly talk nonſenſe. What is ſtill worſe, inſtead of learning how to be ſilent, when I have abſolutely nothing to ſay, it is generally at ſuch times that I have a violent inclination for talking; and endeavouring to pay my debt of converſation as ſpeedily as poſſible, I haſtily gabble a number of words without ideas, happy when they only chance to mean nothing: thus endeavouring to conquer or hide my incapacity, I rarely fail to ſhew it.

I think I have ſaid enough to ſhew that though not a fool I have frequently paſſed for one, even among people capable of judging; this was the more vexatious, as my phyſiognomy and eyes promiſed otherwiſe, and expectation being fruſtrated, my ſtupidity appeared the more ſhocking. This detail, which a particular occaſion gave birth to, will not be uſeleſs in the ſequel, being a key to many of my actions which might otherwiſe appear unaccountable, and have been attributed to a ſavage humour I do not poſſeſs. I love ſociety as much as any man, was I not certain to exhibit myſelf in it, not only diſadvantageouſly, but totally

tally different from what I really am. The plan I have adopted of writing and retirement, is what exactly ſuits me. Had I been preſent my worth would never have been known, no one would even have ſuſpected it; thus it was with Madame Dupin, a woman of ſenſe, in whoſe houſe I lived for ſeveral years; indeed ſhe has often, ſince, owned it to me, though on the whole this rule may be ſubject to ſome exceptions. I ſhall now return to my hiſtory.

The eſtimate of my talents thus fixed, the ſituation I was capable of premiſed, the queſtion only remained how to render me capable of fulfilling my deſtined vocation. The principal difficulty was I did not know latin enough for a prieſt. Madame de Warrens determined to have me taught for ſome time at the Seminary, and accordingly ſpoke of it to the Superior, who was a Lazariſt, called M. Gras; a good natured little fellow, half blind, meagre, grey haired, inſenſible, and th leaſt pedantic of any Lazariſt I ever knew; which, in fact, is ſaying no great matter.

He frequently viſited Madame de Warrens, who entertained, careſſed and made much of him, letting him ſometimes lace her ſtays, an office he

was willing enough to perform. While thus employed, ſhe would run about the room, this way or that, as occaſion happened to call her. Drawn by the lure, Monſieur the Superior followed, grumbling, repeating every moment, " But Madame, Madame, do ſtand ſtill," the whole forming a ſcene truly diverting.

M. Gras gave willingly into the project of Madame de Warrens, and for a very moderate penſion, charged himſelf with the care of inſtructing me. The conſent of the Biſhop was all that remained neceſſary, who not only granted it, but offered to pay the penſion, permitting me to remain in the ſecular habit, till they could judge by a trial what ſucceſs they might have in my improvement.

What a change ! but I was obliged to ſubmit; though I went to the Seminary, with about the ſame ſpirits as if they had been taking me to execution. What a melancholy abode ! eſpecially for one who left the houſe of a pretty woman. I carried only one book with me, that I had borrowed of Madame de Warrens, and found it a capital reſource ! It will not be eaſily conjectured what kind of book this was——it was a muſic-book. Among the talents ſhe had cultivated muſic was not

not forgot, ſhe had voice, ſung agreeably, and played on the harpſichord, She had taken the pains to give me ſome leſſons in ſinging, though before I was very uninformed in that reſpect, hardly knowing the muſic of our pſalms. Eight or ten interrupted leſſons, far from putting me in a condition to improve myſelf, did not teach me half the notes; notwithſtanding, I had ſuch a paſſion for the art, that I determined to exercise myſelf alone. The book I took was not of the moſt eaſy kind; it was the cantatas of Clerambault. It may be conceived with what attention and perſeverence I ſtudied, when I inform my reader, that without knowing any thing of tranſpoſition or quantity, I contrived to ſing, with tolerable correctneſs, the firſt recitative and air in the cantata of Alpheus and Arethuſa: it is true this air is ſo juſtly ſet, that it is only neceſſary to recite the verſes in their juſt meaſure to catch the muſic.

There was at the Seminary a curſt Lazariſt, who by undertaking to teach me latin, made me deteſt it. His hair was coarſe, black and greaſy, his face like thoſe formed in gingerbread, the voice of a buffalo, the countenance of an owl, and the briſtles of a boar in lieu of a beard; his ſmile was ſardonic, and his limbs played like thoſe of a puppet

pet moved by wires. I have forget his odious name, but the remembrance of his frightful precife figure remains with me, though hardly can I recollect it without trembling; efpecially when I call to mind our meeting in the gallery, when he gracioufly advanced his filthy fquare cap as a fign for for me to enter his apartment, which appeared more difmal in my apprehenfion than a dungeon. Let any one judge the contraft between my prefent mafter and the elegant Abbe de Gauvon.

Had I remained two months at the mercy of this monfter I am certain my head could not have fuftained it; but the good M. Gras, perceiving I was melancholy, grew thin, and did not eat my victuals, gueffed the caufe of my uneafinefs (which indeed was not very difficult) and taking me from the claws of this beaft, by another yet more marking contraft, placed me with the gentleft of men, a young Faucigneran Abbe, named M. Gatier, who ftudied at the Seminary, and out of complaifance for M. Gras and humanity to myfelf, fpared fome time from the profecution of his own ftudies in order to direct to mine. Never did I fee a more pleafing countenance than that of M. Gatier. He was fair complexioned, his beard rather inclining to red, his behaviour, like that of the generality

of

of his countrymen (who under a coarſeneſs of figure conceal much underſtanding) marked in him a truly ſenſible and affectionate ſoul. In his large blue eyes was a mixture of ſoftneſs, tenderneſs and melancholy, which made it impoſſible to ſee him without feeling one's ſelf intereſted. From the looks and manner of this young Abbe he might have been ſuppoſed to have foreſeen his deſtiny, and that he was born to be unhappy.

His diſpoſition did not belie his phyſiognomy: full of patience and complaiſance, he rather appeared to ſtudy with, than inſtruct me. So much was not neceſſary to make me love him, his predeceſſor having rendered that very eaſy; yet, notwithſtanding all the time he beſtowed on me, notwithſtanding our mutual good inclinations, and that his plan of teaching was excellent, with much labour, I made little progreſs. It is very ſingular that with a clear conception I could never learn much from maſters, except my father and M. Lambercier; the little I know beſides I have learned alone, as will be ſeen hereafter. My ſpirit, impatient of every ſpecies of conſtraint, cannot ſubmit to the law of the moment; even the fear of not learning prevents my being attentive, and a dread of wearying thoſe who teach, makes me feign to

underſtand them; thus they proceed faſter than I can comprehend, and the concluſion is, I learn nothing. My underſtanding muſt take its own time and cannot ſubmit to that of another.

The time of ordination being arrived, M. Gatier returned to his province as Deacon, leaving with me gratitude, attachment, and ſorrow for his loſs. The vows I made for him were no more anſwered than thoſe I offered for myſelf. Some years after I learned, that being Vicar of a pariſh, a young girl was with child by him, being the only one (though he poſſeſſed a very tender heart) with whom he was ever in love. This was a dreadful ſcandal in a dioceſs ſeverely governed, where the prieſts (being under good regulation) ought never to have children—except by married women. Having infringed this political law, he was put in priſon, defamed and driven from his benefice. I know not whether it was ever after in his power to re-eſtabliſh his affairs; but the remembrance of his misfortunes, which were deeply engraven on my heart, ſtruck me when I wrote Emilius, and uniting M. Gatier with M. Gaime, I formed from theſe two worthy prieſts the character of the Savoyard Vicar, and flatter myſelf the imitation has not diſhonoured the originals.

While

While I was at the Seminary M. d'Aubonne was obliged to quit Annecy, M. *** being difpleafed that he made love to his wife, which was acting like a dog in the manger, for though Madame *** was extremely amiable, he lived very ill with her, treating her with fuch brutality that a feparation was talked of. M. *** was a difagreeable man, a mole could not be blacker, nor an owl more knavifh, who, by repeated oppreffions, at length procured a difmiffion from his employment. 'Tis faid the provincials revenge themfelves on their enemies by fongs; M. d'Aubonne revenged himfelf on his by a comedy, which he fent to Madame de Warrens, who fhewed it to me. I was pleafed with it, and immediately conceived the idea of writing one, to try whether I was fo filly as the author had pronounced me. This project was not executed till I went to Chambery, where I wrote *The lover of himfelf*. Thus when I faid, in the preface to that piece, " it was written at eighteen," I cut off a few years.

Nearly about this time an event happened, not very important in itfelf, but whofe confequences affected me, and made a noife in the world when I had forgot it. Once a week I was permitted to go out, it is not neceffary to fay what ufe I made

of this liberty. Being one Sunday at Madame de Warrens's, a building belonging to the Cordeliers, which joined her houſe, took fire; this building, which contained their oven, being full of dry faggots, blazed violently and greatly endangered the houſe; for the wind happening to drive the flames that way, it was covered with them. The furniture, therefore, was haſtily got out and carried into the garden which fronted the windows, on the other ſide the before mentioned brook. I was ſo alarmed that I threw indiſcriminately every thing that came to hand out of the window, even to a large ſtone mortar, which at another time I ſhould have found it difficult to remove, and ſhould have thrown a handſome looking glaſs after it, had not ſome one prevented me. The good Biſhop, who that day was viſiting Madame de Warrens, did not remain idle; he took her into the garden, where they went to prayers with the reſt that were aſſembled there, and where ſome time afterwards, I found them on their knees, and preſently joined them. While the good man was at his devotions the wind changed ſo ſuddenly and critically, that the flames, which had covered the houſe and already began to enter the windows, were carried to the other ſide of the court, and the houſe received no damage. Two years after, Monſieur de Berner being dead, the

Antonines

Antonines, his former brethren, began to collect anecdotes which might ſerve as arguments of his beatification; at the deſire of Father Baudet, I joined to theſe an atteſtation of what I have juſt related, in doing which, though I atteſted no more than the truth, I certainly acted ill, as it tended to make an indifferent occurrence paſs for a miracle. I had ſeen the Biſhop in prayer, and had likewiſe ſeen the wind change during that prayer, and even much to the purpoſe, all this I could certify truly; but that one of theſe facts was the cauſe of the other, I ought not to have atteſted, becauſe it is what I could not poſſibly be aſſured of. Thus much I may ſay, that as far as I can recollect what my ideas were at that time, I was ſincerely, and in good earneſt, a Catholic. Love of the marvelous is natural to the human heart; my veneration for the virtuous prelate, and ſecret pride in having, perhaps, contributed to the event in queſtion, all helped to ſeduce me; and certainly, if this miracle was the effect of ardent prayer, I had a right to claim a ſhare of the merit.

More than thirty years after, when I publiſhed the *Lettres de la Montagne*, M. Freron, (I know not by what means) diſcovered this atteſtation, and made uſe of it in his paper. I muſt confeſs, the

difcovery was very critically timed, and appeared very diverting, even to me.

I was deftined to be the outcaft of every condition; for, notwithftanding M. Gatier gave the moft favourable account he poffibly could of my ftudies, they plainly faw the improvement I received bore no proportion to the pains taken to inftruct me, which was no encouragement to continue them: the Bifhop and Superior, therefore, were difheartened, and I was fent back to Madame de Warrens, as a fubject not even fit to make a prieft of; but as they allowed, at the fame time, that I was a tolerable good lad, and far from being vicious, this account counter-balanced the former, and determined her not to abandon me.

I carried back in triumph the dear mufic-book, which had been fo ufeful to me, the air of Alpheus and Arethufa being almoft all I had learned at the Seminary. My predilection for this art ftarted the idea of making a mufician of me. A convenient opportunity offered: once a week, at leaft, fhe had a concert at her houfe, and the mufic-mafter from the Cathedral, who directed this little band, came frequently to fee her. This was a Parifian, named M. le Maitre, a good compofer,

poſer, very lively, gay, young, well made, of little underſtanding, but, upon the whole, a good ſort of a man. Madame de Warrens made us acquainted; I attached myſelf to him, and he ſeemed not diſpleaſed with me. A penſion was talked of, and agreed on; in ſhort, I went home with him, and paſſed the Winter the more agreeably at his chambers, as they were not above twenty paces diſtant from Madame de Warrens's, where we frequently ſupped together. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed that this ſituation, ever gay, and ſinging with the muſicians and children of the choir, was more pleaſing to me than the Seminary and fathers of St. Lazarus. This life, though free, was regular; here I learned to prize independence, but never to abuſe it. For ſix whole months I never once went out, except to ſee Madame de Warrens, or to church, nor had I any inclination to it.—This interval is one of thoſe in which I enjoyed the greateſt ſatisfaction, and which I have ever recollected with pleaſure. Among the various ſituations I have been placed in, ſome were marked with ſuch an idea of virtuous ſatisfaction, that the bare remembrance affects me as if they were yet preſent. I recollect the time, the place, the perſons, and even the temperature of the air, while the lively idea of a certain local impreſſion pecu-

 liar

liar to thoſe times, tranſports me back again to the very ſpot: for example, all that was repeated at our meetings, all that was ſung in the choir, every thing that paſſed there; the beautiful and noble habit of the canons, the chaſubles of the prieſts, the mitres of the ſingers, the perſons of the muſicians; an old lame carpenter who played the counter-baſs, a little fair Abbe who performed on the violin, the ragged caſſock which M. le Maitre (after taking off his ſword) uſed to put over his ſecular habit, and the fine ſurplice with which he covered the rags of the former, when he went to the choir; the pride with which I held my little flute to my lips, and ſeated myſelf in the orcheſtra, to aſſiſt in a recitative which M. le Maitre had compoſed on purpoſe for me; the good dinner that afterwards awaited us, and the good appetites we carried to it. This concourſe of objects, ſtrongly retraced in my memory, has charmed me a hundred times as much, or perhaps more, than ever the reality had done. I have always preſerved an affection for a certain air of the *Conditor alme ſyderum*, becauſe one Sunday in Advent I heard that hymn ſung on the ſteps of the Cathedral (according to the cuſtom of that place) as I lay in bed before day-break. Mademoiſelle Merceret, Madame de Warrens's chambermaid, knew ſomething

thing of mufic; I fhall never forget a little piece that M. le Maitre made me fing with her, and which her miftrefs liftened to with great fatisfaction. In a word, every particular, even down to the fervant Perrine, whom the boys of the choir took fuch a delight in teizing. The remembrance of thefe times of happinefs and innocence frequently returning to my mind, both ravifh and affect me.

I lived at Annecy during a year without the leaft reproach, giving univerfal fatisfaction. Since my departure from Turin, I had been guilty of no folly, committing none while under the eye of Madame de Warrens. She was my conductor, and ever led me right, my attachment for her became my only paffion, and what proves it was not a giddy one, my heart and underftanding were in unifon. It is true that a fingle fentiment, abforbing all my faculties, put me out of a capacity of learning even mufic; but this was not my fault, fince to the ftrongeft inclination I added the utmoft affiduity. I was inattentive and thoughtful; what could I do? Nothing was wanting towards my progrefs that depended on me; meantime, it only required a fubject that might infpire me to occafion the commiffion of new follies; that fub-

ject presented itself, chance arranged it, and (as will be seen hereafter) my inconsiderate head gave into it.

One evening, in the month of February, when it was very cold, being all set round the fire, we heard some one knock at the street door. Perrine took a light, went down and opened it: a young man entering, came up stairs, presented himself with an easy air, and making M. le Maitre a short but well-turned compliment, announced himself as a French musician, constrained by the ill state of his finances to take this liberty. The heart of the good Le Maitre leaped at the name of a French musician, for he passionately loved both his country and profession; he therefore offered the young traveller his service and the use of his apartment, which he appeared to stand much in need of, and which he accepted without much ceremony. I observed him while he was chatting and warming himself before supper; he was short and thick, having some fault in his shape, though without any particular deformity; he had (if I may so express myself) an appearance of being hunch-backed, with flat shoulders, and I think he limped. He wore a black coat, rather torn than old, which hung in tatters, a very fine but dirty

shirt,

ſhirt, frayed ruffles; a pair of ſpatterdaſhes ſo large, that he could have put both his legs into either of them, and, to ſecure himſelf from the ſnow, a little hat, only fit to be carried under the arm. With this whimſical equipage he had, however, ſomething elegant in his manner and converſation; his countenance was expreſſive and agreeable, and he ſpoke with facility if not with modeſty; in ſhort, every thing about him bore the marks of a young debauchee, who did not crave aſſiſtance like a beggar, but as a thoughtleſs mad-cap. He told us his name was Venture de Villeneuve, that he came from Paris, had loſt his way, and ſeeming to forget that he had announced himſelf for a muſician, added, that he was going to Grenoble to ſee a relation that was a member of the Parliament.

During ſupper we talked of muſic, on which ſubject he ſpoke well: he knew all the great virtuoſi, all the celebrated works, all the actors, actreſſes, pretty women, and powerful lords; in ſhort, nothing was mentioned but what he ſeemed thoroughly acquainted with. Though no ſooner was any topic ſtarted, than by ſome drollery, which ſet every one a laughing, he made them forget what had been ſaid. This was on a Saturday

day; the next day there was to be mufic at the cathedral: M. le Maitre afked if he would fing there—"Very willingly."—What part would he choofe?—"The counter-tenor;" and immediately began fpeaking of other things. Before he went to church they offered him his part to perufe, but he did not even look at it. This gafconade furprized Le Maitre—"You'll fee," faid he, whifpering to me, "that he does not know a fingle note."—I replied, "I am very much afraid of him." I followed them into the church; but was extremely uneafy, and when they began, my heart beat violently, fo much was I interefted in his behalf.

I was prefently out of my pain: he fung his two recitatives with all imaginable tafte and judgment; and what was yet more, with a very agreeable voice. I never enjoyed a more pleafing furprize. After mafs, M. Venture received the higheft compliments from the canons and muficians, which he anfwered jokingly, though with great grace. M. le Maitre embraced him heartily; I did the fame; he faw I was rejoiced at his fuccefs, and appeared pleafed at my fatisfaction.

It

It will eaſily be ſurmiſed, that after having been delighted with M. Bacle, who had little to attract my admiration, I ſhould be infatuated with M. Venture, who had education, wit, talents, and a knowledge of the world, and might be called a very agreeable rake. This was exactly what happened, and would, I believe, have happened to any other young man in my place; eſpecially ſuppoſing him poſſeſſed of better judgment to diſtinguiſh merit, and more propenſity to be engaged by it; for Venture doubtleſs poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare, and one in particular, very rare at his age, namely, that of never being in haſte to diſplay his talents. It is true he boaſted of many things he did not understand, but of thoſe he knew (which were very numerous) he ſaid nothing, patiently waiting ſome occaſion to diſplay them, which he then did with eaſe, though without forwardneſs, and thus gave them more effect. As there was ever ſome intermiſſion between the proofs of his various abilities, it was impoſſible to conjecture whether he had ever diſcovered all his talents. Playful, giddy, inexhauſtible, ſeducing in converſation, ever ſmiling, but never laughing, and repeating the rudeſt things in the moſt elegant manner. Even the moſt modeſt women were aſtoniſhed at what they endured from him: it was in vain for them to determine to be

angry, they could not aſſume the appearance of it. It was extraordinary that with ſo many agreeable talents, in a country where they are ſo well underſtood, and ſo much admired, he ſo long remained only a muſician.

My attachment to M. Venture, more reaſonable in its cauſe, was alſo leſs extravagant in its effects, though more lively and durable than that I had conceived for M. Bacle. I loved to ſee him, to hear him, all his actions appeared charming, every thing he ſaid was an oracle to me, but the enchantment did not extend far enough to diſable me from quitting him. I ſpoke of him with tranſport to Madame de Warrens, Le Maitre likewiſe ſpoke in his praiſe, and ſhe conſented we ſhould bring him to her houſe. This interview did not ſucceed; he thought her affected, ſhe found him a libertine, and alarmed that I had formed ſuch an ill acquaintance, not only forbade me bringing him there again, but likewiſe painted ſo ſtrongly the danger I ran with this young man, that I became a little more circumſpect in giving into the attachment; and very happily, both for my manners and wits, we were ſoon ſeparated.

M. le

M. le Maitre, like moſt of his profeſſion, loved good wine; at table he was moderate, but when buſy in his cloſet he muſt drink. His maid was ſo well acquainted with this humour, that no ſooner had he prepared his paper to compoſe, and taken his violoncello, than the bottle and glaſs arrived, and was repleniſhed from time to time: thus, without ever being abſolutely intoxicated, he was uſually in a ſtate of elevation. This was really unfortunate, for he had a good heart, and was ſo playful, that Madame de Warrens uſed to call him *the kitten*. Unhappily, he loved his profeſſion, laboured much, and drank proportionally, which injured his health, and at length ſoured his temper. Sometimes he was gloomy and eaſily offended, though incapable of rudeneſs, or giving offence to any one, for never did he utter a harſh word, even to the boys of the choir: on the other hand, he would not ſuffer another to offend him, which was but juſt: the misfortune was, having little underſtanding, he did not properly diſcriminate, and was often angry without cauſe.

The Chapter of Geneva, where ſo many Princes and Biſhops formerly thought it an honour to be ſeated, though in exile it loſt its ancient ſplendor, retained (without any diminution) its pride. To

be

be admitted, you muſt either be a gentleman or Doctor of Sorbonne. If there is a pardonable pride, after that derived from perſonal merit, it is doubtleſs that ariſing from birth, though, in general, prieſts having laymen in their ſervice, treat them with ſufficient haughtineſs, and thus the Canons behaved to poor Le Maitre. The chanter, in particular, who was called the Abbe de Vidonne, in other reſpects a well behaved man, but too full of his nobility, did not always ſhew him the attention his talents merited. M. le Maitre could not bear theſe indignities patiently; and this year, during paſſion week, they had a more ſerious diſpute than ordinary. At an inſtitution dinner that the Biſhop gave the Canons, and to which Le Maitre was always invited, the Abbe failed in ſome formality, adding, at the ſame time, ſome harſh words, which the other could not digeſt, he inſtantly formed the reſolution to quit them the following night; nor could any conſideration make him give up his deſign, though Madame de Warrens (whom he went to take leave of) ſpared no pains to appeaſe him. He could not relinquiſh the pleaſure of leaving his tyrants embarraſſed for the Eaſter feaſt, at which time he knew they ſtood in greateſt need of him. He was moſt concerned about his muſic, which he wiſhed

to

to take with him; but this could not eaſily be accompliſhed, as it filled a large caſe, was very heavy, and could not be carried under the arm.

Madame de Warrens did what I ſhould have done in her ſituation; and, indeed, what I ſhould yet do: after many uſeleſs efforts to retain him, ſeeing he was reſolved to depart, whatever might be the event, ſhe formed the reſolution to give him every poſſible aſſiſtance. I muſt confeſs Le Maitre deſerved it of her, for he was (if I may uſe the expreſſion) dedicated to her ſervice, in whatever appertained either to his art or knowledge, and the readineſs with which he obliged gave a double value to his complaiſance: thus ſhe only paid back, on an eſſential occaſion, the many favours he had been long conferring on her; though I ſhould obſerve ſhe poſſeſſed a ſoul, that, to fulfil ſuch duties, had no occaſion to be reminded of previous obligation. Accordingly ſhe ordered me to follow Le Maitre to Lyons, and continue with him as long as he might have occaſion for my ſervices. She has ſince avowed, that a deſire of detaching me from Venture had a great hand in this arrangement. She conſulted Claude Anet about the conveyance of the above-mentioned caſe. He adviſed, that inſtead of hiring a beaſt at Annecy, which

which would infallibly diſcover us, it would be better, at night, to take it to ſome neighbouring village, and there hire an aſs to carry it to Seyſſel, which, being in the French dominions, we ſhould have nothing to fear. This plan was adopted; we departed the ſame night at ſeven, and Madame de Warrens, under pretence of paying my expences, encreaſed the purſe of poor Le Maitre by an addition that was very acceptable. Claude Anet, the gardener, and myſelf, carried the caſe to the firſt village, then hired an aſs, and the ſame night reached Seyſſel.

I think I have already remarked that there are times in which I am ſo unlike myſelf, that I might be taken for a man of a direct oppoſite diſpoſition; I ſhall now give an example of this. M. Reydelet curate of Seyſſel was canon of St Peter's, conſequently known to M. le Maitre, and one of the people from whom he ſhould have taken moſt pains to conceal himſelf; my advice, on the contrary, was to preſent ourſelves to him, and, under ſome pretext, entreat entertainment as if we viſited him by conſent of the Chapter. Le Maitre gave into this idea, which ſeemed to give his revenge an appearance of ſatire and waggery; in ſhort, we went boldly to M. Reydelet, who received us very kindly.

Le

Le Maitre told him he was going to Bellay by defire of the Bifhop, that he might fuperintend the mufic during the Eafter holidays, and that he propofed returning that way again in a few days. To fupport this tale I told a hundred others, fo naturally, that M. Reydelet thought me a very agreeable youth and treated me with great friendfhip and civility. We were well regaled and well lodged: M. Reydelet fcarce knew how to make enough of us; and we parted the beft friends in the world, with a promife to ftop longer on our return. We found it difficult to refrain from laughter, or wait till we were alone to give free vent to our mirth: indeed, even now, the bare recollection of it forces a fmile, for never was waggery better or more fortunately maintained. This would have made us merry during the remainder of our journey, if M. Le Maitre (who did not ceafe drinking) had not been two or three times attacked with a complaint that he afterwards became very fubject to, and which refembled an epilepfy. Thefe fits threw me into the moft fearful embarraffments, from which I refolved to extricate myfelf with the firft opportunity.

According to the information given to M. Reydelet, we paffed our Eafter holidays at Bellay, and

though

though not expected there, were received by the music master, and welcomed by every one with great pleasure, M. le Maitre, was of considerable note in his profession, and, indeed, merited that distinction. The music master of Bellay, (who was fond of his own works) endeavoured to obtain the approbation of so good a judge, for besides being a connoisseur, M. le Maitre was equitable, neither a jealous ill natured critic nor a servile flatterer. He was so superior to the generality of country music masters, and they were so sensible of it, that they treated him rather as their chief than a brother musician

Having passed four or five days very agreeably at Bellay, we departed, and continuing our journey, without meeting with any accidents, except those I have just spoke of, arrived at Lyons and were lodged at *Notre dame De Pitie*. While we waited for the arrival of the before-mentioned case (which by the assistance of another lie, and the care of our good patron M. Reydelet we had embarked on the Rhone) M. le Maitre went to visit his acquaintance, and among others Father Cato, a Cordelier, who will be spoken of hereafter, and the Abbe Dortan, Count of Lyons, both of whom received him well, but afterwards betrayed him, as will be seen presently;

ſently; indeed his good fortune terminated with M. Reydelet.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we paſſed a little ſtreet not far from our inn, Le Maitre was attacked by one of his fits; but it was now ſo violent as to give me the utmoſt alarm. I ſcreamed with terror, called for help, and naming our inn intreated ſome one to bear him too it; then (while the people were aſſembled, and buſy round a man that had fallen ſenſeleſs in the ſtreet) he was abandoned by the only friend on whom he could have any reaſonable dependance; I ſeized the inſtant in which no one heeded me, turned the corner of the ſtreet and diſappeared. Thanks to heaven I have made my third painful confeſſion, if many ſuch remained, I ſhould certainly abandon the work I have undertaken.

Of all the incidents I have yet related a few traces are remaining in the places where I then lived; but what I have to relate in the following book is almoſt entirely unknown; theſe are the greateſt extravagancies of my life, and it is happy they had not a worſe concluſion. My head (if I may uſe the ſimile) ſcrewed up to the pitch of an inſtrument it did not naturally accord with, had

loſt

loſt its diapaſon; in time it returned to it again, when I diſcontinued my follies, or at leaſt gave into thoſe more conſonant to my diſpoſition. This epocha of my youth I am leaſt able to recollect, nothing having paſſed ſufficiently intereſting to influence my heart, or make me clearly retrace the remembrance. In ſo many ſucceſſive changes, it is difficult not to make ſome tranſpoſitions of time or place. I write abſolutely from memory, without notes or materials to help my recollection. Some events are as freſh in my idea as if they had recently happened, but there are certain chaſms which I cannot fill up but by the aid of recital, as confuſed as the remaining traces of thoſe events to which they refer. It is poſſible, therefore, that I may have erred in trifles, and perhaps ſhall again, but in every matter of importance I can anſwer that the account is faithfully exact, and with the ſame veracity the reader may depend I ſhall be careful to continue it.

My reſolution was ſoon taken after quitting Le Maitre; I ſet out immediately for Annecy. The cauſe and myſtery of our departure, had intereſted me for the ſecurity of our retreat: this intereſt, which entirely employed my thoughts for ſome days, had baniſhed every other idea; but no ſooner

was

was I ſecure and in tranquility, than my predominant ſentiment regained its place. Nothing flattered, nothing tempted me, I had no wiſh but to return to Madame de Warrens; the tenderneſs and truth of my attachment to her had rooted from my heart every imaginary project, and all the follies of ambition; I conceived no happineſs but living near her, nor could I take a ſtep without feeling that the diſtance between us was encreaſed. I returned, therefore, as ſoon as poſſible, with ſuch ſpeed, and with my ſpirits in ſuch a ſtate of agitation, that though I recall with pleaſure all my other travels, I have not the leaſt recollection of this, only remembering my leaving Lyons and reaching Annecy. Let any one judge whether this laſt event can have ſlipped my memory, when informed, that on my arrival I found Madame de Warrens was not there, having ſet out for Paris.

I was never well informed of the motives of this journey. I am certain ſhe would have told me had I aſked her, but never was a man leſs curious to learn the ſecrets of his friend. My heart is ever ſo entirely filled with the preſent, or with paſt pleaſures, which become a principal part of my enjoyment, that there is not a chink or corner for curioſity to enter. All that I conceive from

from what I heard of it, is, that in the revolution caufed at Turin by the abdication of the King of Sardinia, fhe feared being forgot, and was willing by favour of the intrigues of M. d'Aubonne to feek the fame advantage in the court of France, where fhe has often told me fhe fhould have preferred it, as the multiplicity of bufinefs there prevents your conduct from being fo clofely infpected. If this was her bufinefs it is aftonifhing that on her return fhe was not ill received; be that as it will, fhe continued to enjoy her allowance without any interruption. Many people imagined fhe was charged with fome fecret commiffion, either by the Bifhop, who then had bufinefs at the court of France, where he himfelf was foon after obliged to go, or fome one yet more powerful, who knew how to infure her a gracious reception at her return. If this was the cafe, it is certain the embaffadrice was not illy chofen, fince being young and handfome, fhe had all the neceffary qualifications to fucceed in a negociation.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

LET any one judge my surprise and grief at not finding her on my arrival. I now felt regret and having abandoned M. le Maitre, and my uneasiness encreased when I learned the misfortunes that had befallen him. His box of music, containing all his fortune, that precious box, preserved with so much care and fatigue, had been seized on at Lyons by means of Count Dortan, who had received information from the Chapter of our having absconded with it. In vain did Le Maitre reclaim his property, his means of existence, the labour of his life; his right to the music in question was at least subject to litigation, but even that liberty was not allowed him, the affair being instantly decided on the principle of superior strength. Thus poor Le Maitre lost the fruit of his talents, the labour of his youth, and principal dependance for the support of old-age.

Nothing

Nothing was wanting to render the news I had received truly afflicting, but I was at an age when even the greateſt calamities are to be ſuſtained; accordingly I ſoon found conſolation. I expected ſhortly to hear news of Madame de Warrens, though I was ignorant of her addreſs, and ſhe knew nothing of my return. As to my deſertion of Le Maitre (all things conſidered) I did not find it ſo culpable. I had been ſervicable to him in his retreat, it was not in my power to give him any further aſſiſtance. Had I remained with him in France, it would not have cured his complaint. I could not have ſaved his muſic, and ſhould only have doubled his expence: in this point of view I then ſaw my conduct, I ſee it otherwiſe now. It frequently happens that a villainous action does not torment us at the inſtant we commit it, but on recollection, and ſometimes even after a number of years have elapſed, for the remembrance of crimes is not to be extinguiſhed.

The only means I had to obtain news of Madame de Warrens was to remain at Annecy. Where ſhould I ſeek her at Paris? or how bear the expence of ſuch a journey? Sooner or later there was no place where I could be ſo certain to hear of her as that I was now at; this conſideration determined

mined me to remain there, though my conduct was but indifferent. I did not go to the Biſhop who had already protected me, and might continue to do ſo: my patroneſs was not preſent and I feared his reprimands on the ſubject of our flight; neither did I go to the Seminary, M. Gras was no longer there; in ſhort, I went to none of my acquaintance. I would gladly have viſited the Intendant's lady, but did not dare; I did worſe, I ſought out M. Venture, whom (notwithſtanding my enthuſiaſm) I had never thought of ſince my departure. I found him quite gay, in high ſpirits, and the univerſal favourite of the ladies of Annecy.

This ſucceſs compleated my infatuation, I ſaw nothing but M. Venture, he almoſt made me forget even Madame de Warrens. That I might profit more at eaſe by his inſtructions and example, I propoſed to ſhare his lodging, to which he readily conſented. It was at a ſhoe-maker's; a pleaſant jovial fellow, who in his country dialect, called his wife nothing but trollop, an appellation which ſhe certainly merited. Venture took care to augment their differences, though under an appearance of doing the direct contrary, throwing out in a diſtant manner, and provincial accent, hints that

produced the utmoſt effect, and furniſhed ſuch ſcenes as were ſufficient to make any one die with laughter. Thus the mornings paſſed without our thinking of them; at two or three o'clock we took ſome refreſhment. Venture then went to his various engagements, where he ſupped, while I walked alone, meditating on his great merit, coveting and admiring his rare talents, and curſing my own unlucky ſtars, that did not call me to ſo happy a life. How little did I know of myſelf! mine had been a hundred times more delightful, had I not been ſo great a fool, or known better how to enjoy it.

Madame de Warrens had taken no one with her but Anet: Merceret her chamber-maid, whom I have before mentioned, ſtill remained in the houſe. Merceret was ſomething older than myſelf, not pretty, but tolerably agreeable; good-natured, free from malice, having no fault to my knowledge but being at times a little refractory with her miſtreſs. I often went to ſee her; ſhe was an old acquaintance, who recalled to my remembrance one more beloved, and this made her dear to me. She had ſeveral friends, and among others one Mademoiſelle Giraud, a Geneveſe, who for the puniſhment of my ſins, took it in her head to have an inclination for me, always preſſing Merceret, when ſhe

returned her visits, to bring me with her. As I liked Merceret, I felt no disinclination to accompany her, besides, I met there with other young people whose company pleased me. For Mademoiselle Giraud, who offered every kind of enticement, nothing could encrease the aversion I had for her. When she drew near me, with her dried black snout, smeared with Spanish snuff, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could refrain from expressing my distaste; but being pleased with her visitors, I took patience. Among these were two girls, who (either to pay their court to Mademoiselle Giraud or myself) paid me every possible attention. I conceived all this to be only friendship, but have since thought it only depended on myself to have discovered something more, though I did not notice or even think of it at that time.

There was another reason for my stupidity. Seamstresses, chamber-maids, or milleners, never tempted me; I sighed for ladies! Every one has his peculiar taste, this has ever been mine, being in this particular of a different opinion from Horace. Yet it is not the vanity of riches or rank that attracts me; it is a well preserved complexion, fine hands, elegance of ornament, an air of delicacy and neatness throughout the whole person;

more taſte in the manner of expreſſing themſelves, a finer or better made gown, a well turned ancle, ſmall foot, ribbons, lace and well dreſſed hair: I even prefer thoſe who have leſs natural beauty, provided they are more elegantly decorated. I freely confeſs this preference is very ridiculous, yet my heart gives into it in ſpight of my underſtanding, Well? even this advantage preſented itſelf, and it only depended on my own reſolution to have ſeized the opportunity.

How do I love, from time to time to return to thoſe moments of my youth, which were ſo charmingly delightful; ſo ſhort, ſo ſcarce, and enjoyed at ſo cheap a rate!—how fondly do I wiſh to dwell on them! Even yet the remembrance of theſe ſcenes warms my heart with a chaſte rapture, which appears neceſſary to reanimate my drooping courage, and enable me to ſuſtain the wearineſs of my latter days.

The appearance of Aurora ſeemed ſo delightful one morning, that putting on my cloaths, I haſtened into the country, to ſee the riſing of the ſun. I enjoyed that pleaſure in its utmoſt extent; it was one week after midſummer, the earth was covered with verdure and flowers, the nightingales, whoſe

ſoft warblings were almoſt concluded, ſeemed to vie with each other, and in concert with birds of various kinds to bid adieu to ſpring, and hail the approach of a beautiful ſummer's day; one of thoſe lovely days that are no longer to be enjoyed at my age, and which have never been ſeen on the melancholy ſoil I now inhabit.

I had rambled inſenſibly, to a conſiderable diſtance from the town—the heat augmented—I was walking in the ſhade along a valley, by the ſide of a brook, I heard, behind me, the ſtep of horſes, and the voice of ſome females, who, though they ſeemed embarraſſed, did not laugh the leſs heartily on that account. I turn round, hear myſelf called by name, and approaching, find two young people of my acquaintance, Mademoiſelle de G*** and Mademoiſelle Galley, who, not being very excellent horſe-women could not make their horſes croſs the rivulet.

Mademoiſelle de G*** was a young lady of Berne, very amiable: who having been ſent from that country for ſome youthful folly, had imitated Madame de Warrens, at whoſe houſe I had ſometimes ſeen her, but not having like her a penſion, ſhe had been fortunate in this attachment to Mademoiſelle

moiſelle Galley, who had prevailed on her mother to engage her young friend as a companion, till ſhe could be otherwiſe provided for. Mademoiſelle Galley was one year younger than her friend, handſomer, more delicate, more ingenious, and to compleat all, extremely well made. They loved each other tenderly, and the good diſpoſition of both could not fail to render their union durable, if ſome lover did not derange it. They informed me they were going to Toune, an old caſtle belonging to Madame Galley, and employed my aſſiſtance in making their horſes paſs the ſtream, not being able to compaſs it themſelves. I would have given each a cut or two with the wip, but they feared I might be kicked and themſelves thrown; I therefore had recourſe to another expedient, I took hold of the bridle of Mademoiſelle Galley's horſe and led him through the brook, the water reaching half-way up my legs. The other followed without any difficulty. This done, I would have paid my compliments to the ladies, and walked off like a great booby as I was, but after whiſpering each other, Mademoiſelle de G**** ſaid, " No no, you muſt not think to eſcape thus; you have got wet in our ſervice, and we ought in conſcience to take care and dry you. If you pleaſe, you muſt go with

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us, you are now our priſoner." My heart began to beat—I looked at Mademoiſelle Galley—" yes, yes," added ſhe, laughing at my fearful look, " our priſoner of war; come, get up behind her, we ſhall give a good account of you." " But Mademoiſelle," continued I, " I have not the honour to be acquainted with your mother; what will ſhe ſay on my arrival?" " Her mother," replied Mademoiſelle de G*** " is not at Toune, we are alone, we ſhall return at night, and you ſhall come back with us."

The ſtroke of electricity has not a more inſtantaneous effect than theſe words produced on me. Leaping behind Mademoiſelle de G*** I tremble with joy, and when it became neceſſary to claſp her in order to hold myſelf on, my heart beat ſo violently that ſhe perceived it, and told me hers beat alſo from a fear of falling. In my preſent poſture I might naturally have conſidered this as an invitation to ſatisfy myſelf of the truth of her aſſertion, yet I did not dare, and during the whole way, my arms ſerved her as a girdle (a very cloſe one I muſt confeſs) without being a moment diſplaced. Some women that may read this, would be for giving me a box on the ear, and, truly, I deſerved it.

The gaiety of the journey, and the chat of these girls so enlivened me, that during the whole time we passed together we never ceased talking a moment. They had set me so thoroughly at ease, that my tongue spoke as fast as my eyes, though not exactly the same things. Some minutes, indeed, when I was left alone with either, the conversation became a little embarrassed, but neither of them was absent long enough to allow time for explaining the cause.

Arrived at Toune, and myself well dried, we breakfasted together; after which it was necessary to settle the important business of preparing dinner. The young ladies stood cook, kissing from time to time the farmer's children, while the poor scullion looked on grumbling. Provisions had been sent for from town, and there was every thing necessary for a good dinner, but unhappily they had forgot wine; this forgetfulness was by no means astonishing in girls who seldom drank any, but I was sorry for the omission, as I had reckoned on its help, thinking it might add to my confidence. They were sorry likewise, and perhaps from the same motive; though I have no reason to say this, for their lively and charming gaiety was innocence itself; besides, there were two of them, what

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could they expect from me?——They went every where about the neighbourhood to ſeek for wine, but none could be procured, ſo poor and ſober are the peaſants in thoſe parts. As they were expreſſing their concern, I begged them not to give themſelves any uneaſineſs on that account, for while with them I had no occaſion for wine to intoxicate me. This was the only gallantry I ventured at during the whole of the day, and I believe the ſly rogues ſaw well enough that I ſaid nothing but the truth.

We dined in the kitchen: the two friends were ſeated on benches one on each ſide the long table, and their gueſt at the end, between them, on a three-legged ſtool. What a dinner! how charming the remembrance! While we can enjoy, at ſo ſmall expence, ſuch pure, ſuch true delights, why ſhould we be ſolicitous for others? Never did thoſe *petits ſoupés* ſo celebrated in Paris, equal this repaſt; I do not only ſay for real pleaſure and gaiety, but even for ſenſuality.

After dinner we were œconomical; inſtead of drinking the coffee we had reſerved at breakfaſt, we kept it for an afternoon collation, with cream, and ſome cakes they had brought with them. To

keep our appetites in play we went into the orchard, meaning to finiſh our deſert with cherries. I got into a tree, throwing them down bunches, from which they returned me the ſtones through the branches. One time Mademoiſelle Galley, holding out her apron, and drawing back her head, ſtood ſo fair, and I took ſuch good aim, that I dropped a bunch into her boſom. On her laughing, I ſaid to myſelf, " Why are not my lips cherries! how gladly would I throw them there likewiſe!"

Thus the day paſſed with the greateſt freedom, yet with the utmoſt decency; not a ſingle equivocal word, not one attempt at double-meaning pleaſantry; yet this delicacy was not affected, we only performed the parts our hearts dictated; in ſhort, my modeſty, ſome will ſay my folly, was ſuch, that the greateſt familiarity that eſcaped me was once kiſſing the hand of Mademoiſelle Galley: it is true, the attending circumſtances helped to ſtamp a value on this trifling favour: we were alone, I was embarraſſed, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and my lips, inſtead of uttering words, were preſſed on her hand, which ſhe drew gently back after the ſalute, without any appearance of diſpleaſure. I know not what I ſhould

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have ſaid to her, but her friend entered, and at that moment I thought her ugly.

At length they bethought themſelves that they muſt return to town before night; even now we had but juſt time to reach it by day-light; and we haſtened our departure in the ſame order we came. Had I pleaſed myſelf, I ſhould certainly have reverſed this order, for the glance of Mademoiſelle Galley had reached my heart, but I dared not mention it, and the propoſal could not reaſonably come from her. On the way we expreſſed our ſorrow that the day was over, but far from complaining of the ſhortneſs of its duration, we were conſcious of having prolonged it by every poſſible amuſement.

I quitted them nearly in the ſame ſpot where they had taken me up. With what regret did we part! With what pleaſure did we form projects to renew our meeting! Delightful hours, which we paſſed innocently together, ye were worth ages of familiarity. The ſweet remembrance of this day coſt thoſe amiable girls nothing; the tender union which reigned among us equalled more lively pleaſures, with which it could not have exiſted. We loved each other without ſhame or myſtery,

and wiſhed to continue our reciprocal affection. There is a ſpecies of enjoyment connected with innocence of manners, which is ſuperior to any other, becauſe it has no interval; for myſelf, the remembrance of ſuch a day touches me nearer, delights me more, and returns with greater rapture to my heart than any other pleaſures I ever taſted. I hardly know what I wiſhed with thoſe charming girls; both intereſted me greatly. I do not ſay, that had the arrangement been in my power, I ſhould have divided my heart between them; I certainly felt ſome degree of preference: though I ſhould have been happy to have had Mademoiſelle de G*** for a miſtreſs, I think, by choice, I ſhould have liked her better as a confidante; be that as it may, I felt on leaving them as though I could not live without either. Who would have thought that I ſhould never ſee them more? and that here our ephemeral amours muſt end?

Thoſe who read this will not fail to laugh at my gallantries, and remark, that after very promiſing preliminaries my moſt forward adventures conclude by a kiſs of the hand: yet be not miſtaken, Reader, in your eſtimate of my enjoyments; I have, perhaps, taſted more real pleaſure in my amours which concluded by a kiſs of

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the hand, than you will ever have in your's, which, at leaſt, begin there.

Venture, who had gone to bed very late the night before, came in ſoon after me. I did not now ſee him with my uſual ſatisfaction, and took care not to inform him how I had paſſed the day. The ladies had ſpoke of him ſlightingly, and appeared diſcontent at finding me in ſuch bad hands; this hurt him in my eſteem; beſides, whatever diverted my ideas from them was at this time diſagreeable. However, he ſoon brought me back to him and myſelf by ſpeaking of the ſituation of my affairs, which was too critical to laſt; for though I ſpent very little, my ſlender finances were almoſt exhauſted. I was without reſource, no news of Madame de Warrens, not knowing what would become of me, and feeling a cruel pang at heart to ſee the friend of Mademoiſelle Galley reduced to beggary.

I now learned from Venture that he had ſpoken of me to the Judge Major, and would take me next day to dine with him; that he was a man who by means of his friends might render me eſſential ſervice. In other reſpects he was a deſirable acquaintance, being a man of wit and letters, of

agreeable converſation, one who poſſeſſed talents and loved them in others. After this diſcourſe (mingling the moſt ſerious concerns with the moſt trifling frivolity) he ſhewed me a pretty couplet, which came from Paris, on an air in one of *Mouret*'s operas, which was then playing. Monſieur Simon (the Judge Major) was ſo pleaſed with this couplet, that he determined to make another in anſwer to it, on the ſame air. He had deſired Venture to write one, and he wiſhed me to make a third, that, as he expreſſed it, they might ſee couplets ſtart up next day like incidents in a comic romance.

In the night (not being able to ſleep) I compoſed a couplet, as my firſt eſſay in poetry. It was paſſable; better, or at leaſt compoſed with more taſte, than it would have been the preceding night, the ſubject being tenderneſs, to which my heart was now entirely diſpoſed. In the morning I ſhewed my performance to Venture, who, being pleaſed with the couplet, put it into his pocket, without informing me whether he had made his. We dined with M. Simon, who treated us very politely. The converſation was agreeable; indeed it could not be otherwiſe between two men of natural good ſenſe, improved by reading. For me,

I acted my part, which was, to liſten without attempting to join in the converſation. Neither of them mentioned the couplet, neither did I, nor do I know that it ever paſſed for mine.

M. Simon appeared ſatisfied with my behaviour; indeed it was almoſt all he ſaw of me in this interview. We had often met at Madame de Warrens's, but he had never paid much attention to me; it is from this dinner, therefore, that I date our acquaintance, which though of no uſe in regard to the object I then had in view, was afterwards productive of advantages which make me recollect it with pleaſure.

I ſhould be wrong not to give ſome account of his perſon, ſince from his office of magiſtrate, and the reputation of wit on which he piqued himſelf, no idea could be formed of it. The Judge Major, Simon, certainly was not two feet high; his legs ſpare, ſtraight, and tolerably long, would have added ſomething to his ſtature had they been vertical, but they ſtood in the direction of an opened pair of compaſſes. His body was not only ſhort but thin, being in every reſpect of moſt inconceivable ſmallneſs—when naked, he muſt have appeared like a graſshopper. His head was of the

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common ſize, to which appertained a well-formed face, a noble look, and tolerable fine eyes; in ſhort, it appeared a borrowed head, ſtuck on a miſerable ſtump. He might very well have diſpenſed with dreſs, for his large wig alone, covered him from head to foot.

He had two voices, perfectly different, which intermingled perpetually in his converſation, forming at firſt a diverting, but afterwards a very diſagreeable contraſt. One grave and ſonorous, was, if I may hazard the expreſſion, the voice of his head: the other, clear, ſharp and piercing, the voice of his body. When he paid particular attention, and ſpoke leiſurely, ſo as to preſerve his breath, he could continue in his deep tone; but if he was the leaſt animated, or attempted a lively accent, his voice ſounded like the whiſtling of a key, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he could return to his baſs.

With the figure I have juſt deſcribed, and which is by no means over-charged, Monſ. Simon was galant, ever entertaining the ladies with ſoft tales, and carrying the decoration of his perſon even to foppery. Willing to make uſe of every advantage during the morning, he gave audience in bed, for

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when a handſome head was diſcovered on the pillow no one could have imagined what belonged to it. This circumſtance gave birth to ſcenes, which I am certain are yet remembered by all Annecy.

One morning, when he expected to give audience in bed, or rather on the bed, having on a handſome night-cap ornamented with roſe coloured ribbon, a countryman arriving knocked at the door; the maid happened to be out, the Judge, therefore, hearing the knock repeated, cried, "come in," and, as he ſpoke rather loud, it was in his ſhrill tone. The man enters, looks about, endeavouring to diſcover whence the female voice proceeded; at length ſeeing a handſome head-dreſs ſet off with ribbons, was about to leave the room, making the ſuppoſed lady a hundred apologies. M. Simon, in a rage, ſcreamed the more; and the countryman, yet more confirmed in his opinion, conceiving himſelf to be inſulted, began railing in his turn, ſaying, that "apparently ſhe was nothing better than a common ſtreet-walker, and that the Judge Major ſhould be aſhamed of ſetting ſuch ill examples. The enraged Magiſtrate having no other weapon than the jordan under his bed, was juſt going to throw it at the poor fellow's head as his ſervant returned.

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This dwarf, ſo diſgraced by nature in his perſon, was recompenſed by poſſeſſing an underſtanding naturally agreeable, and which he had been careful to cultivate. Though he was eſteemed a good lawyer, he did not like his profeſſion, delighting more in the finer parts of literature, which he ſtudied with ſucceſs: above all, he poſſeſſed that ſuperficial brilliancy, the art of pleaſing in converſation, even with the ladies. He knew by heart a mumber of little ſtories, which he perfectly well knew how to make the moſt of; relating with an air of ſecrecy, and as an ancedote of yeſterday what happened ſixty years before. He underſtood muſic, and could ſing agreeably in his maſculine voice, in ſhort, for a magiſtrate, he had many pleaſing talents. By flattering the ladies of Annecy he became faſhionable among them, appearing continually in their train. He even pretended to favours, at which they were much amuſed. A Madame D'Epagny uſed to ſay, " the greateſt favour he could aſpire to, was to kiſs a lady on her knees."

As he was well read, and ſpoke fluently, his converſation was both amuſing and inſtructive. When I afterwards took a taſte for ſtudy, I cultivated his acquaintance, and found my account in

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it: When at Chambery I frequently went from thence to fee him. His praifes encreafed my emulation, to which he added fome good advice refpecting the profecution of my ftudies, which I found ufeful. Unhappily this weakly body contained a very feeling foul: Some years after he was chagrined by I know not what unlucky affair, but it coft him his life. This was really unfortunate, for he was a good little man, whom on a firft acquaintance one laughed at, but afterwards loved. Though our fituations in life were very little connected with each other, as I received fome ufeful leffons from him, I thought gratitude demanded that I fhould dedicate a few fentences to his remembrance.

As foon as I found myfelf at liberty, I ran into the ftreet where Mademoifelle Galley lived, flattering myfelf that I fhould fee fome one go in or out, or at leaft open a window, but I was miftaken, not even a cat appeared, the houfe remaining as clofe all the time I continued there as if it had been uninhabited. The ftreet was fmall and lonely, any one loitering about was confequently more likely to be noticed; from time to time people paffed in or out the neighbourhood; I was much embarraffed, thinking my perfon might be known, and the

the caufe that brought me there conjectured; this idea tortured me, for I have ever preferred the honour and happinefs of thofe I love to my own pleafures.

At length, weary of playing the Spanifh lover, and having no guitar, I determined to write to Mademoifelle de G***. I fhould have preferred writing to her friend, but did not dare take that liberty, as it appeared more proper to begin with her to whom I owed the acquaintance, and with whom I was moft familiar. Having wrote my letter I took it to Mademoifelle Giraud, as the young ladies and myfelf had agreed at parting, they having furnifhed me with this expedient. Mademoifelle Giraud was a quilter, and fometimes worked at Madame Galley's, which procured her free admiffion to the houfe. I muft confefs I was not thoroughly fatisfied with this meffenger, but was cautious of ftarting difficulties, fearing that if I objected to her no other might be named, and it was impoffible to intimate that fhe had an inclination to me herfelf. I even felt humiliated that fhe fhould think I could imagine her of the fame fex as thofe young ladies: in a word, I accepted her agency rather than none, and availed myfelf of it at all events.

At the very firſt word Giraud diſcovered me. I muſt own this was not a difficult matter, for if ſending a letter to young girls had not ſpoke ſufficiently plain, my fooliſh embarraſſed air would have betrayed me It will eaſily be ſuppoſed that the employment gave her little ſatisfaction, ſhe undertook it, however, and performed it faithfully. The next morning I ran to her houſe and found an anſwer ready for me. How did I hurry away, that I might have an opportunity to read and kiſs it alone! though this need not be told, but the plan adopted by Mademoiſelle Giraud (and in which I found more delicacy and moderation than I had expected) ſhould. She had ſenſe enough to conclude, that her thirty-ſeven years, hare's eyes, daubed noſe, ſhrill voice and black ſkin, ſtood no chance againſt two elegant young girls, in all the height and bloom of beauty; ſhe reſolved, therefore, neither to betray or aſſiſt them, chuſing rather to looſe me entirely than entertain me for them.

As Merceret had not heard from her miſtreſs for ſome time, ſhe thought of returning to Fribourg, and the perſuaſions of Giraud determined her; nay more, ſhe intimated it was proper ſome one ſhould conduct her to her father's, and propoſed me. As I happened to be agreeable to little Merceret ſhe

approved

approved the idea, and the ſame day, they mentioned it to me as a fixed point. Finding nothing diſpleaſing in the manner they had diſpoſed of me, I conſented, thinking it could not be above a week's journey at moſt; but Giraud, who had arranged the whole affair, thought otherwiſe. It was neceſſary to avow the ſtate of my finances, and the concluſion was, that Merceret ſhould defray my expences, but to retrench on one hand what was expended on the other, I adviſed that her little baggage ſhould be ſent on before, and that we ſhould proceed by eaſy journies on foot.

I am ſorry to have ſo many girls in love with me, but as there is nothing to be very vain of in the ſucceſs of theſe amours, I think I may tell the truth without ſcruple. Merceret, younger and leſs artful then Giraud, never made me ſo many advances, but ſhe imitated my manners, my actions, repeated my words, and ſhewed me all thoſe little attentions I ought to have had for her. Being very timorous, ſhe took great care that we ſhould both ſleep in the ſame chamber, a circumſtance that uſually produces ſome conſequences between a lad of twenty and a girl of twenty-five.

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For once, however, it went no further, my ſimplicity being ſuch, that though Merceret was by no means a diſagreeable girl, an idea of gallantry never entered my head; and even if it had, I was too great a novice to have profited by it. I could not imagine how two young people could bring themſelves to ſleep together, thinking that ſuch familiarity muſt require an age of preparation. If poor Merceret paid my expences in hopes of any return, ſhe was terribly cheated, for we arrived at Fribourg exactly as we had quitted Annecy.

I paſſed through Geneva without viſiting any one. While going over the bridges, I found myſelf ſo affected that I could ſcarcely proceed. Never could I ſee the walls of that happy city, never could I enter it, without feeling my heart ſink from exceſs of tenderneſs, at the ſame time that the image of liberty elevated my ſoul. The ideas of equality, union, and gentleneſs of manners, touched me even to tears, and inſpired me with a lively regret at having forfeited all theſe advantages. What an error was I in! but yet how natural! I imagined I ſaw all this in my native country, becauſe I bore it in my heart.

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It was neceſſary to paſs through Nyon; could I do this without ſeeing my good father! Had I reſolved on doing ſo, I muſt afterwards have died with regret. I left Merceret at the inn, and ventured to his houſe. How wrong was I to fear him! On ſeeing me, his ſoul gave way to the paternal tenderneſs with which it was filled. What tears were mingled in our embraces! He thought I was returning to him: I related my hiſtory, and informed him of my reſolution. He oppoſed it feebly, mentioning the dangers to which I expoſed myſelf, and telling me the ſhorteſt follies were beſt, but did not attempt to keep me by force, in which particular I think he acted right; but, it is certain he did not do every thing in his power to retain me, even by fair means. Whether after the ſtep I had taken he thought I ought not to return, or was puzzled at my age to know what to do with me—I have ſince found that he had conceived a very unjuſt opinion of my travelling companion. My mother-in-law, good woman, a little coaxingly, put on the appearance of wiſhing me to ſtay ſupper; I did not, however, comply, but told them I purpoſed to remain longer with them on my return; leaving as a depoſit my little packet, that had come by water, and would have

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been an incumbrance, had I taken it with me. I continued my journey the next morning, well satisfied that I had seen my father, and taken courage to do my duty.

We arrived without any accident at Fribourg. Towards the conclusion of the journey, the politeness of Mademoiselle Merceret rather diminished, and after our arrival she treated me even with coldness. Her father, who was not in the best of circumstances, did not show me much attention, and I was obliged to lodge at an ale-house. I went to see them the next morning, and received an invitation to dine there, which I accepted. We separated without tears; at night I returned to my paltry lodging, and departed the second day after my arrival, almost without knowing whither I designed to go.

This was a circumstance of my life, in which Providence offered me precisely what was necessary to make my days pass happily. Merceret was a very good girl, neither witty, handsome, or ugly; not very lively, but tolerably rational, except while under the influence of some little humours, which usually evaporated in tears, without any dangerous consequences. She had a real in-

clination for me, I might have married her without difficulty, and followed her father's buſineſs. My taſte for muſic would have made me love her; I ſhould have ſettled at Fribourg, a ſmall town, not pretty, but inhabited by very worthy people—I ſhould certainly have miſſed great pleaſures, but ſhould have lived in peace 'till my laſt hour, and I muſt know beſt what I ſhould have gained by ſuch a ſtep.

I did not return to Nyon, but to Lauſanne; wiſhing to gratify myſelf with a view of that beautiful lake which is ſeen there in its utmoſt extent. The greater part of my ſecret motives have not been ſo reaſonable. Diſtant expectation has rarely ſtrength enough to influence my actions; the uncertainty of the future ever making me regard projects whoſe execution requires a length of time as deceitful lures. I give into viſionary ſcenes of hope as well as others, provided they coſt nothing, but if attended with any trouble I have done with them. The ſmalleſt, the moſt trifling pleaſure that is conveniently in my reach, tempts me more than all the joys of Paradiſe. I muſt except, however, thoſe pleaſures that are neceſſarily followed by pain: I only love thoſe enjoyments that are unadulterated, which can never be the caſe where we are conſcious they muſt be followed by repentance.

It

It was neceſſary I ſhould arrive at ſome place, and the neareſt was beſt; for having loſt my road I found myſelf in the evening at Moudon, where I ſpent all that remained of my little ſtock except ten creuzees, which ſerved to purchaſe my next day's dinner. Arriving in the evening at Lauſanne, I went into an ale-houſe without a penny in my pocket to pay for my lodging, or knowing what would become of me. I found myſelf extremely hungry—ſetting, therefore, a good face on the matter, I ordered ſupper, made my meal, went to bed without thought, and ſlept with great compoſure. In the morning, having breakfaſted and reckoned with my hoſt, I offered to leave my waiſtcoat in pledge for ſeven batz, which was the amount of my expences. The honeſt man refuſed this, ſaying, thank Heaven he had never ſtripped any one, and would not begin now for ſeven batz; adding, I ſhould keep my waiſtcoat and pay him when I could. I was affected with this unexpected kindneſs; but felt leſs than I ought to have done, or have ſince experienced on the remembrance of it. —I did not fail ſending him his money, with thanks, by one I could depend on. Fifteen years after, paſſing Lauſanne, on my return from Italy, I felt a ſenſible regret at having forgot the name of the landlord and houſe. I wiſhed to ſee him, and

have felt real pleaſure in recalling to his memory that worthy action. Services, which doubtleſs have been much more important, but rendered with oſtentation, have not appeared to me ſo worthy of gratitude as the ſimple unaffected humanity of this honeſt man,

As I approached Lauſanne I thought of my diſtreſs, and the means of extricating myſelf, without appearing in want to my mother-in-law. I compared myſelf, in this walking pilgrimage, to my friend Venture, on his arrival at Annecy, and was ſo warmed with the idea, that without recollecting I had neither his gentility or talents, I determined to act the part of little Venture at Lauſanne, to teach muſic, which I did not underſtand, and ſay I came from Paris, where I had never been.

In conſequence of this noble project (as there was no company where I could introduce myſelf without experience, and not chuſing to venture among profeſſional people) I enquired for ſome little inn, where I could lodge cheap, and was directed to one named Perrotet, that took in boarders. This Perrotet, who was one of the beſt men in the world received me very kindly, and after having heard

my feigned ſtory and profeſſion, promiſed to ſpeak of me, and endeavour to procure me ſome ſcholars, ſaying he ſhould not expect any money, 'till I had earned it. His price for board, though moderate in itſelf, was a great deal to me; he adviſed me, therefore to begin with half board, which conſiſted of good ſoup only, for dinner, but a plentiful ſupper at night. I cloſed with this propoſition, and the poor Perrotet truſted me with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, ſparing meantime, no trouble to be uſeful to me.

Having found ſo many good people in my youth, why do I find ſo few in my age? Is their race extinct? No; but I do not ſeek them in the ſame ſituation I did formerly, among the commonality where violent paſſions predominate only at intervals, and where nature ſpeaks her genuine ſentiments. In more elevated ſtations they are intirely ſmothered, and under the maſk of ſentiment only intereſt or vanity is heard.

Having writ to my father from Lauſanne, he ſent my packet and ſome excellent advice, of which I ſhould have profited better. I have already obſerved that I have moments of inconceivable delirium, in which I am intirely out of myſelf. The

adventure I am about to relate is an inſtance of this: to comprehend how abſolutely my brain was turned, and to what degree I had *Venturized* (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) the many extravagancies I ran into at the ſame time ſhould be conſidered. Behold me then a ſinging maſter, without knowing how to note a common ſong; for if the five or ſix months paſſed with Le Maitre had improved me, they could not be ſuppoſed ſufficient to qualify me for ſuch an undertaking; beſides, being taught by a maſter, was enough (as I have before obſerved) to make me learn ill. Being a Pariſian from Geneva, and a Catholic in a Proteſtant country, I thought I ſhould change my name with my religion and country, ſtill approaching as near as poſſible to the great model I had in view. He called himſelf Venture de Villeneuve. I changed, by anagram, the name Rouſſeau into that of Vauſſore, calling myſelf Vauſſore de Villeneuve. Venture was a good compoſer, though he had not ſaid ſo; without knowing any thing of the art, I boaſted of my ſkill to every one: This was not all, being preſented to Monſieur de Freytorens, profeſſor of law, who loved muſic, and who gave concerts at his own houſe, nothing would do but I muſt give him a proof of my talents, and accordingly ſet about compoſing a piece for

for his concerts, as boldly as if I had really underſtood the ſcience. I had the conſtancy to labour fifteen days at this curious buſineſs, to copy it fair, write out the different parts, and diſtribute them with as much aſſurance as if they had been maſter-pieces of harmony; in ſhort, (what will hardly be believed, though ſtrictly true) I tacked a very pretty minuet to the end of it, that was commonly played about the ſtreets, and which many may remember from theſe words, ſo well known at that time.

Quel caprice !
Quelle injuſtice !
Quoi, ta Clarice
Trahiroit tes feux ? &c.

Venture had taught me this air with the baſs, ſet to other words, by the help of which I had retained it; thus at the end of my compoſition I put this minuet and baſs, ſuppreſſing the words, and uttered it for my own as confidently as if I had been ſpeaking to the inhabitants of the moon. They aſſemble to perform my piece; I explain to each the movement, taſte of execution and references to his part—I was fully occupied. They were five or ſix minutes preparing, which were for me ſo many ages: at length, every thing is adjuſted, myſelf in a conſpicuous ſituation, a fine roll of paper in my

 hand

hand, gravely preparing to beat time. I gave four or five ſtrokes with my paper, attended with, " take care!"—they begin——No, never ſince French operas exiſted was there ſuch a confuſed diſcord; whatever they had thought of my pretended talent, the effect was worſe than they could poſſibly have imagined——The muſicians choaking with laughter, the auditors ſtaring, would gladly have ſtopped their ears, but that was impoſſible, my confounded performers (who ſeemed to enjoy the ſport) ſcraped away without mercy—the din was ſufficient to have pierced the tympanum of one born deaf. I had the perſeverance to continue in my place, ſweating at every pore, but retained by ſhame and not daring to offer at a retreat. For my conſolation I heard the company whiſpering each other, but maliciouſly loud enough for me to hear it. It is not bearable! ſaid one What mad muſic! cried another. What a deviliſh din! added a third——Poor Jean-Jaques! in that cruel moment little didſt thou think that one day before the king of France and all his court, thy ſounds would excite exclamations of wonder and applauſe, and that in the ſurrounding boxes thou ſhould'ſt hear the moſt amiable women whiſpering each other, " What charming ſounds!

What

What enchanting mufic! every note reaches the heart.

The minuet, however, prefently put all the company in good humour; hardly was it begun before I heard burfts of laughter from all parts, every one congratulating me on my pretty tafte for mufic, declaring this minuet would make me fpoken of, and that I merited the loudeft praife—It is not neceffary to defcribe my uneafinefs, or to own how much I deferved it.

Next day one of the muficians named Lutold, came to fee me, and was kind enough not to congratulate me on my fuccefs. The profound conviction of my folly, fhame, regret, and the ftate of defpair to which I was reduced, with the impoffibility of concealing the cruel agitation of my heart, made me open it to him; giving, therefore, a loofe to my tears, not content with owning my ignorance, I told all, conjuring him to fecrecy, which he promifed, and kept his word as every one will fuppofe. The fame evening all Laufanne knew who I was, but what is remarkable, no one feemed to know it, not even the good Perrotet, who (notwithftanding what had happened) continued to lodge and board me.

I led a melancholy life here, the consequences of such an essay had not rendered Lausanne a very agreeable residence. Scholars did not present themselves in crouds, not a single female, and no person of the city. I had only two or three great dunces, as stupid as I was ignorant, who fatigued me to death, and in my hands were not likely to edify much.

At length I was sent for to a house where a little serpent of a girl amused herself by shewing me a parcel of music that I could not read a note of, and which she had the malice to sing before her master, to teach him how it should be executed; for I was so unable to read an air at first sight, that in the charming concert I have just described, I could not possibly follow the execution a moment, or know whether they played truly what lay before me, and I myself had composed.

In the midst of so many humiliating circumstances I had the pleasing consolation, from time to time, of receiving letters from my two charming friends. I have ever found the utmost consolatory virtue in the fair; when in disgrace, nothing softens my affliction more than to be sensible that an amiable woman is interested for me. This correspondence

pondence ceafed foon after, and was never renewed: indeed it was my own fault, for in changing fituations, I neglected fending my addrefs, and forced by neceffity to think perpetually of myfelf, I foon forget them.

It is a long time fince I mentioned Madame de Warrens, but it fhould not be fuppofed I had forgot her, never was fhe a moment abfent from my thoughts. I anxioufly wifhed to find her; not merely becaufe fhe was neceffary to my fubfiftence, but becaufe fhe was infinitely more neceffary to my heart. My attachment to her, though lively and tender (as it really was) did not prevent my loving others, but then it was not in the fame manner. All equally claimed my tendernefs for their charms, but it was thofe charms alone I loved, my paffion would not have furvived them, while Madame de Warrens might have become old or ugly without my loving her lefs tenderly. My heart had entirely tranfmitted to herfelf, the homage it firft paid to her beauty, and whatever change fhe might experience, while fhe remained herfelf, my fentiments could not change. I was fenfible how much gratitude I owed her, but in truth I never thought of it, and whether fhe ferved me or not, it would ever have been the fame thing. I loved

her neither from duty, intereſt or convenience ; I loved her, becauſe I was born to love her. During my attachment to another I own this affection was in ſome meaſure deranged, I did not think ſo frequently of her, but ſtill with the ſame pleaſure, and never, in love or otherwiſe, did I think of her without feeling that I could expect no true happineſs in life while in a ſtate of ſeparation.

Though in ſo long a time I had received no news from Madame de Warrens, I never imagined I had intirely loſt her, or that ſhe could forget me. I ſaid to myſelf, ſhe will know ſooner or later that I am wandering about, and will find ſome means to inform me of her ſituation : I am certain I ſhall find her. In the meantime it was a pleaſure to live in her native country, to walk in the ſtreets where ſhe had walked, and before the houſes that ſhe had lived in ; yet all this was the work of conjecture, for one of my fooliſh peculiarities was, not daring to enquire after, or even pronounce her name without the moſt abſolute neceſſity. It ſeemed in ſpeaking of her that I declared all I felt, that my lips revealed the ſecrets of my heart, and in ſome degree injured the object of my affection. I believe fear was likewiſe mingled with this idea ; I dreaded to hear ill of her. Her management had

been

been much ſpoken of, and ſome little of her conduct in other reſpects; fearing, therefore, that ſomething might be ſaid which I did not wiſh to hear, I preferred being ſilent on the ſubject.

As my ſcholars did not take up much of my time, and the town where ſhe was born was not above four leagues from Lauſanne, I made it a walk of three or four days; during which time a moſt pleaſing emotion never left me. A view of the Lake of Geneva and its admirable banks, had ever, in my idea, a particular attraction, which I cannot deſcribe; not ariſing merely from the beauty of the proſpect, but ſomething elſe, I know not why, more intereſting, which affects and ſoftens me. Every time I have approached the Vaudois country, I have experienced an impreſſion compoſed of the remembrance of Madame de Warrens, who was born there; of my father who lived there; of Miſs Vulſon, who had my firſt love; and of ſeveral pleaſant journeys I made there in my childhood, mingled with ſome nameleſs charm, more powerfully attractive than all the reſt. When that ardent deſire for a life of happineſs and tranquility (which ever follows me, and for which I was born) inflames my mind, 'tis ever to the country of Vaud, near the lake, in thoſe charming plains, that imagination

gination leads me. An orchard on the banks of that lake, and no other, is abſolutely neceſſary; a firm friend, an amiable woman, a cow, and a little boat; nor could I enjoy perfect happineſs on earth without theſe concomitants. I laugh at the ſimplicity with which I have ſeveral times gone into that country for the ſole purpoſe of ſeeking this imaginary happineſs, when I was ever ſurpriſed to find the inhabitants, particularly the women, of a quite different diſpoſition from what I ſought. How ſtrange did this appear to me! The country and the people who inhabit it, in my idea, were never formed for each other.

Walking along theſe beautiful banks, in my way to Vevay, I gave myſelf up to the ſofteſt melancholy; my heart ruſhed with ardour into a thouſand innocent felicities; melting to tenderneſs, I ſighed and wept like a child. How often, ſtopping to weep more at my eaſe, and ſeated on a large ſtone, did I amuſe myſelf with ſeeing my tears drop into the water.

On my arrival at Vevay, I lodged at the Key, and during the two days I remained there without any acquaintance, conceived a love for that city, which had followed me through all my travels, and was finally

finally the cauſe that I fixed on this ſpot in the novel I afterwards wrote, for the reſidence of my hero and heroines. I would ſay to any one who has taſte and feeling, go to Vevay, viſit the ſurrounding country, examine the proſpects, go on the lake, and then ſay whether nature has not deſigned this country for a Julia, a Clara and a St. Preux; but do not ſeek them there——I now return to my ſtory.

Giving myſelf out for a Catholic, I followed without myſtery or ſcruple the religion I had embraced. On a Sunday, if the weather was fine, I went to hear maſs at Aſſans, a place two leagues diſtant from Lauſanne, and generally in company with other Catholics, particularly a Pariſian embroiderer, whoſe name I have forgot. Not ſuch a Pariſian as myſelf, but a real native of Paris, an Arch-Pariſian from his maker, yet honeſt as a peaſant. He loved his country ſo well, that he would not doubt my being his countryman, for fear he ſhould not have ſo much occaſion to ſpeak of it. The Lieutenant-Governor, M. de Crouzas, had a gardener, who was likewiſe from Paris, but not ſo complaiſant; he thought the glory of his country concerned when any one claimed that honour who was not really entitled to it, he put queſtions to me, therefore,

therefore, with an air and tone, as if certain to detect me in a falſehood, and once, ſmiling malignantly aſked, what was remarkable in the *Marche-neuf?* It may ſuppoſed I evaded the queſtion, but I have ſince paſſed twenty years at Paris, and certainly know that city, yet was the ſame queſtion repeated at this day, I ſhould be equally embarraſſed to anſwer it, and from this embarraſſment it might yet be concluded I had never been there: thus, even when we meet with truths, we are ſubject to build our opinions on circumſtances, which may eaſily deceive us.

I formed no ideas, while at Lauſanne that were worth recollecting, nor can I ſay exactly how long I remained there; I only know that not finding ſufficient to ſubſiſt on, I went from thence to Neufchatel, where I paſſed the winter. Here I ſucceeded better, I got ſome ſcholars, and ſaved enough to pay my good friend Perrotet, who had faithfully ſent my baggage, though at that time I was conſiderably in his debt.

By continuing to teach muſic I inſenſibly gained ſome knowledge of it. The life I led was ſufficiently agreeable, and any reaſonable man might have been ſatisfied, but my unſettled heart

demanded

demanded ſomething more. On Sundays, or whenever I had leiſure, I wandered, ſighing and thoughtful, about the country or adjoining woods, and when once out of the city never returned before night. One day, being at Boudry, I went to dine at a public houſe, where I ſaw a man with a long beard, dreſſed in a violet-coloured grecian habit with a fur cap, and whoſe air and manner were rather noble. This perſon found ſome difficulty in making himſelf underſtood, ſpeaking only an unintelligible jargon, which bore more reſemblance to Italian than any other language. I underſtood almoſt all he ſaid, and I was the only perſon preſent who could do ſo, for he was obliged to make his requeſts known to the landlord and others about him by ſigns. On my ſpeaking a few words in Italian, which he perfectly underſtood, he got up and embraced me with rapture; a connection was ſoon formed, and from that moment I became his interpreter. His dinner was excellent, mine rather worſe than indifferent, he gave me an invitation to ſhare with him, which I accepted without much ceremony. Drinking and chatting ſoon rendered us familiar, and by the end of the repaſt we had all the diſpoſitions in the world to become inſeparable companions. He informed me that he was a Greek Prelate, and *Archimandrite* of Jeruſalem; that he had

had undertaken to make a gathering in Europe for the re-eſtabliſhment of the Holy Sepulchre, and ſhewed me ſome very fine patents from the Czarina, the Emperor, and ſeveral other Sovereigns. He was tolerably content with what he had collected hitherto, though he had experienced inconceivable difficulties in Germany, for not underſtanding a word of German, Latin or French, he had been obliged to have reſource to his Greek, Turkiſh, or Lingua Franca, which did not procure him much in the country he was travelling through, his propoſal, therefore, to me was, that I ſhould accompany him in quality of ſecretary and interpreter. In ſpight of my new violet-coloured coat, which accorded well enough with the propoſed employment, he gueſſed from my meagre appearance that I ſhould eaſily be gained; and he was not miſtaken. The bargain was ſoon made, I demanded nothing, and he promiſed liberally; thus, without any ſecurity or knowledge of the perſon I was about to ſerve, I gave myſelf up entirely to his conduct, and the next day behold me on an expedition to Jeruſalem.

We began our journey unſucceſsfully by the canton of Fribourg. Epiſcopal dignity would not ſuffer him to play the beggar, or ſolicit help from private individuals;

dividuals; but we presented his commiſſion to the Senate, who gave him a trifling ſum. From thence we went to Berne, where we lodged at the Falcon, then a good inn, and frequented by reſpectable company, the public table being well ſupplied and numerouſly attended. I had fared indifferently ſo long that I was glad to make myſelf amends, therefore took care to profit by the preſent occaſion. My Lord, the *Archimandrite*, was himſelf an excellent companion, loved good cheer, was gay, ſpoke well for thoſe who underſtood him, and knew perfectly well how to make the moſt of his Grecian erudition. One day at the deſert, while cracking ſome nuts, he cut his finger pretty deeply, and as it bled freely, ſhewed it to the company, ſaying, with a laugh, *Mirate, Signori; queſto e ſangue Pelaſgo.*

At Berne I was not uſeleſs to him; nor was my performance ſo bad as I had feared: I certainly ſpoke better, and with more confidence than I could have done for myſelf. Matters were not conducted here with the ſame ſimplicity as at Fribourg; long and frequent conferences were neceſſary with the Premiers of the State, and the examination of his titles was not the work of a day; at length, every thing being adjuſted, he was admitted to an audience by the Senate: I entered

with

with him as interpreter, and was ordered to ſpeak. I expected nothing leſs, for it never entered my mind, that after ſuch long and frequent conferences with the members, it was neceſſary to addreſs the Aſſembly collectively, as if nothing had been ſaid. Judge my embarraſſment!—a man ſo baſhful to ſpeak, not only in public, but before the whole Senate of Berne!———to ſpeak impromptu, without a ſingle moment for recollection; it was enough to annihilate me—I was not even intimidated. I deſcribed diſtinctly and clearly the commiſſion of the *Archimandrite*; extolled the piety of thoſe Princes who had contributed, and to heighten that of their Excellencies by emulation, added, that leſs could not be expected from their well-known munificence; then, endeavoured to prove, that this good work was equally intereſting to all Chriſtians, without diſtinction of ſect; and concluded, by promiſing the benediction of Heaven to all thoſe who took part in it. I will not ſay that my diſcourſe was the cauſe of our ſucceſs, but it was, certainly, well received; and on our quitting the audience, the *Archimandrite* was gratified with a very genteel preſent, to which ſome very handſome compliments were added on the underſtanding of his Secretary; theſe I had the agreeable office of

interpreting

interpreting, but could not take courage to render them literally.

This was the only time in my life that I ſpoke in public, and before a Sovereign; and the only time, perhaps, that I ſpoke boldly and well. What difference in the diſpoſition of the ſame perſon!—Three years ago, having been to ſee my old friend, M. Roguin, at Yverdun, I received a deputation to thank me for ſome books I had preſented to the library of that city: the Swiſs are great ſpeakers; theſe gentlemen, accordingly made me a long harangue, which I thought myſelf obliged in honour to anſwer, but ſo embarraſſed myſelf in the attempt, that my head became confuſed, I ſtopped ſhort, and was laughed at. Though naturally timid, I have ſometimes acted with confidence in my youth, but never in my advanced age: the more I have ſeen of the world, the leſs have I been able to adopt its manners.

On leaving Berne, we went to Soleurre; the *Archimandrite* deſigning to re-enter Germany, and return through Hungary or Poland to his own country. This would have been a prodigious tour; but as the contents of his purſe rather increaſed than diminiſhed during his journey, he was in no haſte

haſte to return. For me, who was almoſt as much pleaſed on horſeback as on foot, I would have deſired no better than to have travelled thus during my whole life; but it was pre-ordained that my journey ſhould ſoon end.

The firſt thing we did after our arrival at Soleurre, was to pay our reſpects to the French Ambaſſador there. Unfortunately for my Biſhop, this chanced to be the Marquis de Bonac, who had been Ambaſſador at the Porte, and conſequently was acquainted with every particular relative to the Holy Sepulchre. The *Archimandrite* had an audience that laſted about a quarter of an hour, to which I was not admitted, as the Ambaſſador ſpoke French and Italian, at leaſt as well as myſelf. On my Grecian's retiring, I was preparing to follow him, but was detained: it was now my turn. Having called myſelf a Pariſian, as ſuch, I was under the juriſdiction of his Excellency; he therefore aſked me who I was? exhorting me to tell the truth; this I promiſed to do, but entreated a private audience, which was immediately granted. The Ambaſſador took me to his cloſet, and ſhut the door; there, throwing myſelf at his feet, I kept my word, nor ſhould I have ſaid leſs had I promiſed nothing, for a continual wiſh to unboſom

myſelf,

myſelf, puts my heart perpetually upon my lips. After having diſcloſed myſelf without reſerve to the muſician Lutold, there was no occaſion to attempt acting the myſterious with the Marquis de Bonac, who was ſo well pleaſed with my little hiſtory, and the ingenuouſneſs with which I had related it, that he led me to the Ambaſſadreſs, and preſented me, with an abridgement of my recital. Madame de Bonac received me kindly, ſaying, I muſt not be ſuffered to follow that Greek Monk. It was accordingly reſolved that I ſhould remain at their hotel till ſomething better could be done for me. I wiſhed to bid adieu to my poor *Archimandrite*, for whom I had conceived an attachment, but was not permitted: they ſent him word that I was to be detained there, and in a quarter of an hour after I ſaw my little bundle arrive. M. de la Martiniere, ſecretary to the Embaſſy, had in a manner the care of me; while following him to the chamber appropriated to my uſe, he ſaid, “ This apartment was occupied, under the Count du Luc, by a celebrated man of the ſame name as yourſelf; it is in your power to ſucceed him in every reſpect, and cauſe it to be ſaid hereafter,' *Rouſſeau* the Firſt, *Rouſſeau* the Second.” This ſimilarity, which I did not then expect, would have been leſs flattering to my wiſhes could

could I have foreſeen at what a price I ſhould one day purchaſe the diſtinction.

What M. de la Martiniere had ſaid excited my curioſity; I read the works of the perſon whoſe chamber I occupied, and on the ſtrength of the compliment that had been paid me (imagining I had a taſte for poetry) made my firſt eſſay in a cantata in praiſe of Madame de Bonac. This inclination was not permanent, though from time to time I have compoſed tolerable verſes. I think it a good exerciſe to teach elegant turns of expreſſion, and to write well in proſe, but could never find attractions enough in French poetry to give entirely into it.

M. de la Martiniere wiſhed to ſee my ſtile, and aſked me to write the detail I had before made the Ambaſſador; accordingly I wrote him a long letter, which I have ſince been informed was preſerved by M. de Marianne, who had been long attached to the Marquis de Bonac, and has ſince ſucceeded M. de la Martiniere as Secretary in the Embaſſy of M. de Courteilles. I entreated M. de Maleſherbes to get me, if poſſible, a copy of this letter, and ſhould I procure it by this or any

other

other means, it will be found in the collection that is to accompany my Confeffions.

The experience I began to acquire, tended to moderate my romantic projects: for example, I not only did not fall in love with Madame de Bonac, but alfo felt I did not ftand much chance of fucceeding in the fervice of her hufband. M. de la Martiniere was already in the only place that could have fatisfied my ambition, and M. de Marianne in expectancy; thus my utmoft hopes could only afpire to the office of Under Secretary, which did not infinitely tempt me; this was the reafon that when confulted on the fituation I fhould like to be placed in, I expreffed a great inclination to go to Paris. The Ambaffador readily gave in to the idea, which at leaft tended to difembarrafs him of me. M. de Merveilleux, interpreting Secretary to the Embaffy, faid, that his friend, M. Godard, a Swifs Colonel in the fervice of France, wanted a perfon to be with his nephew, who had entered very young into the fervice, and made no doubt but I fhould fuit him. On this idea, fo lightly formed, my departure was determined; and I, who faw a long journey to perform, with Paris at the end of it, gave into the project, my heart overflowing with delight. They gave me

 feveral

ſeveral letters a hundred livres to defray the expences of my journey, accompanied with ſome very good advice, and thus equipped, I departed.

I was fifteen days making this journey, which I may reckon among the happieſt of my life. I was young, in perfect health, with plenty of money, and the moſt brilliant hopes: add to this, I was on foot, and alone. It may appear ſtrange that I ſhould mention the latter circumſtances as advantageous, if my peculiarity of temper is not already familiar to the reader. I was continually occupied with a variety of pleaſing chimeras, and never did the warmth of my imagination produce more magnificent ones. When offered an empty place in a carriage, or any perſon accoſted me on the road, how vexed was I to ſee that fortune overthrown, whoſe edifice, while walking, I had taken ſuch pains to rear.

For once my ideas were all martial: I was going to live with a military man, nay to become one, for it was concluded I ſhould begin with being a cadet. I already fancied myſelf in regimentals with a fine white feather nodding on my hat, and my heart was enflamed by the noble idea. I had ſome ſmattering of geometry and fortification

my

my uncle was an engineer; I was in a manner a ſoldier by inheritance. My ſhort ſight, indeed, preſented ſome little obſtacle, but did not by any means diſcourage me, as I reckoned to ſupply that defect by coolneſs and intrepidity. I had read too, that Marſhal Schomberg was remarkably ſhort ſighted, and why might not Marſhal Rouſſeau be the ſame? My imagination was ſo warm by theſe follies, that it preſented nothing but troops, ramparts, gabions, batteries, and myſelf in the midſt of fire and ſmoke, an eye glaſs in my hand, commanding with the utmoſt tranquility: Notwithſtanding, when the country preſented a delightful proſpect, when I ſaw charming groves and rivulets, the pleaſing ſight made me ſigh with regret, and feel, in the midſt of all this glory, that my heart was not formed for ſuch havoc; and ſoon without knowing how, I found my thoughts wandering among my dear ſheepfolds, renouncing for ever the labours of Mars.

How much did Paris diſappoint the idea I had formed of it! The exterior decorations I had ſeen at Turin, the beauty of the ſtreets, the ſymmetry and regularity of the houſes, contributed to this diſappointed, ſince I concluded that Paris muſt be infinitely ſuperior. I had figured to myſelf a city

beautiful as large, of the moſt commanding aſpect, whoſe ſtreets were ranges of magnificent palaces, compoſed of marble and go ld. On entering by the fauxbourg St. Marceau, I ſaw nothing but little dirty ſtinking ſtreets, filthy black houſes, an air of ſlovenlineſs and poverty, beggars, carters, butchers, criers of diet-drink and old hats. This ſtruck me ſo forcibly, that all I have ſince ſeen of real magnificence in Paris could never eraſe this firſt impreſſion, which has ever given me a particular diſguſt to reſiding in that capital; and I may ſay the whole time I remained there afterwards, was employed in ſeeking reſources which might enable me to live at a diſtance from it. This is the conſequence of a too lively imagination, which exaggerates beyond even the voice of Fame, and ever expects more than is told. I had heard Paris ſo flatteringly deſcribed, that I pictured it like the ancient Babylon, which, perhaps, had I ſeen it, I might have found equally faulty, and unlike that idea the account of it had conveyed. The ſame thing happened at the Opera-houſe, to which I haſtened the day after my arrival; I was ſenſible of the ſame deficiency at Verſailles; and ſome time after on viewing the ſea. I am convinced this would ever be the conſequence of a too flattering deſcription of any object; for it is impoſſible for

man,

man, and difficult even for nature herfelf to furpafs the riches of my imagination.

By the reception I met with from all thofe to whom my letters were addreffed, I thought my fortune was certainly made. The perfon who received me leaft kindly was a M. de Surbeck, to whom I had the warmeft recommendation. He had retired from the fervice and lived philofophically at Bagneux, where I waited on him feveral times without his offering me even a glafs of water. I was better received by Madame de Merveilleux, fifter-in-law to the interpreter, and by his nephew, who was an officer in the guards. The mother and fon not only received me kindly, but offered me the ufe of their table, which favour I frequently accepted during my ftay at Paris.

Madame de Merveilleux appeared to have been handfome; her hair was of a fine black, which, according to the old mode, fhe wore curled on the temples; fhe ftill retained (what does not perifh with a fet of features) the beauties of an amiable mind. She appeared fatisfied with mine, and did all fhe could to render me fervice; but no one feconded her endeavours, and I was prefently undeceived in the great intereft they had feemed to take

take in my affairs. I muſt, however, do the French nation the juſtice to ſay, they do not ſo exhauſt themſelves with proteſtations, as ſome have repreſented, and that thoſe they make are uſually ſincere; but they have a manner of appearing intereſted in your affairs, which is more deceiving than words. The groſs compliments of the Swiſs can only impoſe on fools; the manners of the French are more ſeducing, and at the ſame time ſo ſimple, that you are perſuaded they do not expreſs all they mean to do for you, in order that you may be the more agreeably ſurprized. I will ſay more; they are not falſe in their proteſtations, being naturally officious, humane, benevolent, and even (whatever may be ſaid to the contrary) more ſincere than any other nation; but they are too flighty: in effect, they feel the ſentiments they profeſs for you, but that ſentiment flies off as inſtantaneouſly as it was formed. In ſpeaking to you, their whole attention is employed on you alone, when abſent you are forgotten. Nothing is permanent in their hearts, all is the work of the moment.

Thus I was greatly flattered, but received little ſervice. Colonel Godard, for whoſe nephew I was recommended, proved to be an avaricious old wretch,

wretch, who, on ſeeing my diſtreſs (though immenſely rich) wiſhed to have my ſervices for nothing, meaning to place me with his nephew, rather as a valet, without wages, than a tutor. He repreſented, that as I was to be continually engaged with him, I ſhould be excuſed from duty, and might live on my cadet's allowance; that is to ſay, on the pay of a ſoldier: hardly would he conſent to give me a uniform, thinking the cloathing of the regiment might ſerve. Madame de Merveilleux, provoked at his propoſals, perſuaded me not to accept them; her ſon was of the ſame opinion; ſomething elſe was to be thought on, but no ſituation was procured. Meantime, I began to be neceſſitated; for the hundred livres with which I had commenced my journey could not laſt much longer; happily I received a ſmall remittance from the Ambaſſador, which was very ſerviceable, nor do I think he would have abandoned me had I poſſeſſed more patience; but languiſhing, waiting, ſoliciting, are to me impoſſible: I was diſheartened, diſpleaſed, and thus all my brilliant expectations came once more to nothing. I had not all this time forgot my dear Madame de Warrens, but how was I to find her? Where ſhould I ſeek her?—Madame de Merveilleux, who knew my ſtory, aſſiſted me in the ſearch, but for a long time unavailingly,

availingly; at length, ſhe informed me that Madame de Warrens had ſet out from Paris above two months before, but it was not known whether for Savoy or Turin, and that ſome conjectured ſhe was gone to Switzerland. Nothing farther was neceſſary to fix my determination to follow her, certain that wherever ſhe might be, I ſtood more chance of finding her at thoſe places than I could poſſibly do at Paris.

Before my departure I exerciſed my new poetical talent, in an epiſtle to Colonel Godard, whom I ridiculed to the utmoſt of my abilities. I ſhewed this ſcribble to Madame de Merveilleux, who, inſtead of diſcouraging me, as ſhe ought to have done, laughed heartily at my ſarcaſms, as well as her ſon, who, I believe, did not like M. Godard; indeed, it muſt be confeſſed, he was a man not much calculated to obtain affection. I was tempted to ſend him my verſes, and they encouraged me in it; accordingly I made them up in a parcel directed to him, and there being no poſt then at Paris by which I could conveniently ſend this, I put it in my pocket, and ſent it to him from Auxerre, as I paſſed through that place. I laugh, even yet, ſometimes, at the grimaces I fancy he made on reading this

panegyric

panegyric, where he was certainly drawn to the life; it began thus:

Tu croyois, vieux Penard, qu'une folle manie
D'élever ton neveu m'inſpireroit l'envie.

This little piece, which, it is true, was but indifferently written, did not want for ſalt, and announced a turn for ſatire; it is, notwithſtanding, the only ſatirical writing that ever came from my pen. I have too little hatred in my heart to take advantage of ſuch a talent; but I believe it may be judged from thoſe controverſies, in which from time to time I have been engaged in my own defence, that had I been of a vindictive diſpoſition, my adverſaries would rarely have had the laughers on their ſide.

What I moſt regret, is not having kept a journal of my travels, being conſcious that a number of intereſting details have ſlipped my memory; for never did I exiſt ſo completely, never live ſo thoroughly, never was ſo much myſelf, if I dare uſe the expreſſion, as in thoſe journies made on foot. Walking animates and enlivens my ſpirits; I can hardly think when in a ſtate of inactivity; my body muſt be exerciſed to make my judgment active. The view of a fine country, a ſucceſſion of agreeable proſpects, a free air, a good appetite, and

and the health I gain by walking; the freedom of inns, and diſtance from every thing that can make me recollect the dependance of my ſituation, conſpire to free my ſoul, and give boldneſs to my thoughts, throwing me in a manner into the immenſity of beings, where I combine, chooſe, and appropriate them to my fancy, without conſtraint or fear. I diſpoſe of all nature as I pleaſe, my heart wandering from object to object, approximates and unites with thoſe that pleaſe it, is ſurrounded by charming images, and becomes intoxicated with delicious ſenſations. If attempting to render theſe permanent, I am amuſed in deſcribing to myſelf, what boldneſs of pencil, what glow of colouring, what energy of expreſſion do I give them!—It has been ſaid that all theſe are to be found in my works, though wrote in the decline of life. Oh! had thoſe of my early youth been ſeen, thoſe made during my travels, compoſed, but never written!—Why did I not write them? will be aſked; and, why ſhould I have wrote them? I may anſwer. Why deprive myſelf of the actual charm of my enjoyments to inform others what I enjoyed? What to me was readers, the public, or all the world, while I was mounting the empyreum? Beſides, did I carry pens, paper, and ink with me? Had I recollected all theſe, not

a thought

a thought would have occurred worth preferving. I do not forefee when I fhall have ideas; they come when they pleafe, and not when I call for them; either they avoid me altogether, or rufhing in crowds, overwhelm me with their force and number. Ten volumes a day would not fuffice barely to enumerate my thoughts; how then fhould I find time to write them? In ftopping, I thought of nothing but a hearty dinner; on departing, of nothing but a charming walk; I felt that a new Paradife awaited me at the door, and eagerly leaped forward to enjoy it.

Never did I experience all this fo feelingly as in the perambulation I am now defcribing. On coming to Paris, I had confined myfelf to ideas which related to the fituation I expected to occupy there. I had rufhed into the career I was about to run, and fhould have compleated it with tolerable eclat, but it was not that my heart adhered to. Some real beings obfcured my imaginary ones—Colonel Godard and his nephew could not keep pace with a hero of my difpofition. Thank Heaven, I was foon delivered from all thefe obftacles, and could immerge at pleafure into the wildernefs of chimeras, for that alone remained before me, and I wandered in it fo compleatly, that I feveral times

loſt my way; but this was no misfortune, I ſhould have been ſorry to have ſhortened it, for, feeling with regret, as I approached Lyons, that I muſt again return to the material world, I ſhould have been glad never to have arrived there.

One day, among others, having purpoſely gone out of my way to take a nearer view of a ſpot that appeared delightful, I was ſo charmed with it, and wandered round it ſo often, that at length I compleatly loſt myſelf, and after ſeveral hours uſeleſs walking, weary, fainting with hunger and thirſt, I entered a peaſant's hut, which had not indeed a very promiſing appearance, but was the only one I could diſcover near me. I thought it was here as at Geneva, or in Switzerland, where the inhabitants, living at eaſe, have it in their power to exerciſe hoſpitality. I entreated the countryman to give me ſome dinner, offering to pay for it: on which he preſented me with ſome ſkimmed milk and coarſe barley bread, ſaying it was all he had. I drank the milk with pleaſure, and eat the bread, chaff and all; but it was not very reſtorative to a man ſinking with fatigue. The countryman, who watched me narrowly, judged the truth of my ſtory by my appetite, and preſently after (having ſaid, that he plainly ſaw I was an

an honeft good-natured young man *, and did not come to betray him) opened a little trap door by the fide of his kitchen, went down, and returned a moment after with a good brown loaf of pure wheat, the remains of a well-flavoured ham, and a bottle of wine, the fight of which rejoiced my heart more than all the reft; he then prepared a good thick omelette, and I made fuch a dinner as none but a walking traveller ever enjoyed.

When I again offered to pay, his inquietude and fears returned; he not only would have no money, but refufed it with the moft evident emotion; and what made this fcene more amufing, I could not imagine the motive of his fear. At length he pronounced, trembling, thefe terrible words, *Commiffioners* and *Cellar-rats*; which he explained, by giving me to underftand, that he concealed his wine becaufe of the excife, and his bread on account of the tax impofed on it; adding, he fhould be an undone man, if it was fufpected he was not almoft perifhing with want. What he faid to me on this fubject (of which I had not before the fmalleft idea) made an impreffion on my mind that can never be effaced, fowing thofe feeds of inextinguifhable

* Apparently I had not then the phyfiognomy which has fince been beftowed on my portraits.

able hatred, which have ſince grown up in my heart againſt the vexations theſe unhappy people ſuffer, and againſt their oppreſſors. This man, though in eaſy circumſtances, dared not eat the bread gained by the ſweat of his brow, and could only eſcape deſtruction by exhibiting an outward appearance of miſery!—I left his cottage with as much indignation as concern, deploring the fate of thoſe beautiful countries, where Nature has been prodigal of her gifts, only that they may become the prey of barbarous exactors.

The incident I have juſt related, is the only one I have a diſtinct remembrance of during this journey: I recollect, indeed, that on approaching Lyons, I wiſhed to prolong it by going to ſee the banks of the Lignon; for among the romances I had read with my father, Aſtrea was not forgotten, and returned more frequently to my thoughts than any other. Stopping for ſome refreſhment, (while chatting with my hoſteſs) I enquired the way to Forez, and was informed that country was an excellent place for mechanics, as there were many forges, and much iron work done there. This eulogium inſtantly calmed my romantic curioſity, for I felt no inclination to ſeek Dianas and Sylvanders among a generation of blackſmiths.

The

The good woman who encouraged me with this piece of information, certainly thought I was a journeyman lock-ſmith.

I had ſome view in going to Lyons: on my arrival I went to the Chaſattes, to ſee Mademoiſelle du Chatelet, a friend of Madame de Warrens's, for whom I had brought a letter when I came there with M. le Maitre, ſo that it was an acquaintance already formed. Madlle. du Chatelet informed me her friend had paſſed through Lyons, but could not tell whether ſhe had gone on to Piedmont, being uncertain at her departure whether it would not be neceſſary to ſtop in Savoy; but if I choſe ſhe would immediately write for information, and thought my beſt plan would be to remain at Lyons till ſhe received it.—I accepted this offer, but did not dare to tell Mademoiſelle du Chatelet how much I was preſſed for an anſwer, and that my almoſt exhauſted purſe would not permit me to wait long. It was not an appearance of coolneſs that withheld me, on the contrary, I was very kindly received, and treated on the footing of equality, and this took from me the reſolution of explaining my circumſtances not bearing to deſcend from a companion to a miſerable begger.

I ſeem

I ſeem to have retained a very connected remembrance of that part of my life contained in this book: yet I think I remember, about the ſame period, another journey to Lyons(the particulars of which I cannot recollect) where I found myſelf much ſtreightened, and a confuſed remembrance of the extremities to which I was reduced does not contribute to recall the idea agreeably. Had I been like many others, had I poſſeſſed the talent of borrowing and running in debt at every ale-houſe I came to, I might have fared better; but in that my incapacity equalled my repugnance, and to demonſtrate the prevalence of both, it will be ſufficent to ſay, that tho' I have paſſed almoſt my whole life in indifferent circumſtances, and frequently near wanting bread, I was never once aſked for money by a creditor without having it in my power to pay it inſtantly, I could never bear to contract clamorous debts, and have ever preferred ſuffering to owing.

Being reduced to paſs my nights in the ſtreet, may certainly be called ſuffering, and this was ſeveral times the caſe at Lyons, having preferred buying bread with the few pence I had remaining, to beſtowing them on a lodging; as I was convinced there was leſs danger of dying for want of ſleep than

than of hunger. What is aſtoniſhing, while in this unhappy ſituation, I took no care for the future, was neither uneaſy or melancholy, but patiently waited an anſwer to Mademoiſelle du Chatelet's letter, and laying in the open air, ſtretched on the earth, or on a bench, ſlept as ſoundly as if repoſing on a bed of roſes, I remember particularly to have paſt a moſt delightful night at ſome diſtance from the city, in a road which had the Rhone, or Saone, I can't recollect which, on one ſide, and a range of raiſed gardens, with terraces on the other. It had been a very hot day, the evening was delightful, the dew moiſtened the fading graſs, no wind was ſtirring, the air was freſh without chillneſs, the ſetting ſun had tinged the clouds with a beautiful crimſon, which was again reflected by the water, and the trees that bordered the terrace were filled with nightingales who were continually anſwering each other's ſongs. I walked along in a kind of extacy, giving up my heart and ſenſes to the enjoyment of ſo many delights, and ſighing only from a regret of enjoying them alone. Abſorbed in this pleaſing reverie, I lengthened my walk till it grew very late, without perceiving I was tired; at length, however, I diſcovered it, and threw myſelf on the ſtep of a kind of niche, or falſe door, in the terrace wall. How charming

was

was the couch! the trees formed a ſtately canopy, a nightingale ſat directly over me, and with his ſoft notes lulled me to reſt: how pleaſing my repoſe, my awaking more ſo. It was broad day; on opening my eyes I ſaw the water, the verdure, an admirable landſcape before me. I aroſe, ſhook off the remains of drowſineſs, and finding I was hungry, retook the way to the city, reſolving, with inexpreſſible gaiety, to ſpend the two pieces of *ſix blancs* I had yet remaining in a good breakfaſt. I found myſelf ſo chearful that I went all the way ſinging; I even remember I ſang a cantata of Batiſtin's called the *Baths of Thomery*, which I knew by heart. May a bleſſing light on the good Batiſtin and his good cantata, which procured me a better breakfaſt than I had expected, and a ſtill better dinner, which I did not expect at all. In the midſt of my ſinging I heard ſome one behind me, and turning round perceived an Antonine, who followed after and ſeemed to liſten with pleaſure to my ſong. At length, accoſting me, he aſked if I underſtood muſic. I anſwered "*a little*" but in a manner to have it underſtood I knew a great deal, and as he continued queſtioning of me, related a part of my ſtory. He aſked me if I had ever copied muſic? I replied "often" which was true: I had learned moſt by copying. "Well," continued he, "come with

with me, I can employ you for a few days, during which time you ſhall want for nothing; provided you conſent not to quit my room." I acquieſced very willingly, and followed him.

This Antonine was called M. Rolichon: he loved muſic, underſtood it, and ſung in ſome little concerts with his friends; thus far all was innocent and right, but apparently this taſte had become a furor, part of which he was obliged to conceal. He conducted me into a chamber, where I found a great quantity of muſic: he gave me ſome to copy, particularly the cantata he had heard me ſinging, and which he was ſhortly to ſing himſelf.

I remained here three or four days, copying all the time I did not eat, for never in my life was I ſo hungry, or better fed. M. Rolichon brought my proviſions himſelf from the kitchen, and it appeared that theſe good prieſts lived well, it leaſt if every one fared as I did. In my life I never took ſuch pleaſure in eating, and it muſt be owned this good cheer came very opportunely, for I was almoſt exhauſted. I worked as heartily as I eat, which is ſaying a great deal; 'tis true I was not as correct as diligent, for ſome days after, meeting M. Rolichon in the ſtreet, he informed me there were

ſo many omiſſions, repetitions and tranſpoſitions in the parts I had copied, that they could not be performed. It muſt be owned, that in chuſing the profeſſion of muſic, I hit on that I was leaſt calculated for; yet my voice was good and I copied neatly, but the fatigue of long works bewilders me ſo much, that I ſpend more time in altering and ſcratching out, than in pricking down, and if I do not employ the ſtricteſt attention in comparing the ſeveral parts, they are ſure to fail in the execution. Thus though endeavouring to do well, my performance was very faulty; for aiming at expedition, I did all amiſs. This did not prevent M. Rolichon from treating me well to the laſt, and giving me half a crown at my departure, which I certainly did not deſerve, and which compleatly ſet me up, for a few days after I received news from Madame de Warrens, who was at Chambery, with money to defray the expences of my journey to her; which I performed with rapture. Since then my finances have frequently been very low, but never at ſuch an ebb as to reduce me to faſting, and I mark this period with a heart fully alive to the bounty of Providence, as the laſt of my life in which I ſuſtained poverty and hunger.

I remained at Lyons ſeven or eight days to wait for ſome little commiſſions with which Madame de Warrens had charged Mademoiſelle du Chatelet, whom during this interval I viſited more aſſiduouſly than before, having the pleaſure of talking with her of her friend, and being no longer diſturbed by the cruel remembrance of my ſituation, or painful endeavours to conceal it. Mademoiſelle du Chatelet was neither young nor handſome, but did not want for elegance; ſhe was eaſy and obliging, while her underſtanding gave price to her familiarity. She had a taſte for that kind of moral obſervation which leads to the knowledge of mankind, and from her originated that ſtudy in myſelf. She was fond of the works of Le Sage, particularly Gil Blas, which ſhe lent me, and recommended to my peruſal. I read this performance with pleaſure, but my judgment was not yet ripe enough to reliſh that ſort of reading, I liked romances which abounded with high-flown ſentiments.

Thus did I paſs my time at the grate of Mademoiſelle du Chatelet; with as much profit as pleaſure. It is certain that the intereſting and ſenſible converſation of a deſerving woman is more proper to form the underſtanding of a young man than all

all the pedantic philoſophy of books. I got acquainted at the Chaſattes with ſome other boarders and their friends, and among the reſt, with a young perſon of fourteen, called Mademoiſelle Serre, whom I did not much notice at that time, though I was in love with her eight or nine years afterwards, and with great reaſon, for ſhe was a moſt charming girl.

I was fully occupied with the idea of ſeeing Madame de Warrens, and this gave ſome reſpite to my chimeras, for finding happineſs in real objects I was the leſs inclined to ſeek it in non-entities. I had not only found her, but alſo by her means, and near her, an agreeable ſituation, having ſent me word ſhe had procured one that would ſuit me, and by which I ſhould not be obliged to quit her. I exhauſted all my conjectures in gueſſing what this occupation could be, but I muſt have poſſeſſed the art of divination to have hit on the right. I had money ſufficient to make my journey agreeable: Mademoiſelle du Chatelet perſuaded me to hire a horſe, but this I could not conſent to, and I was certainly right, for by ſo doing I ſhould have loſt the pleaſure of the laſt pedeſtrian expedition I ever made; for I cannot give that name to thoſe excurſions

ſions I have frequently taken about my own neighbourhood, while I lived at Motiers.

It is very ſingular that my imagination never riſes ſo high as when my ſituation is leaſt agreeable or chearful. When every thing ſmiles around me, I am leaſt amuſed; my heart cannot confine itſelf to realities, cannot embelliſh, but muſt create. Real objects ſtrike me as they truly are, my imagination can only decorate ideal ones. If I would paint the ſpring, it muſt be in winter, if deſcribe a beautiful landſcape, it muſt be while ſurrounded with walls, and I have ſaid a hundred times, that was I confined in the Baſtile, I could draw the moſt inchanting picture of liberty. On my departure from Lyons I ſaw nothing but an agreeable future, the content I now with reaſon enjoyed, was as great as my diſcontent had been at leaving Paris, notwithſtanding, I had not during this journey any of thoſe delightful reveries I then enjoyed. Mymind was ſerene, and that was all; I drew near the excellent friend I was going to ſee, my heart overflowing with tenderneſs, enjoying in advance, but without intoxication, the pleaſure of living near her; I had always expected this, and it was as if nothing new had happened. Meantime I was anxious about the employment

Madame

Madame de Warrens had procured me, as if that alone had been material. My ideas were calm and peaceable, not raviſhing and celeſtial; every object ſtruck my ſight in its natural form; I obſerved the ſurrounding landſcapes, remarked the trees, the houſes, the ſprings, deliberated on the croſs-roads, was fearful of loſing myſelf, yet did not do ſo; in a word, I was no longer in the empyreum, but preciſely where I found myſelf, or ſometimes perhaps at the end of my journey, never farther.

I am in recounting my travels as I was in makking them, loath to arrive at the concluſion. My heart beat with joy as I approached my dear Madame de Warrens, but I went no faſter on that account. I love to walk at my eaſe and ſtop at leiſure; a ſtrolling life is neceſſary to me: travelling on foot, in a fine country, with fine weather, and having an agreeable object to terminate my journey, is the manner of living of all others moſt ſuited to my taſte.

It is already underſtood what mean I by a fine country; never can a flat one, though ever ſo beautiful, appear ſuch in my eyes: I muſt have torrents, fir trees, black woods, mountains to climb or deſcend, and rugged roads with precipices on either

ſide

ſide to alarm me. I experienced this pleaſure in its utmoſt extent as I approached Chambery, not far from a mountain which is called *Pas-de l'Echelle.* Above the main road, which is hewn through the rock, a ſmall river runs and ruſhes into fearful chaſms which it appears to have been millions of ages in forming. The road has been hedged by a parapet to prevent accidents, which enabled me to contemplate the whole deſcent, and gain vertigoes at pleaſure; for a great part of my amuſement in theſe ſteep rocks, is, they cauſe a giddineſs and ſwimming in my head which I am particularly fond of, provided I am in ſafety; leaning therefore, over the parapet, I remained whole hours, catching from time to time a glance of the froth and blue water, whoſe ruſhing caught my ear, mingled with the cries of ravens and other birds of prey that flew from rock to rock, and buſh to buſh, at ſix hundred feet below me. In places where the ſlope was tolerably regular, and clear enough from buſhes to let ſtones roll freely, I went a conſiderable way to gather them, bringing thoſe I could but juſt carry, which I piled on the parapet, and then threw down one after the other, being tranſported at ſeeing them roll, rebound and fly into a thouſand pieces before they reached the bottom of the precipice.

Near Chambery I enjoyed an equally pleafing fpectacle, though of a different kind; the road paffing near the foot of the moft charming cafcade I ever faw. The water, which is very rapid, fhoots from the top of an exceffive fteep mountain, falling at fuch a diftance from its bafe that you may walk between the cafcade and the rock, without any inconvenience; but if not particularly careful it is eafy to be deceived, as I was, for the water, falling from fuch an immenfe height, feparates, and defcends like rain, and on approaching too near this cloud, without perceiving it, you may be wet through in an inftant.

At length I arrived at Madame de Warrens's; fhe was not alone, the Intendent-General was with her. Without fpeaking a word to me, fhe caught my hand, and prefenting me to him with that natural grace which charmed all hearts, faid, "This, Sir, is the poor young man I mentioned, deign to protect him as long as he deferves it, and I fhall feel no concern for the remainder of his life." Then added, addreffing herfelf to me, "Child, you now belong to the King, thank Monfieur the Intendant, who furnifhes you with the means of exiftence." I ftared, without anfwering, without knowing what to think of all this; rifing ambition almoft turned

my head; I was already prepared to act the Intendant myſelf. My fortune, however, was not ſo brilliant as I had imagined, but it was ſufficient to maintain me, which as I was ſituated was a capital acquiſition. I ſhall now explain the nature of my employment.

King Victor Amadeus, judging by the event of preceding wars, and the ſituation of the ancient patrimony of his fathers, that he ſhould not long be able to maintain it, wiſhed to drain it before hand. Reſolving, therefore, to tax the nobility, he ordered a general ſurvey of the whole country, in order that it might be rendered more equal and productive. This ſcheme, which was began under the father, was compleated by the ſon: two or three hundred men, part ſurveyors, who were called geometricians, and part writers, who were called ſecretaries, were employed in this work: Among thoſe of the latter deſcription Madame de Warrens had got me appointed. This poſt, without being very lucrative, furniſhed the means of living eligibly in that country; the misfortune was this employment could not be of any great duration, but it put me in train to procure ſomething better, as by this means ſhe hoped to enſure the particular protection of the Intendant, who might find me

ſome more ſettled occupation before this was concluded.

I entered on my new employment a few days after my arrival, and as there was no great difficulty in the buſineſs, ſoon underſtood it; thus, after four or five years of unſettled life, folly and ſuffering, ſince my departure from Geneva, I began, for the firſt time, to gain my bread with credit.

Theſe long details of my early youth muſt have appeared trifling, and I am ſorry for it: though born a man, in a variety of inſtances I was long a child, and am ſo yet in many particulars. I did not promiſe the Public a great perſonage; I promiſed to deſcribe myſelf as I am, and to know me in my advanced age, it was neceſſary to have known me in my youth. As, in general, objects that are preſent make leſs impreſſion on me than the bare remembrance of them, (my ideas being all from recollection) the firſt traits which were engraven on my mind have diſtinctly remained; thoſe which have ſince been imprinted there, have rather combined with the former than effaced them. There is a certain, yet varied ſucceſſion of affections and ideas, which continue to regulate thoſe that follow them,

them, and this progreſſion muſt be known, in order to juge rightly of thoſe they have influenced. I have ſtudied to develope the firſt cauſes, the better to ſhew the concatenation of effects. I would be able by ſome means to render my ſoul tranſparent to the eyes of the Reader, and for this purpoſe endeavour to ſhew it in every poſſible point of view, to give him every inſight, and act in ſuch a manner, that not a motion ſhould eſcape him, as by this means he may form a judgment of the principles that produced them.

Did I take upon myſelf to decide, and ſay to the Reader, " Such is my character," he might think, that if I did not endeavour to deceive him, I at leaſt deceived myſelf; but in recounting ſimply all that has happened to me, all my actions, thoughts, and feelings, I cannot lead him into an error, unleſs I do it wilfully, which by this means I could not eaſily effect, ſince it is his province to compare the elements, and judge of the being they compoſe: thus the reſult muſt be his work, and if he is then deceived, the error will be his own. It is not ſufficient for this purpoſe that my recitals ſhould be merely faithful, they muſt alſo be minute; it is not for me to judge of the importance of facts, I ought to declare them ſimply as they are, and leave the

the eſtimate that is to be formed of them to him. I have adhered to this principle hitherto with the moſt ſcrupulous exactitude, and ſhall not depart from it in the continuation; but the impreſſions of age are leſs lively than thoſe of youth; I began by delineating the latter, ſhould I recollect the reſt with the ſame preciſion, the Reader may, perhaps, become weary and impatient, but I ſhall not be diſſatisfied with my labour. I have but one thing to apprehend in this undertaking: I do not dread ſaying too much, or advancing falſities, but I am fearful of not ſaying enough, or concealing truths.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.